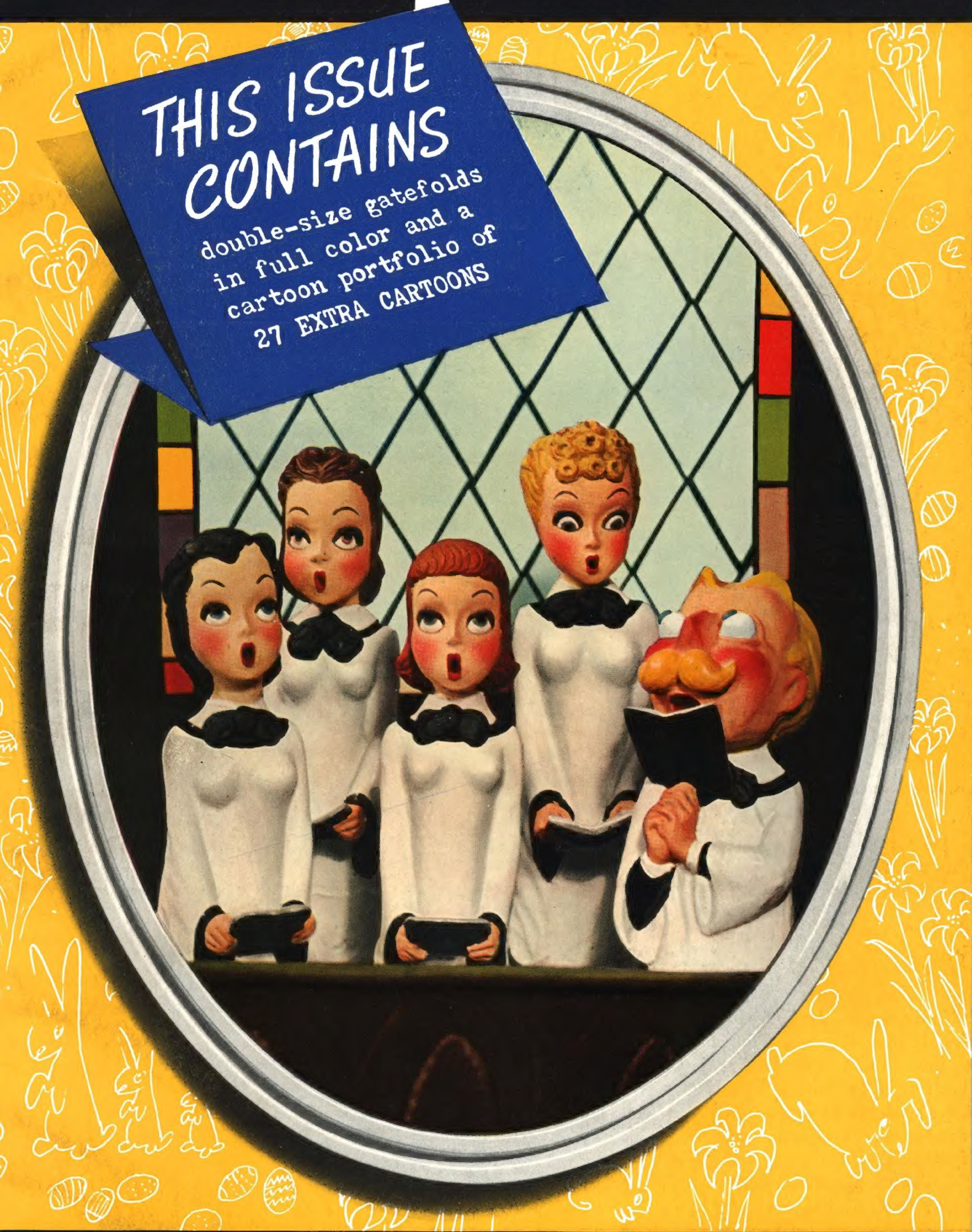
Esquire

APRIL
1940

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



THIS ISSUE CONTAINS
double-size gatefolds in full color and a cartoon portfolio of 27 EXTRA CARTOONS

ARTICLES
WILLIAM McFEE
GEORGE WELLER
ROBB WHITE
ALEXANDER LAING
HAROLD HART
WILLIAM STEPHENS
SIDNEY CARROLL
HARRY SALPETER
WM. F. McDERMOTT

FICTION
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
LOUIS PAUL
CHARLES RAWLINGS
DONALD BARR CHIDSEY
HANNIBAL TOWLE
LEN ZINBERG
ERNEST R. BUCKLER
RODERICK LULL

ART
WILLIAM THOENY
JEAN-GABRIEL DOMERGUE

SATIRE
PARKE CUMMINGS
STANLEY LOGAN
DOUG WELCH
ROBERT HENDERSON

POETRY
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
PHIL STACK

SPORTS
ROBT. SAUNDERS DOWST
HART STILWELL
RAYMOND R. CAMP
MORT LUBY
HERMAN DEUPREE

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
LAWTON MACKALL
PATTERSON MURPHY
CHARLES RUTHERFORD
ILES BRODY

CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GEORGE PETTY
GILBERT BUNDY
RICHARD TAYLOR
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
ANDRÉ DUGO
B. SHERMUND
IRVING ROIR
ADOLPH SCHUS
TONY BARLOW
L. S. SODERSTROM
(COVER)

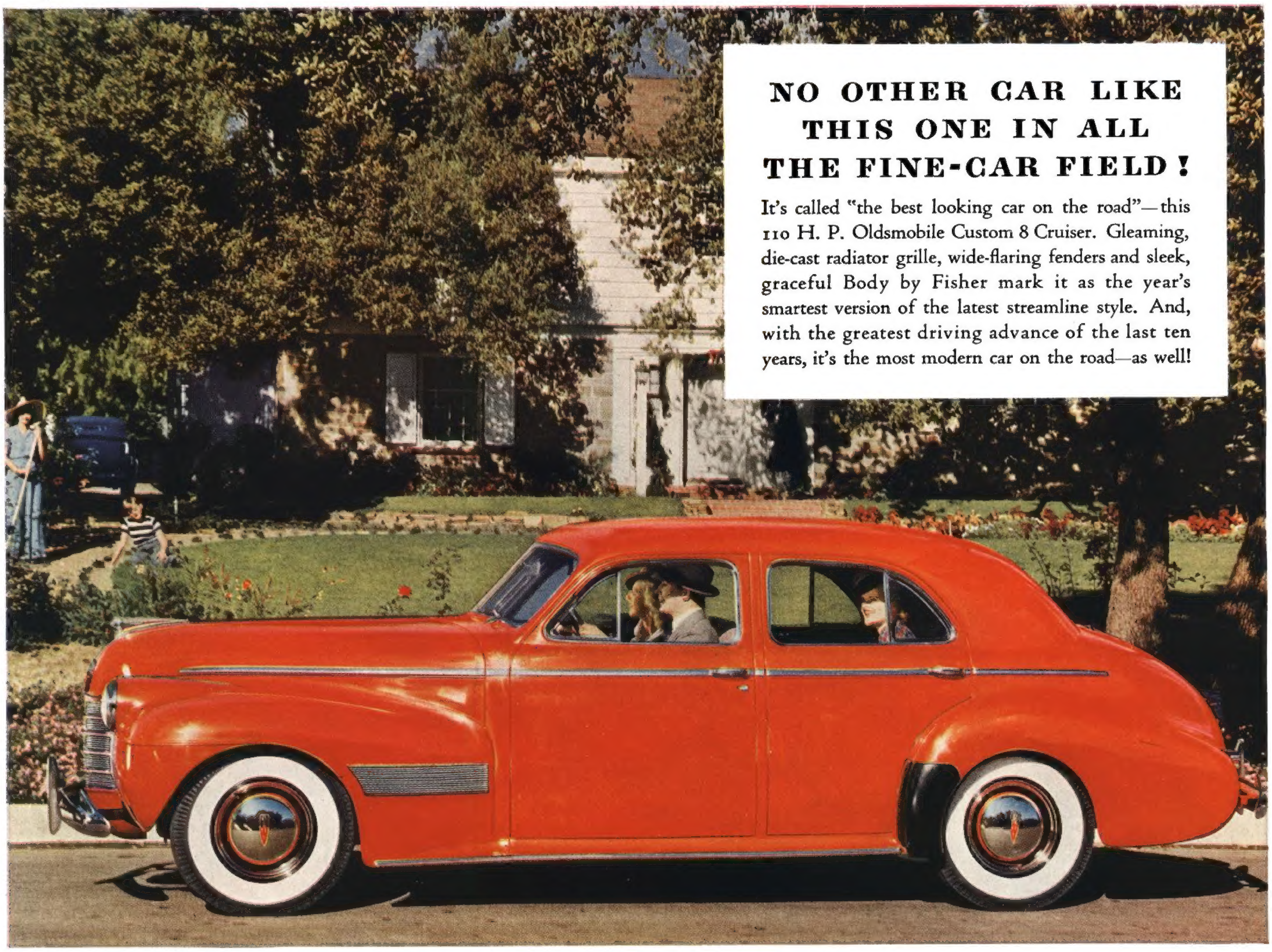
INDEX ON PAGE 5

SEVEN PAGE SECTION ON 1940 MOTORING

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

No Clutch! No Shift!



NO OTHER CAR LIKE THIS ONE IN ALL THE FINE-CAR FIELD!

It's called "the best looking car on the road"—this 110 H. P. Oldsmobile Custom 8 Cruiser. Gleaming, die-cast radiator grille, wide-flaring fenders and sleek, graceful Body by Fisher mark it as the year's smartest version of the latest streamline style. And, with the greatest driving advance of the last ten years, it's the most modern car on the road—as well!

OLDSMOBILE "CUSTOM 8 CRUISER"

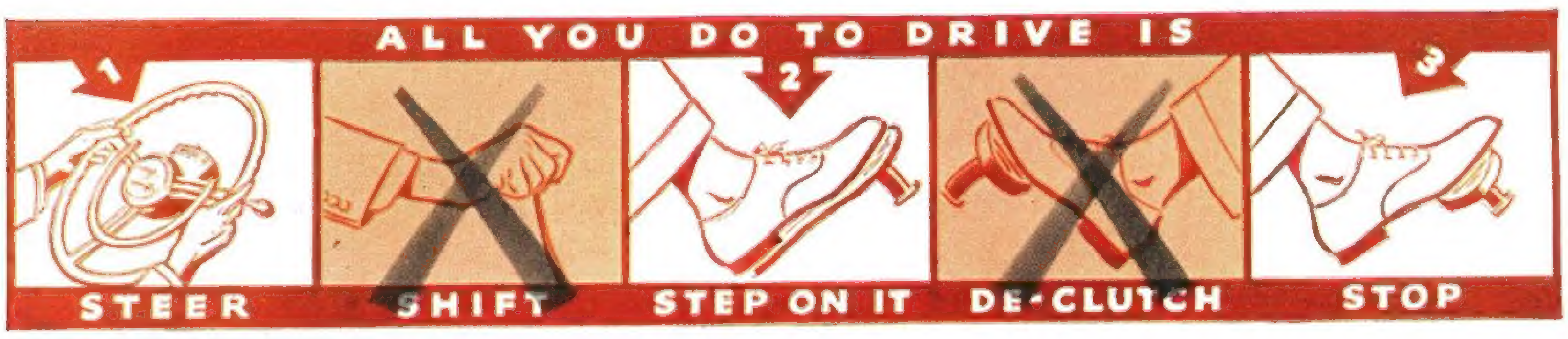
WITH

Hydra-Matic Drive!

THERE'S nothing else in the world—absolutely nothing—like Oldsmobile's amazing Hydra-Matic Drive. It's a combination of liquid coupling and fully automatic transmission. Shifting through all four forward speed ranges is entirely automatic —and there's no clutch at all in the car. You enjoy simplified driving, a new measure of smoothness, dynamic performance and marked savings on gasoline. Oldsmobile's Hydra-Matic Drive is optional at slight extra cost. So, why not take a trial drive now in "General Motors' most distinctive car!"

$1131 *for Custom 8 Cruiser Touring Sedan, $1069 for Club Coupe, delivered at Lansing, Michigan. White side-wall tires, as shown—extra. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



NO GEARS TO SHIFT!

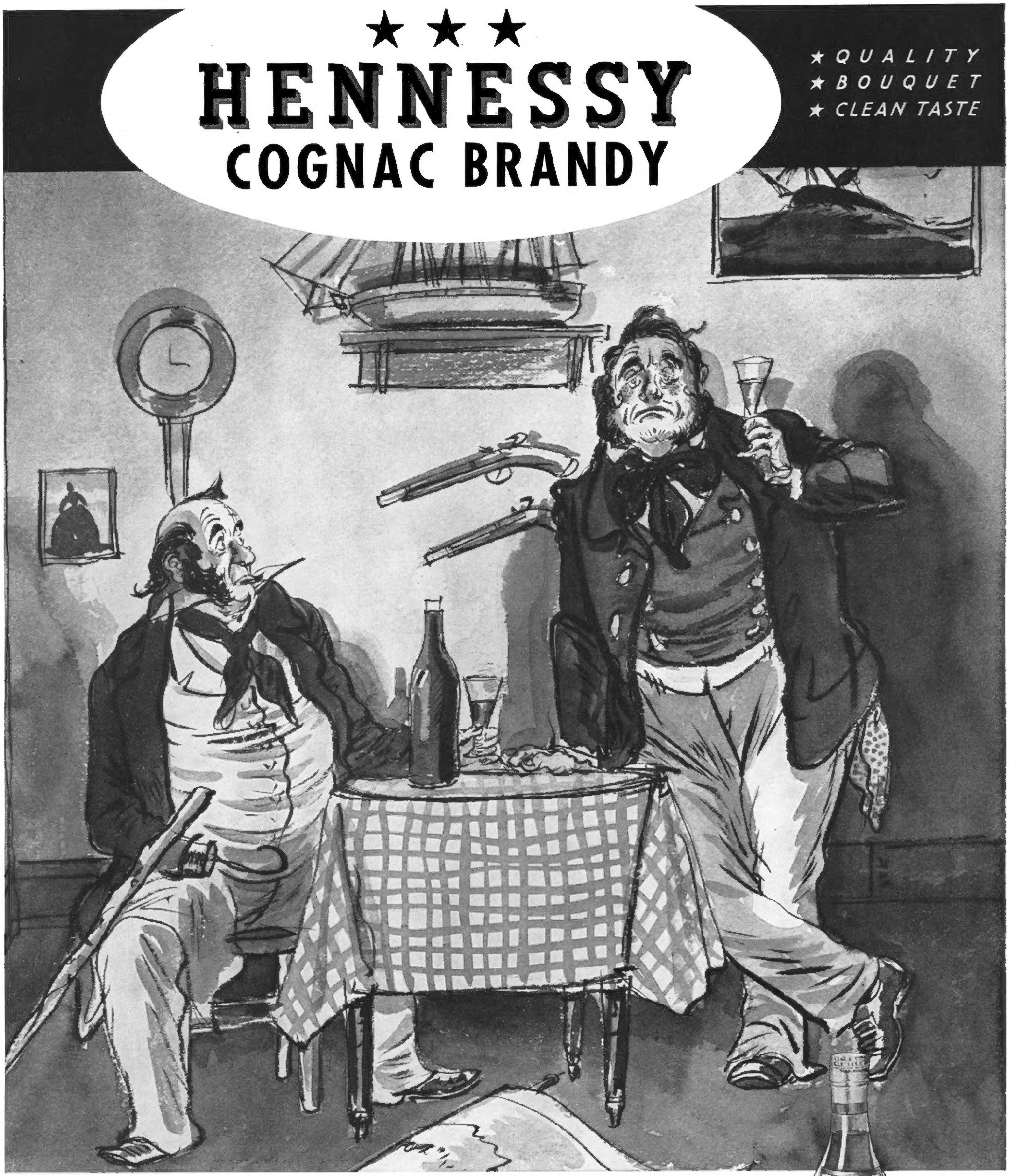
NO CLUTCH TO PRESS!

★ ★ ★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE



Captain Cuttle waits on the advice of his friend, Captain Bunsby—*Charles Dickens' "Dombey & Son"*

In Dickens' day . . . and long before . . . Hennessy Cognac Brandy was equally at home in castle and forecastle. Today the modest price of Three-Star Hennessy makes it an even greater universal favorite, preferred everywhere for its quality, bouquet and "clean" taste. Enjoy it as liqueur . . . in Hennessy-and-soda . . . in mixed brandy drinks.

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS HENNESSY & CO, Established 1765

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

HENNESSY
HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & CO
COGNAC

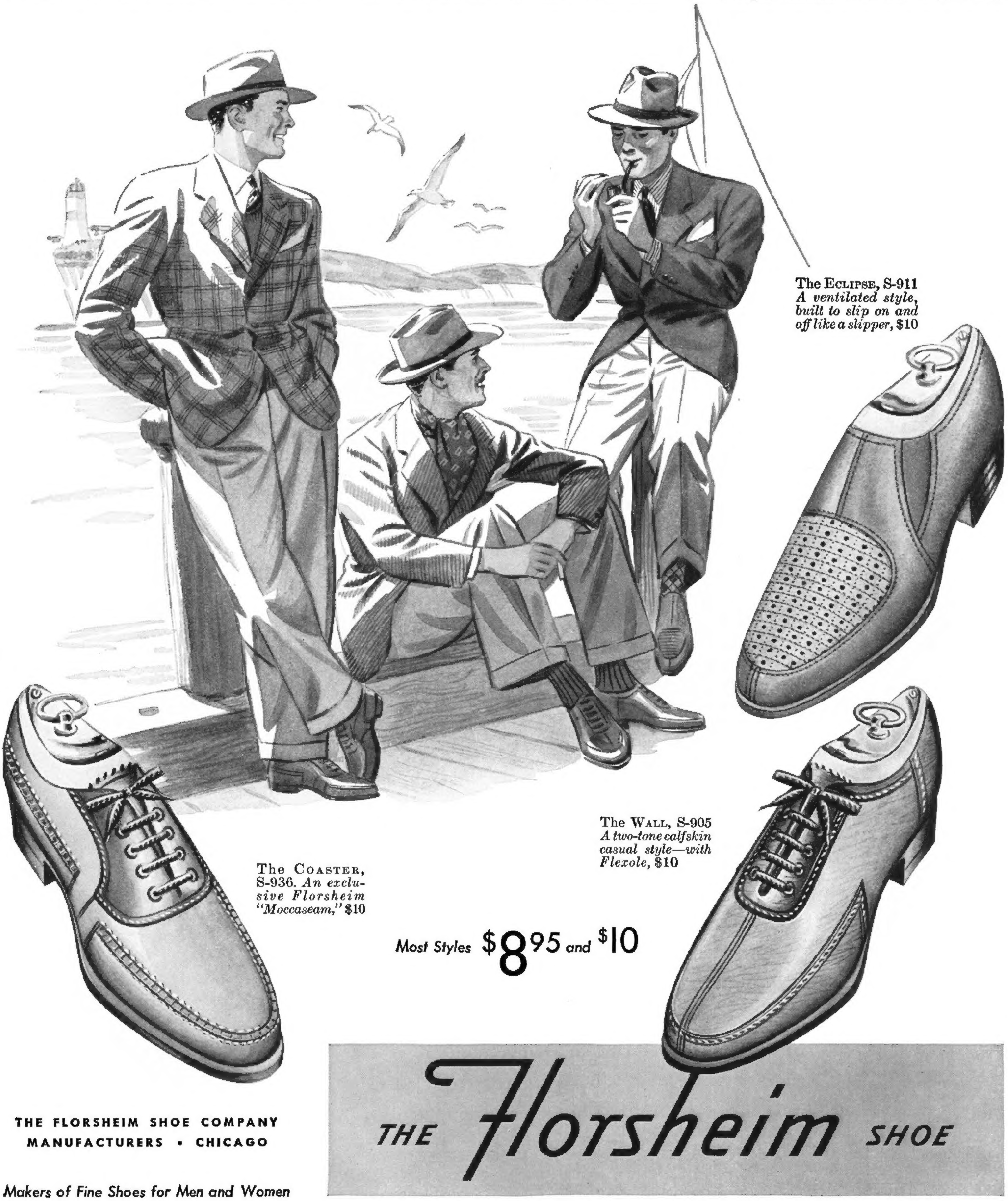
FLASKS
and
FIFTHS

84 PROOF

LOAF BEGINS IN '40

A Casual Story by FLORSHEIM

For the all-important third of your time that will be spent this Summer in leisure—Florsheim has created casual footwear as off-hand as a passing nod, as suburban as the 5:15, as comfortable as your oldest fishing hat. Slip into a pair of cool Florsheim Ventilateds, laceless, latchless, and laborless . . . or experience the comfort of the exclusive Florsheim Flexole process—the "Softest Walk in Leather." Whatever Florsheim Casual style you choose, from a brown and white Friar, to a two-tone "Moccaseam," you can be sure of top-flight style—plus the quality that's today's acknowledged standard of fine shoe value.



The Eclipse, S-911
A ventilated style, built to slip on and off like a slipper, $10

The Wall, S-905
A two-tone calfskin casual style—with Flexole, $10

The Coaster, S-936. *An exclusive Florsheim "Moccaseam,"* $10

Most Styles $8.95 *and* $10

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

Copyright under International Copyright Union, All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1940, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A.

Contents for April, 1940

ARTICLES

Page
What Makes an American Beauty?........... William Stephens 35
℞ Found: One Paradise for Two..................... Robb White 38
℞ Donald McKay of the Clippers................. William McFee 42
The Passing of the Last Playboy................ George Weller 58
The Struggle Over Starko-Barko.............. Alexander Laing 68
First Aid to Motorists.................. William F. McDermott 82
For the Love of Speed........................... Harold Hart 87

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury.................... 8
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire........................ 30
The Lively Arts: Mr. Abbott and Mr. Costello.... Gilbert Seldes 80
Potables: Hapsburg Hospitality................ Lawton Mackall 89
Music: Roulades and Cadenzas................. Carleton Smith 92
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments. George Jean Nathan 97
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf......... Charles Rutherford 99
Movies: The Candid Cameraman............ Patterson Murphy 100
Records: Esquire on the Record................ Carleton Smith 103
Wearables: We Lift Shorts....................... Fashion Staff 104
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette......................... Iles Brody 105

FICTION

Teamed with Genius......................... F. Scott Fitzgerald 44
Little Miss Whisk............................... Hannibal Towle 50
A Triumph in Theory.................................... Louis Paul 55
A Pair of Bowlines.......................... Charles Rawlings 56
℞ The Flatfooted Angel............................... Len Zinberg 63
One Quiet Afternoon.................. Ernest Redmond Buckler 70
An Affair in Tahiti......................... Donald Barr Chidsey 77
℞ The Birthday Party............................. Roderick Lull 78

PERSONALITIES

Broadway Bad Boy (Jackie Osterman)........... Sidney Carroll 49
Thoeny: Between Two Worlds.................. Harry Salpeter 94

POETRY

Page
Panic... Phil Stack 62
(Illustration by George Petty)
Poems in Time of Tumult................. Arthur Davison Ficke 98
(Painting by Eric Lundgren)

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design................................ *by* L. S. Soderstrom
(Color process by Rosenow)
Clipper Ship "Sovereign of the Seas".. *Lithograph by* Currier & Ives 43
A Collection of Memorable Cartoons.......................... 59
Esquire's Portfolio of Motoring. *Drawings by* Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 81
Tour Attractions of the 48 States............................ 85
A Collection of Paintings................... *by* William Thoeny 95
Muriel de Coppet............. *Painted by* Jean-Gabriel Domergue 96
Mary Anderson........................... *Photograph by* Hurrell 101
Joyce Coles............................. *Photograph by* Hurrell 102
The Types of American Beauty........ *Sculpture by* Frank Nagy 129
(Photographs by André de Dienes)

SATIRE

℞ The Pre-Occupation of New York........... Robert Henderson 36
A Place with Loads of Charm................. Parke Cummings 52
The Adamant Crichton......................... Stanley Logan 66
Scene by the House Dick.......................... Doug Welch 72

SPORTS

Back to the Two B's.................. Robert Saunders Dowst 41
Some Colors Men Swear By......................... Hart Stilwell 65
A Moose On Me......................... Raymond R. Camp 75
Set 'em Up and Knock 'em Down.. Mort Luby & Herman Deupree 90

TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches.......
by Goodman, Saalburg, Holborn, Fellows beginning on page 107

Art Director: ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

A few dishes for your delectation

This is written on St. Valentine's day, to see the light of print around St. Patrick's day, or the Ides of March, and it is concerned with our more-than-once-stated promise that "Christmas comes back with April." Well, this is the payoff place on that promissory note, and if you feel that we oversold this issue in our advance remarks about it, this is the place to line up and offer your complaints. We feel, looking this number through before putting it to press, that April does indeed bring Christmas back—but with a bang. In fact, just to take the name of one more holiday in vain, this feels like Thanksgiving to us. We're thankful to our household gods or our lucky stars or whatever it is that keeps us relatively right side up despite our topsy-turvy natural tendency to go haywire, for a number of good things in this issue.

You'll discover them for yourself, of course, as you leaf through, but if you don't mind the headwaiter's chatter, while you scan the menu posted due hereabove, why we'll say a few hundred words about them just the same.

For instance, to begin at the beginning, which is the cover design, you may or may not have noticed that it bears a new name. You almost certainly must have noticed that it bears a new freshness. And that's one case in point, where Christmas literally did come back with April, and here's how. You remember, surely, those Pinocchio pages in our Christmas issue, where Esky in bib and tucker of Disney design mingled among the puppets depicting the characters of the new Pinocchio film. Well, one look at those pages convinced us that the Disney concept of Esky was more appealing than our own, so we vowed then and there to see whether we couldn't get L. S. Soderstrom, who did Esky for Disney, to do him for us. The happy result is apparent for the first time on the cover of this issue. It marks the entry of our blessed pop-eyed runt upon his fourth phase, since his original appearance on our front cover at Christmas time in 1933. Esky may well live out the feline quota of nine lives (in fact, if that means surviving nine generations of sculptors, we hope he does), but we don't see how he could ever look better to us than he does right now.

We're thankful, too, for the idle curiosity that led us to ask Walter Winchell for the real name of that Don Wahn who has so long contributed "torch verse" to Winchell's column. Not that it's any secret—apparently we belonged to that intellectually barefoot minority of literate Americans who didn't know that Don Wahn is Phil Stack, and vice versa. Anyway, we're awfully glad that we woke up to it, even at long last, because that idle query was the means of putting us in touch with him—and vastly to Esquire's benefit, as it turned out. Only one of his contributions appears in this issue, although they're coming up in dazzling variety in the months immediately ahead. But this one, which you'll find on page 62, is a major triumph approaching a minor miracle, for it achieves the lily-gilding result of adding a lyric kick to the melodic line of a Petty drawing.

And speaking of the rewards of idleness, we're increasingly thankful all the time for the hours we apparently wasted, a few years back, bumming around Budapest. Otherwise we might never have met all the Hungarians we now know. (Meet one Hungarian and all you need to meet them all is just to live long enough.) Thus we would almost certainly have missed meeting Frank Nagy, the sculptor whose series glorifying the types of American beauty begins with the gatefold opposite page 131 of this issue. For that matter, but for that same Continental coffee-house loafing, we might never have crossed the pre-American trail of André de Dienes, whose photographs glorify the sculpture that glorifies the types, etc. And the same thing even applies in the case of Dr. Nostradamus, from behind the bushy beard of whose pseudonymity are vouchsafed the remarks that give this series of photographed sculpture its overtones of meaning and interest. So here's mud in our own eye and a convivial pat on our own bent elbow for blundering onto one of the best things in this issue.

We don't exactly know what or whom to thank for the fact that we were able to include *The Pre-Occupation of New York* in this issue. Since Robert Henderson is a young man on the staff of *The New Yorker*, our hunch is that this little gem of satire fell into our waiting and willing laps thanks to the pre-occupation of Mr. Harold Ross. We could easily be wrong, as we so often are. Maybe they do things differently, not to say better, there. (All we know is that if Bill Stephens, of Esquire's staff, had sent *What Makes an American Beauty?* to some other magazine without letting us see it we'd have sued him for something like mutiny.) In any case, if *The New Yorker* saw, but couldn't see, *The Pre-Occupation of New York*, then we're thankful that editorial eye-sight is not universally uniform.

We cannot close this cook's tour of the contents without pointing the finger and clearing the throat in pride at the completion of our often announced project, which very nearly grew up to be a five-year plan, to get our favorite author, Ernest Redmond Buckler, out of *The Sound and the Fury* and into the body of the magazine. The trick has at last been turned on page 70 of this issue. But, since it took us so long to get Buckler into feature print, we're at least thankful that this first for him should coincide with a first for ourselves—this April issue which we hope and trust is the first of a long succession of super-valued Esquires.

ESQUIRE
April, 1940
T. M.
Reg.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. XIII, No. 4
Whole No. 77
T. M.
Reg.

NEW YORK EDITION

the power back of buying power is a → → →

Yes—a woman! New York is full of men who are possible customers for apparel, accessories and a raft of other products. But remember this . . . somewhere in the home life of just about every active, substantial New York man who's going places in a business and social way is the woman who does the bulk of his buying.

New York's average successful business or professional man has a comfortable home either in a good city or suburban residential community . . . and there you'll find the Mrs. She's the one who wields the family buying power. It's her alert eye that notices a need for shirts or socks or other male accessories. It's her good taste that so often decides whether that next suit will be blue serge or herringbone tweed. And in scores of other ways her ideas and preferences sway the balance to one make or another and this brand or another.

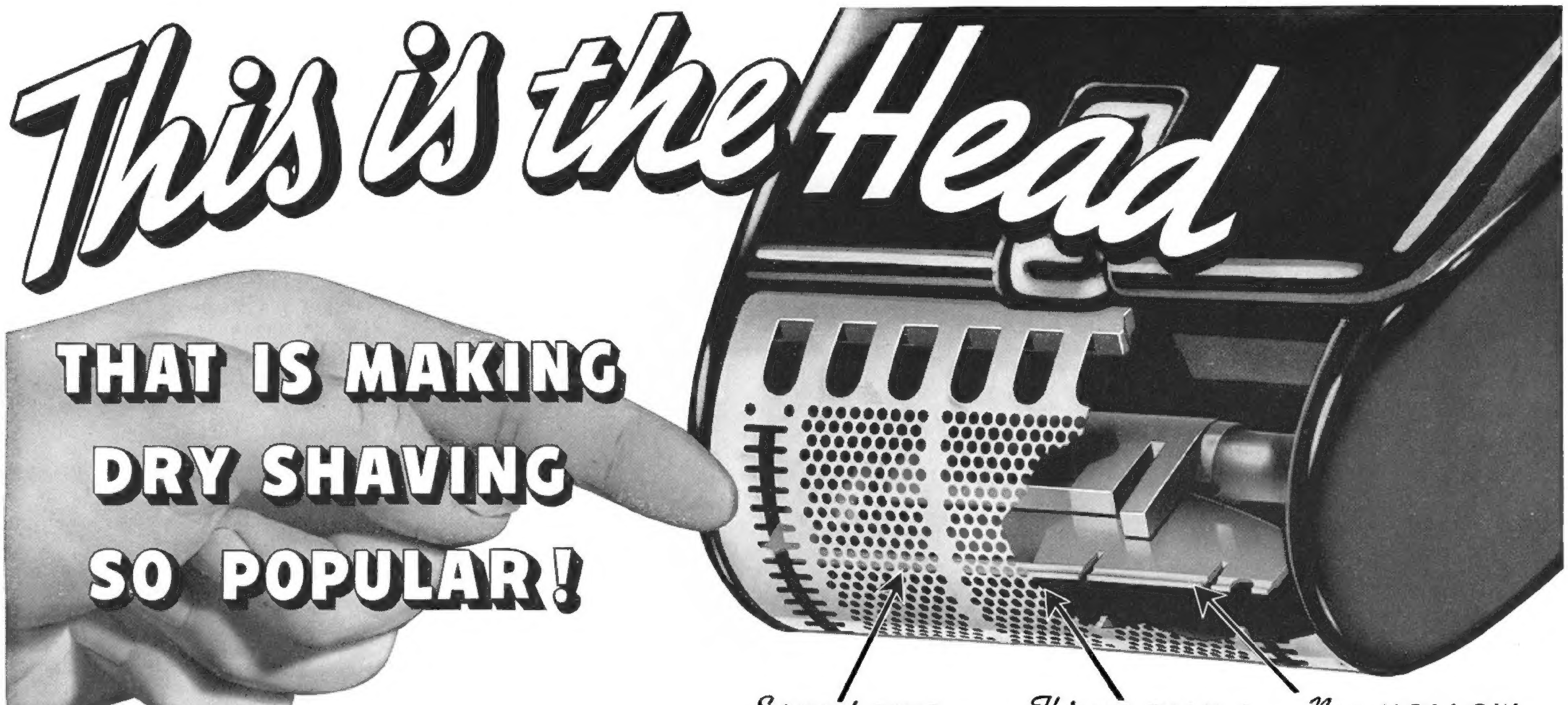
With women having more and more to say about the purchase of every item for home and family use, one of today's soundest advertising policies is to do a concentrated selling job on New York's up-and-buying homes via The Sun. Copy for copy, this vital newspaper is unequalled as a medium of influence in Metropolitan New York. It does the complete selling assignment by making up the minds of all a family's members—the women as well as the men.

WEIGH THE VALUE OF

The Sun

NEW YORK

IT'S THE WAY TO PROFITABLE SELLING IN NEW YORK!


This is the Head
THAT IS MAKING DRY SHAVING SO POPULAR!

Screened COMB, so finely meshed there is almost three times as much "hole-area" as metal. Each hole is completely encircled with a keen, durable cutting edge.

Thinner THAN A SPLIT WHISKER. A super-thin screen of finest Swedish steel only 2-thousandths of an inch thin, shaped to fit every contour of the face.

New HOLLOW-GROUND CUTTER, with double, razor-keen cutting edges that get the whiskers coming and going. Makes millions of cutting actions per minute within the comb.

[This new comb-and-cutter set has been standard equipment on all Sunbeam Shavemasters since June, 1939. If you have an older model this new set will fit it, and can be obtained from your dealer for $1.00.]

...AND ONLY THE Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER HAS IT!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It's that *extra* close-shave smoothness, *extra* speed, *extra* comfort you get in a Shavemaster shave that has made this electric shaver so outstanding in the judgment of American men. You hear it everywhere, from brush-and-blade veterans to teen-age schoolboys—words of enthusiasm for the dry-shaver that delivers real satisfaction right off the bat, and gets even better as you go along. That's why Shavemaster has made the swing to electric shaving so sure and steady during the past two years. It delivers the goods. It has come to stay.

Look at the head!

To know the answer to Shavemaster's popularity lead—look at its patented Sunbeam head. The Sunbeam head has a single cutter of razor-blade steel that oscillates at incredible speed within a ribbed comb only 2-thousandths of an inch thin. Its precision workmanship is the marvel of engineers everywhere, and its efficiency the delight of all men who shave. Centrifugal force presses the double-edge cutter against the inside of the comb with positive tension and gets the whiskers coming and going. So finely meshed is the new, screened comb that there is almost three times as much "hole-area" as metal. Completely different from the many shuttle-type electric shavers. Has patented principle that is all its own. None other like it.

Two models to choose from

Both model Shavemasters have the same patented Sunbeam head. Both have motors that deliver *extra power* and *speed.* The Model "R", for use on both alternating and direct current, has the series-wound Universal brush-type motor. Likewise, the magnetic type motor in the Model "M", for use on AC only, has no make-and-break contacts and will deliver the same, full, constant power without troublesome servicing. If you use your shaver on AC current at home, the Model "M" will give you complete Shavemaster satisfaction. If you travel, and occasionally encounter DC current, the Model "R" is the one for you.

LET YOUR DEALER DEMONSTRATE. HE HAS BOTH MODELS—and *both* are "tops" in quick, close shaves. When you choose Shavemaster, you have a treat in store.

BOTH MODELS HAVE THE SAME PATENTED Sunbeam HEAD

—Give the Same Quick, Close, Comfort Shaves

Both have motors with plenty of power. The one you buy depends solely upon where you wish to use it—one operates on Alternating and Direct current . . . the other, on Alternating current only.

MODEL "M" (AC)

$7.50

Has the new Sunbeam magnetic type AC motor. Plenty of reserve power—trim and compact for easy handling. If you wish to use your shaver only on AC current you can enjoy Shavemaster's quick, close comfort-shaves for only $7.50.

CONSIDER THESE FACTS

- ★ The **ONLY** electric shaver *selected* for standard equipment on these leading American air lines—American Airlines, Inc., United Air Lines, TWA, Western Air Express.
- ★ The **ONLY** electric shaver by a manufacturer qualified by over 50 years' successful experience in BOTH the hair clipping and electric appliance industries.
- ★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a shaving head shaped to comfortably fit every contour of the face and also screened to pick up the beard the way it grows.
- ★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a single, hollow-ground, lightning-fast cutter that oscillates in an arc within a 2-thousandths inch thin Swedish steel comb.

Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER

MODEL "R" (AC-DC)

$15.00

Has the famous series-wound, brush-type Universal motor that operates on both AC and DC. If you have occasion to use your shaver on both types of current the Model "R" Shavemaster is the one to buy.

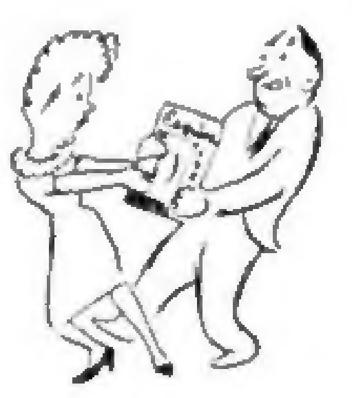
Made and guaranteed by CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 5697 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill. . . . Canada Factory, 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto . . . 51 *Years Making Quality Products.*

Famous for MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, SUNBEAM AUTOMATIC TOASTER, *etc.*

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THE USES OF ESKY

First, all your jaunty and well-dressed men-about-town-and-country have become proud papas of flourishing paper-doll families in the neighborhood, due credit being given for their origin so that several youngsters are begging their families to subscribe and thus insure new wardrobes for said papas in future.



Second, the Walt Disney guppies were copied and enlarged and formed into attractive place-cards for about thirty adolescents who paused here for the fish course in a progressive dinner—another verbal credit to Esquire!

The choicest full page cartoons were cut out and pasted into special scrapbooks for four friends in different hospitals—at least one of whom promptly subscribed—and the carefully preserved issues then distributed to still other friends temporarily in need of pepping up—all this after the ads had been carefully read by friend husband!

(And speaking of ads, a leading department store in Baltimore displayed your cartoon about the toy electric trains in the midst of its Christmas display.)

Cordially yours,
Towson, Md. Dorothy W. Anderson

COLD LIKES COMPANY

Heartiest congratulations to Stanley Jones, whom babies leave cold.

They've left me cold since I was five, but I've learned to keep quiet about it or be damned as an inhuman monster. Actually, I wouldn't harm one on a bet—I simply don't *like* them.

I'm delighted to know I'm not the only one!

Sincerely,
Denver, Colo. Hortense Stout

YES SIR, THAT'S OUR PUBLIC

I have often wondered why you use such explanatory subtitles as "satire" to articles published in your magazine. Surely, I thought, an adult reader should be able to recognize a piece of satire when he reads it, and if he does not see the point, the article is definitely not intended for him. But I find that I am mistaken.

In the June, 1939, issue of Esquire there appeared an article by Parke Cummings, entitled *I Say It's False* and subtitled "satire" wherein the author declares that such statements as that horses have four legs and that it is colder in the winter than in the summer are "false". The author refers to experiments performed at the University of Chicago in which it was "proved" that the commonly accepted notion that one can sleep more comfortably on a soft bed than on a hard floor is unfounded. The results of these "experiments" showed that by sleeping on a hard floor one develops one's "fabular muscles" and then performs prodigious deeds, such as writing marvelous symphonies or painting wonderful pictures or cornering U. S. Steel. After reading all this, a female reader wrote to the University of Chicago to find out what and where the "fabular muscles" were. The letter was referred to me, and without knowing when and where the article in question appeared I wrote to the inquirer that the author of the article must have been joking when he described the "experiments". I received the following rejoinder:

"The article I refer to is one by Parke Cummings entitled *I Say It's False*, which appeared in the June, 1939, issue of Esquire.

"In this article (where it is the author's intention to disprove statements which have been commonly accepted as truths) many of his examples, which he proves false, are backed by authentic evidence.

"As you read the article, you will notice that the particular item I have questioned puzzled me because I had never heard of fabular muscles, and it was only after diligent search that I decided to write to the University of Chicago, where the supposed experiment took place, for an explanation.

"I believe that Mr. Cummings must have had some authority to substantiate his statement; he would not have taken the responsibility of making a false statement in a popular-circulated magazine and using a large University as his ruse; a writer must be very careful."

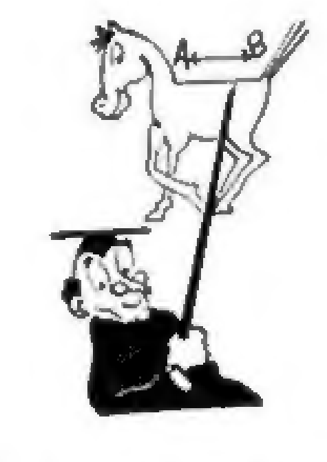
Indeed, a writer must be very careful; and so must an editor. I suggest therefore that you not only retain the present system of labeling certain articles as satire, but that you put the word satire in inch-size letters and add an explanatory note as to the meaning of the word and a further admonition to the reader to remember that any resemblance to fact is "purely coincidental."

Yours truly,
Chicago, Ill. N. Kleitman

DOWN WITH EUCLID

If your mathematicians want some raw meat, let them masticate this one.

How comes it that a hundred years after Gauss exposed the scientific inadequacy of Euclid's definition of a straight line they still cling to it—though it means calling all bent lines 'straight'!



Euclid's unhappy definition amounted to saying that "A straight line is determined by two points." But so is any kind of line. According to this definition there would be two kinds of 'straight' lines: (1) ordinary, commonsense, really straight lines (viz., a straight line is the shortest line in space between two points); and (2) all kinds of really non-straight lines, curved or kinked, which are then ponderously termed 'non-Euclidean straight lines,'—for example, the outline of a horse's back. Should mathematicians who cannot see the fallacy of this be allowed to vote on social and economic issues, or should there be some I-Q limitation?

The defect is the same as if Euclid had defined odd primes by saying "Every odd prime is the difference between two squares." That would also be a cockeyed definition, because it gives only a general group to which odd primes belong, but fails (like his famous definition of straight lines) to delimit the particular species. Under it would fall all odd numbers: not only a prime like 7 (being 4^2-3^2), but also a factorable number like 15 (being 8^2-7^2). Then by the same weighty process of socalled reasoning used in the case of lines, 7 would be a Euclidean prime, and 15 could be called a 'non-Euclidean prime.' The fallacy of such non-specific definitions is obvious to any highschool boy, and of course is well known to logicians.

Then why do the mathematical logicians continue to tolerate Euclid's definition? It must have something to do with their inflicting of Aristotelian logic on the collegiate youth whom we entrust to them, though that logic is so far removed from commonsense that it cannot prove that the head of a horse is the head of an animal. Is it because it helps make the still more fantastic nonsense of relativity? Or is it just standpattism? Or the higher dumbness?

What price the high education tax rate?

Yours for commonsense,
James G. Quayle
New York, N. Y.

A SPORTING OFFER

I've read your magazine since it was an infant—more for the cartoons and ads than anything else. Once in a while you have a good article or so, but you and Mr. Earle V. Weller should be examined by a few of the third grade pupils of a country school, to ascertain which of you is guilty of that "1-2-3 and win six"; he, for writing it and you for publishing it.

It'll be too bad if the poor saps who endeavor to win by it start looking for you two with a shot gun.

Now the system is OK for a while, and would be OK if it cancelled out before 20, but sometimes a long string of consecutive losses are going to happen; then the system player gets broke, as do all system players.

Mr. Weller says he depletes the bank rolls of gambling houses playing the red and black on a roulette wheel with this system, and that most gambling houses won't let him play if they know what he is doing; or in words to that effect.

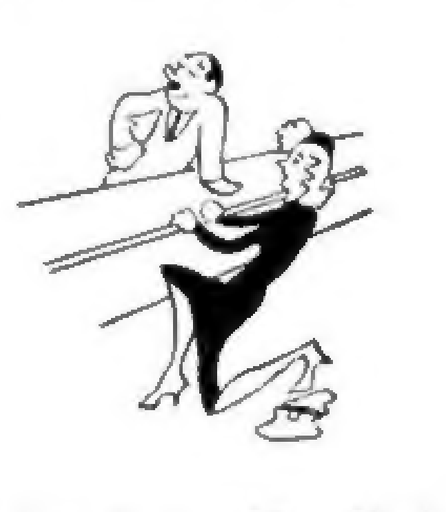
I will set up for him, and let him bring his paper and pencil and play his 1, 2, 3 and win six on any game, roulette, craps (the field) or any game which he thinks that he can beat playing it, as long as I have the percentage of the roulette wheel in my favor.

Respectfully,
Paris, Ky. Lawrence James

SHE WANTS TO SEE THE CLERK

After much thought and seething indignation I am going to answer briefly the article in your February issue (page 46) entitled *I Want to See the Manager;* I can quite understand why the author wished to remain "Anonymous."

The only conclusions at which I am able to arrive are that the author is suffering from a persecution complex or, like hundreds of other clerks whom I have met, has a most unfortunate and unpleasing personality; of course we know from reading the article that he is lazy as sin.



He is the clerk who chews gum and talks over his private affairs while the customer waits patiently (or impatiently) for his convenient attention. He is the clerk who shows you one article and then hurriedly puts it away so as not to muss up his stock. He is the clerk who goes right on arranging his shelves or stock until you are forced to walk all the way over to him and inquire timidly if he is too busy to wait upon you. He is the clerk who takes your telephone order (after you spell every word out for him) and that is the last you ever hear of it. He is the one who sends you a size sixteen jacket and a size eighteen coat when you had hoped for the delivery of a complete suit. Goodness—I could fill a book with the mistakes, insults and indifferences handed out to women shoppers.

The author of this article is apparently putting as little effort and personality into his work as he can get away with; he apparently is the smart Alec type who ridicules each woman customer as she leaves his department. With the exception of a very, very small number women are in town shopping seriously and only the very rich or very indifferent shopper can afford to buy the first thing that is shown them but, believe me, it is like pulling teeth to persuade the average clerk to disarrange his stock so that you may have a fair idea of what the store has to offer. It is a distinct pleasure and a rare treat to shop in a store where the clerks are trained and watched and give courteous service and eight out of ten women respond quickly to such service and co-operate in every way.

As to the paragraph marked "Sex Appeal"—it is nothing short of ridiculous, if not disgusting, and it is right there that the author reveals his sex. No woman would be guilty of such colossal conceit.

He pictures perfectly in his last paragraph the customer he likes to wait upon—I quote—"When you show her what she has asked for she promptly buys it without any monkey business and pays the price without question." Just about enough effort in that sale to suit him.

Albany, N. Y. Ethel Moore

TWO BITS OF GOOD ADVICE

I have just finished the January issue of Esquire, and have had an immensely good time reading it. There is much in it which brings on honest roars of laughter, poignant sadness, and passive pleasure. There is, unfortunately, some in it that leads one to shrug a shoulder, saying: "That's what you think," and worse, some which makes one roaring mad. No, I'll take that back. I am not roaring mad. I am, however, enough aroused to be writing this letter. May I say first, before continuing, that I think your *Sound and Fury* Department one of the best things in your magazine? As most people do, I do some thinking when reading an ordinary article, but when my opinion is openly asked—as I gather it is by this department—and I have some hope of having a constructive criticism noticed, and perhaps even followed—then I seem to think harder, search more deeply into that which I am reading for all the good in it that balances the bad things which stuck out like a sore thumb to me on first glance.

I would like to ask Mr. Lawton Mackall, whose article *For Happy Endings* was not only mouth-watering, but laugh-provoking, two things:

1. Would you mind very much, Mr. Mackall, re-reading your articles over, before final acceptance, and then scratching your pencil through all such trite and saccharine phrases as "tumtum tranquilizer?" True, the word "tumtum" is really what I object to. I thought that kind of thing was only forthcoming from sentimental ladies of the Victorian Era who blush at proper terminology. However, after reading Stanley Jones' article: *Babies Leave Me Cold,* I have decided that you are probably a NEW PARENT, so I'll let it go this once.

2. Have you, Mr. Mackall, ever tried for dessert or evening snack, Gorgonzola spread on slices of tart apple? (Leave the skins on.) My father brought the idea home with him from Italy, where he says it is one of their best customs. If you haven't tried it, DO! You'll forgive me the above nasty criticism.

Thank you, Esquire, for listening to my criticism. Just incidentally, *Season of Mists* is one of the most delightful bits of fun I have had in a long time.

Respectfully,
Ruth G. Herrick
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

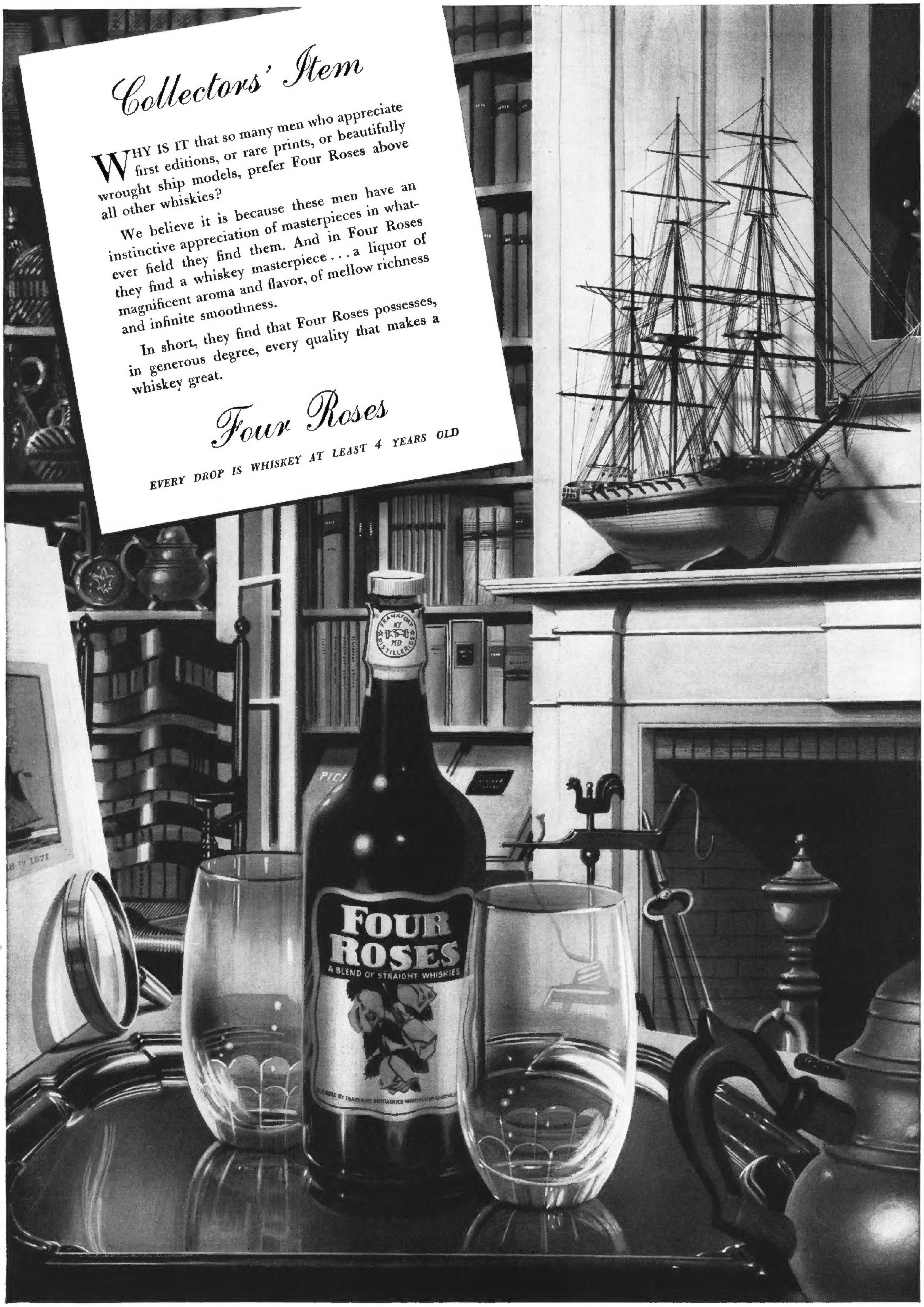
AN ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT

In the January, 1940 issue you introduced your special recommendation mark, ℞. I read them all! In your February issue I conscientiously avoided all articles marked with the swastika, ℞. So there!!

Here's to more freedom in the reading of Esquire, the magazine for fashion plates!!!

Most sincerely yours,
Pasadena, Calif. H. H. Hughes

Continued on page 14



Collectors' Item

WHY IS IT that so many men who appreciate first editions, or rare prints, or beautifully wrought ship models, prefer Four Roses above all other whiskies?

We believe it is because these men have an instinctive appreciation of masterpieces in whatever field they find them. And in Four Roses they find a whiskey masterpiece . . . a liquor of magnificent aroma and flavor, of mellow richness and infinite smoothness.

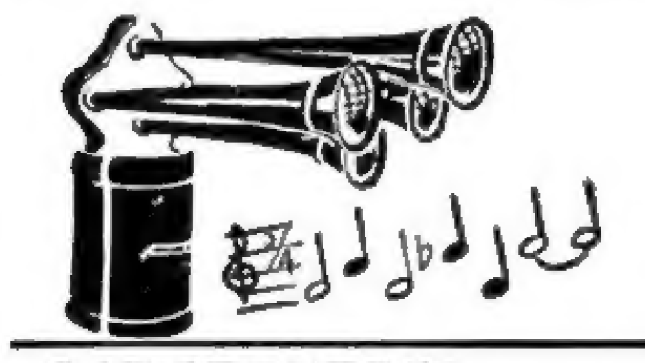
In short, they find that Four Roses possesses, in generous degree, every quality that makes a whiskey great.

Four Roses

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

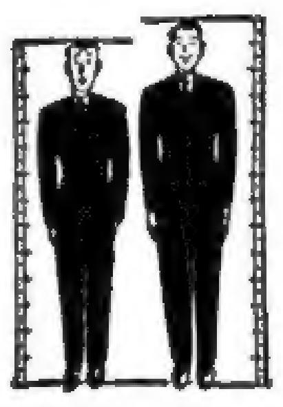
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



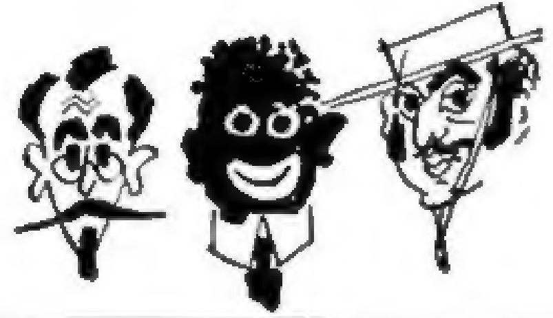
AUTO ACCESSORIES

GADGETEERS! . . . . Smart Motor Accessories Shown in "Esquire" Musical Auto Horns, Sound, "Attention"! "La Marseillaise", "Anchors Aweigh", etc. Spot & Foglights . . . with high visibility.
Distinctive Motor Ornaments
Motor Mascots with mounts for all cars. Bermuda two-toned Motor Bells. Superchargers & Exhaust Pipe Trim. Over 200 Gadgets, Gifts & Accessories.
NIL MELIOR, Waldorf-Astoria, New York
(Brochure on Request)



BUILT-UP SHOES

Increase your height with Joseph Burger's STATURAIDS, the special built-up shoes. Smart, attractive, normal looking. Built up feature does not show—no heavy soles or high heels. Used by actors, professional men, salesmen, statesmen, and well dressed men everywhere. Wide assortment of styles. *Not only increase stature but also give better posture.* Send for illustrated catalog.
JOSEPH BURGER'S *STATURAIDS*
2067-C Third Ave. at 113 St., New York, N. Y.
Mail orders our specialty *(Plain Wrappers)*
When in N. Y. visit my store and factory.

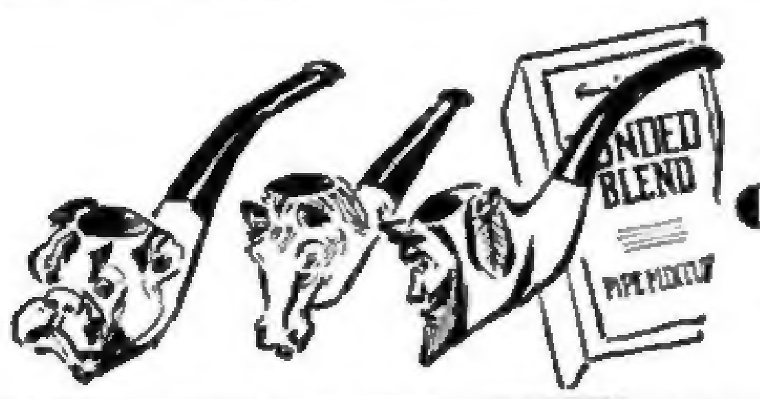


COMIC RECORDS

Turn your party into a riot with Willie Howard's hilarious Comedy and Song records: French Taught in a Hurry (2 sides); Tyrone Shapiro, The Bronx Caballero; Impressions of Moscow Art Players; Imitations of Jessel, Jolson, Cantor, and the famous "Comes the Revolution" a Gala Record Co. smash hit. 3-10" Double-faced records in Album, only $2.75 (Add 45¢ for Packing and Postage in U.S.A.)
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
111 West 52nd Street, New York
Telephone CIrcle 7-0070

HERB HAIR TONICS

YOUR COMB NEVER LIES. Those hairs clinging to your comb should tell you a story. A stimulating daily rub with *LUCONE*, the *all-herb, greaseless, non-alcoholic* hair tonic can put a happy ending to that story. Modern life makes us prone to hair disorders. Use *LUCONE HERB TONIC*. Assure yourself of the robust hair growth so necessary to masculine good looks. If your druggist can't supply, order C.O.D.—or send $1.00 (we pay postage) to
LUCONE, Inc. 217 7th Ave. New York



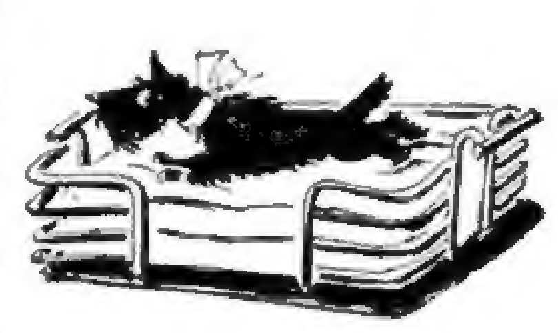
HAND-CARVED PIPES

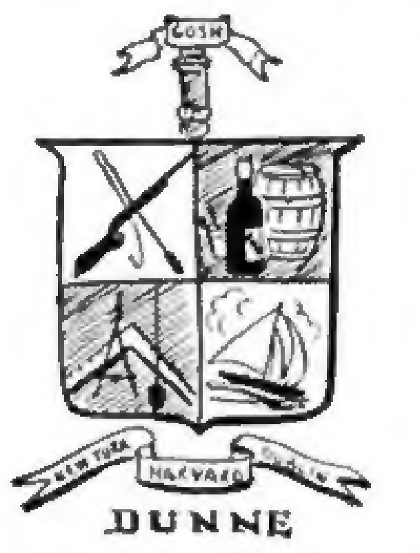
Smoke a fine *Briar* Pipe with your favorite animal's head beautifully carved on the bowl. *Choice of models:* Horse, Lion, Tiger, Setter (straight stems only); Bear, Bulldog, Skull, Devil (straight or curved). Large size, $2 ppd. *Also small pipes,* with head of Irishman, Football Player, Elephant, Donkey, Bulldog, Owl, or Skull (straight only), $1 ppd. *Free with each pipe: 25¢, 1¾ oz. pkg. Bonded Blend, our non-aromatic tobacco.*
Send for *free* catalog and pipe chart.
GEORGE YALE, 1083 6 Av., nr. 42 St., N. Y.

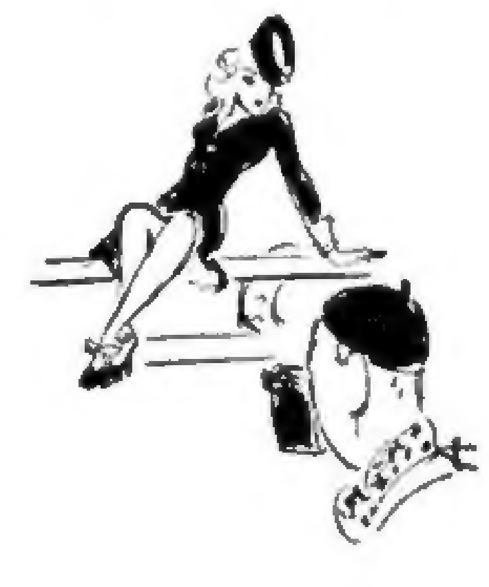
TWEEDS

You just haven't seen Tweeds until you see these *New* HOLLYWOOD TWEEDS. They're bright. They're colorful... MULTI-COLORED is the word. Never before such patterns, such perfect color harmony. They have that "right out of Esquire" look...and with all their color they are masculine to the 'nth degree. Send today for your FREE samples. 3,500 dealers show these Tweeds in many elegant tailor-made models. Write Dept. E . . . M. BORN & COMPANY, Style Leaders Since 1876 . . . 540 S. Wells St., Chicago

COLUMN CLEAN-UP . . . being a listing of various objects which merit mention but, due to lack of space, cannot be treated separately: miraculous, new white spruce step ladder that automatically levels itself—one leg can be on the floor, the other on a chair but the ladder remains firm . . . chrome bridge lamp that clamps onto the table anywhere so you've always plenty of light in the right places for card-playing . . . smart copper and chrome ash tray that takes care of the cigarette you've forgotten so no damage can be done—has small, concealed springs . . . fine, new fishing knife with a stainless steel blade encased in a cork handle so it can't sink, comes in pigskin case—made in France . . . practical three-piece picnic set in stainless steel, has knife and corkscrew, fork and bottle and can opener and spoon and pickle fork, also in pigskin case . . . a bright brass ash tray with a compass neatly imbedded in its center . . . small, safety-first foot-pads for taking shower or bath, no chance of slipping—made of rubber and cork, and simple to put on . . . folding medicine spoon—one end table size, the other a teaspoon, in sterling silver and practical for the bath room . . . deluxe dog bed of chrome and polished walnut, comes with two extra slip covers and matching quilted cover to keep pooch warm . . . several types of handsome cigarette boxes in chrome and glass for the new extra-long cigarettes—name your model . . . an outfit that lets you do your own electro-plating at home—you can fix up everything from Junior's saxophone to the family silverware . . . crests made up for anyone, including favorite sports, hobbies, vocation and expression—in all colors . . . a new type of top-of-the-stove cooker that turns out vegetables in half a minute, makes tough meats tender in thirty-five and performs other wonders—cooks everything steam-tight and air-excluded . . . man-sized copper and stainless steel skillet with pistol-like handle that's fine for whipping up a Sunday night supper . . . masculine French pottery casserole with an alcohol lamp—perfect for Boston baked beans, welsh rarebit and lobster newburg . . . latest improvement in thermometers—a round, tempered, 3" glass dial in which permanent figures are fused—you look through it, not at it and get temperature at a glance, models for desk, window and windshield . . . new design flashlight with a red light on the end so you won't get bumped walking down country lanes . . . reliable sun lamp arranged in an attractive leatherette case not unlike a portable radio—you can carry your sun with you . . . album in canvas or leatherette that holds eighty 35 m.m. kodachromes and comes with an excellent folding frame that facilitates viewing films—fine arrangement for the camera conscious . . . rubber "frog fins" for swimming—they strap on your feet and naturally increase swimming speed—a girl using them beat the Yale swimming captain . . . a wonderful new fish hunting gun made of dural, stainless steel and brass that works like a pistol, is easy to handle in the water—is now being perfected . . . good gag gift—book entitled the "Police Record of Habitual Drunkards"—receiver opens it and stares into a large, round mirror . . . a convenient nail and screw set for the domestic carpenter—twelve bottles on a merry-go-round, each one easy to get at . . . if you're still able to find ice—a mechanically perfect skate sharpening stand, holds skates in vise-grip while you wield the stone . . . new development in photography—an electrically controlled flash-bulb camera that's small in both size and price—shutter always synchronizes with flash bulb.







AIR PURIFIERS

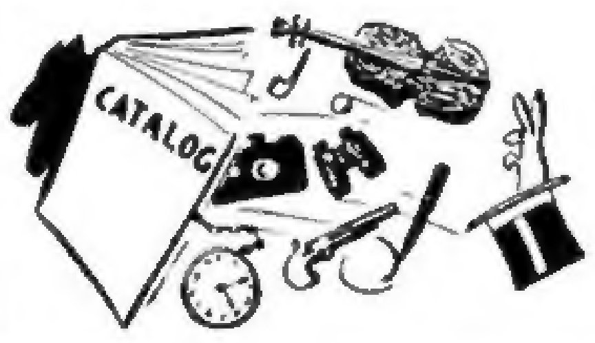
Why put up with kitchen or stale tobacco odors in your home? BON-AIR quickly banishes them, and substitutes an atmosphere as clean and fresh as a baby's conscience. Light the wick of the attractive little urn, allow to burn for a few minutes and presto! *no more odors.* Fluid available in Pine, Jasmine, Sandalwood, Amber, Gardenia or Unscented. Purifiers 3 oz. $1, 6 oz. $2, 10 oz. $3.50. *Get* BON-AIR *at better dept. stores, or write today to*
BONAIRE, INC., 39 Cortlandt St., N. Y. C.

BOOTMAKERS POLISHES

Polish your shoes with HOLLYWOOD ANTIQUE "BOOTMAKERS". The polish that gives shoes that $22.50 look, that hand-rubbed, deep *antique* Walnut shine seen on well-dressed men. *HOLLYWOOD "BOOTMAKERS" Polish* gives shoes that "old violin" look. Easy to use, shines instantly. 25¢, 50¢, $1.00, and $2.00. At your local shoe store, Rival, Adler or Flagg Bros. shoe stores in principal cities *or direct*
FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO.
107-33 Van Wyck Blvd., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

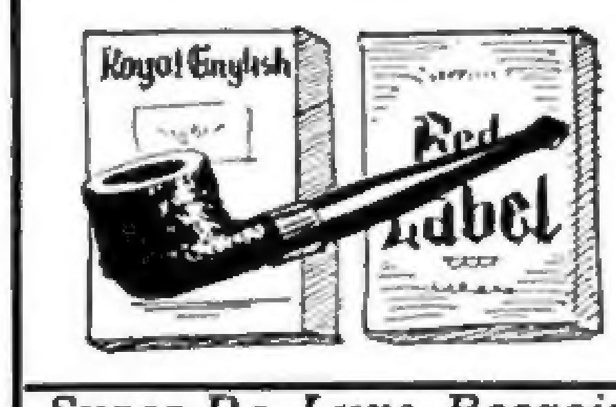
LANGUAGE ACADEMIES

Learn to speak FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN or ITALIAN this easy way. Know a second language for better business or social position; read foreign books; really enjoy travel abroad. Speak like a native. Now FUN to learn quickly, easily at home! Without obligation write today for our amazing free book "The Cortina Short-Cut." State language interested in. Send for FREE BOOK. CORTINA ACADEMY, Dept. 464, 105 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.



NOVELTIES

New 604 Page 1940 Catalog of 7000 amazing Novelties, gift articles, sporting goods, hobby kits, cameras, optical goods, watches, luck jewelry, knives, rifles, revolvers, movie projectors, books, musical instruments, radio novelties, puzzles, joke goods, magic, auto accessories, bicycle novelties, imported novelties, occult and spiritualistic items, archery, fencing, unusual seeds, live animals, smoker's novelties, etc., etc. Deluxe Cloth Bound Edition 15¢.
JOHNSON SMITH, Dept. 521-C, DETROIT

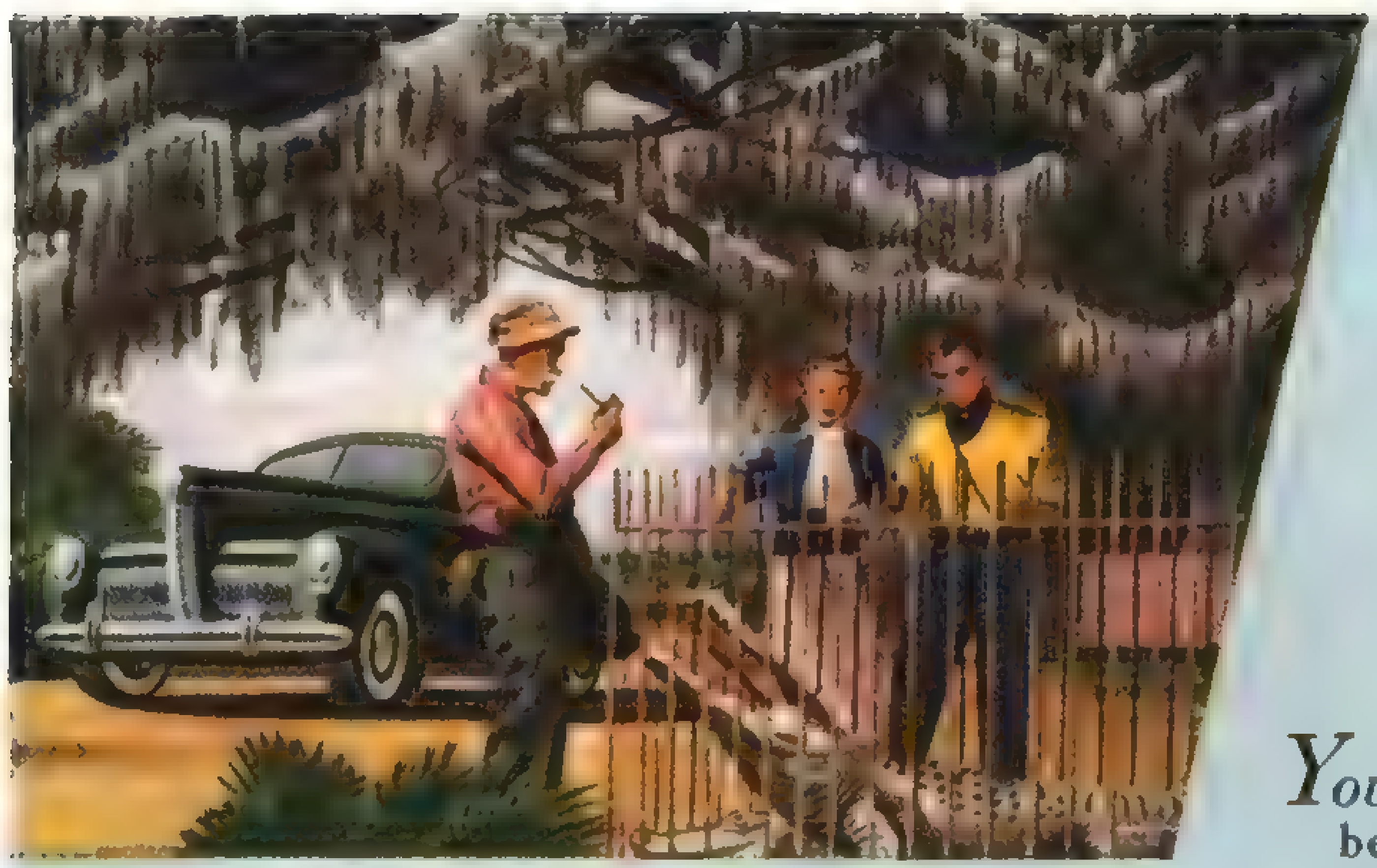


PIPES & TOBACCOS

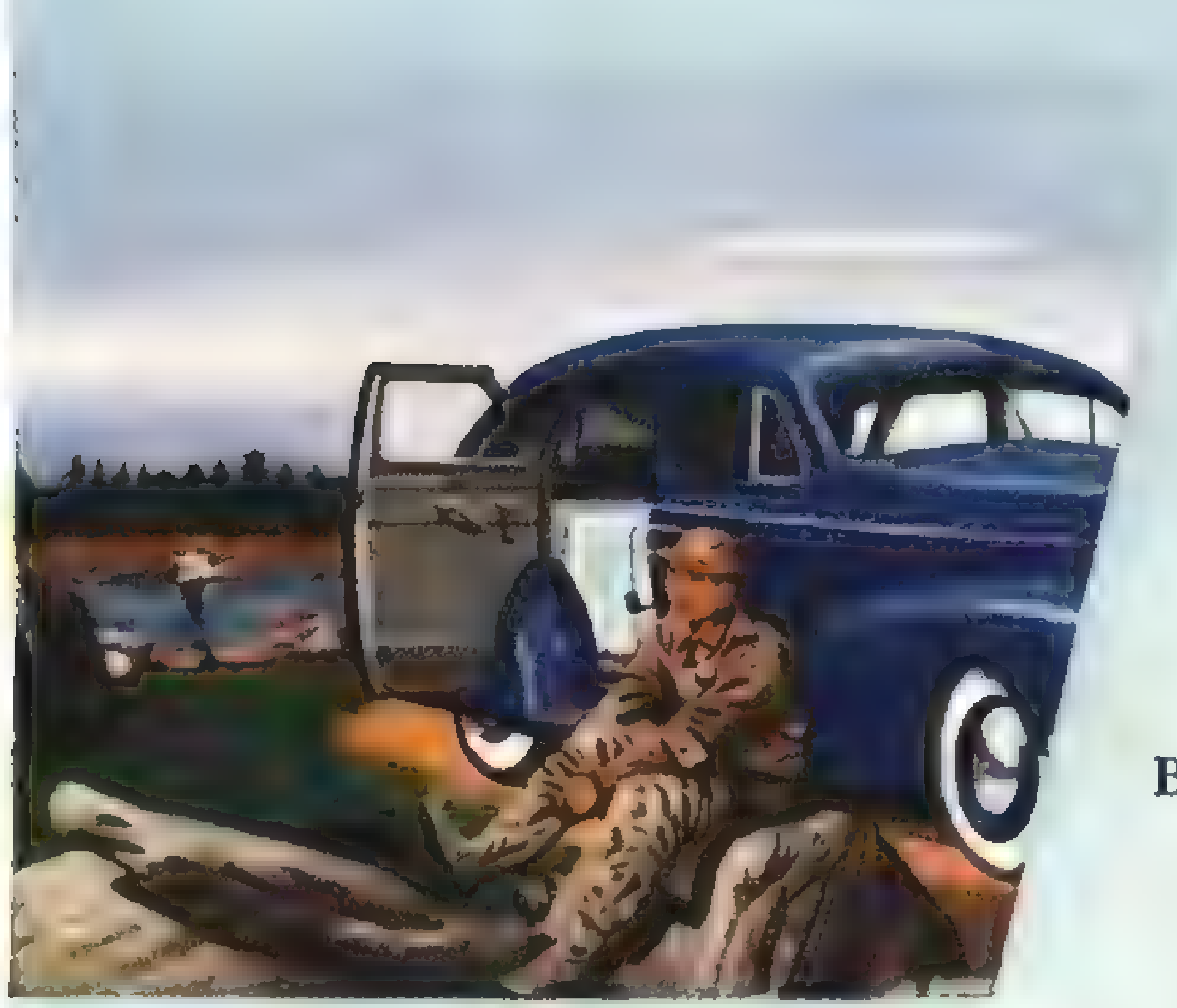
Super-De Luxe Bargain! Our new catalog features this exceptional French Bruyere Pipe at $2.50; with its solid sterling band and hand-rubbed English Walnut, or Rugged Thorn finish, it's well worth it. Order NOW, and we'll include a full 25¢ pkge. of our famous Royal English blend, *AND* a full 20¢ size of our Red Label—all for the same $2.50. Either finish in your favorite shape: Dublin, Canadian, Military, apple, billiard, bulldog saddle. *CATALOGUE FREE.* LORRAINE PIPE SHOP, 2 E. 45 St., N. Y.

PARTY RECORDS

Sophisticated spicy recordings by "Spivy" belle of 52nd Street's night club haunts. Racy songs that get your party off to a flying start—excite encores galore! Album of Exclusive Recordings include these seven smash hits: I Brought Culture to Buffalo in the 90's, Why Don't You?, Alley Cat, Tarantella, The Last Of The Fleur de Levy, I Love Town, A Tropical Fish. Only $3.50, plus 45¢ for packing and postage in U.S.A. Free—our new party record catalog.
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP, 111 W. 52 St., (nr. Radio City) New York, Tel. CI. 7-0070



ENJOY FLORIDA WARMTH inside your Nash. Uncanny Weather Eye System keeps you free of drafts, dust, cold . . . pours in a balmy breeze of fresh, conditioned air. Nash's 99 H. P. manifold-sealed engine gives you same smooth power and flashing starts, winter or summer.



BE A VAGABOND on week-ends and vacations. Convertible bed in the rear holds two, cuts touring costs. Long cross-country trips are easier with Nash's amazing Arrow-Flight Ride. It's a *better* buy because our $45,000,000 resources are concentrated on *one* make of car.

You're only Human After all

You thought you were old, and beyond those things — when *zingo!* You lose your heart on the first day of spring!

It's the wink of chromium that undoes you. You look—and it's a Nash—with such flash and dash, joy and life packed into its eager frame—that it can't wait, and neither can you!

Next thing you know, you're grabbing your hat. For just one engine in the world has that "fire-on-four-wheels" feeling—it's Nash manifold-sealed power.

Then—what about this swift, silent pace you're setting? Surely that's no conventional third gear. And you're right—you're in a *Fourth* Speed Forward.

But wait—nudge the throttle a little harder. That new Automatic Overtake makes you think you've hooked on to a comet!

If the air feels warmer, fresher—don't give Nature the credit. It's that new Nash automatic Weather Eye up front, making and maintaining weather to order.

Suddenly—you want to yell "whoa"! A stretch of washed out road ahead! But—like oil on troubled water—Nash's new springing magically irons out a glassy-smooth course.

You never felt such eager response. You can turn it on a quarter . . . stop on a dime . . . aim it like a rifle to the spot you want to go.

It's then you know—that you and a Nash were made for each other!

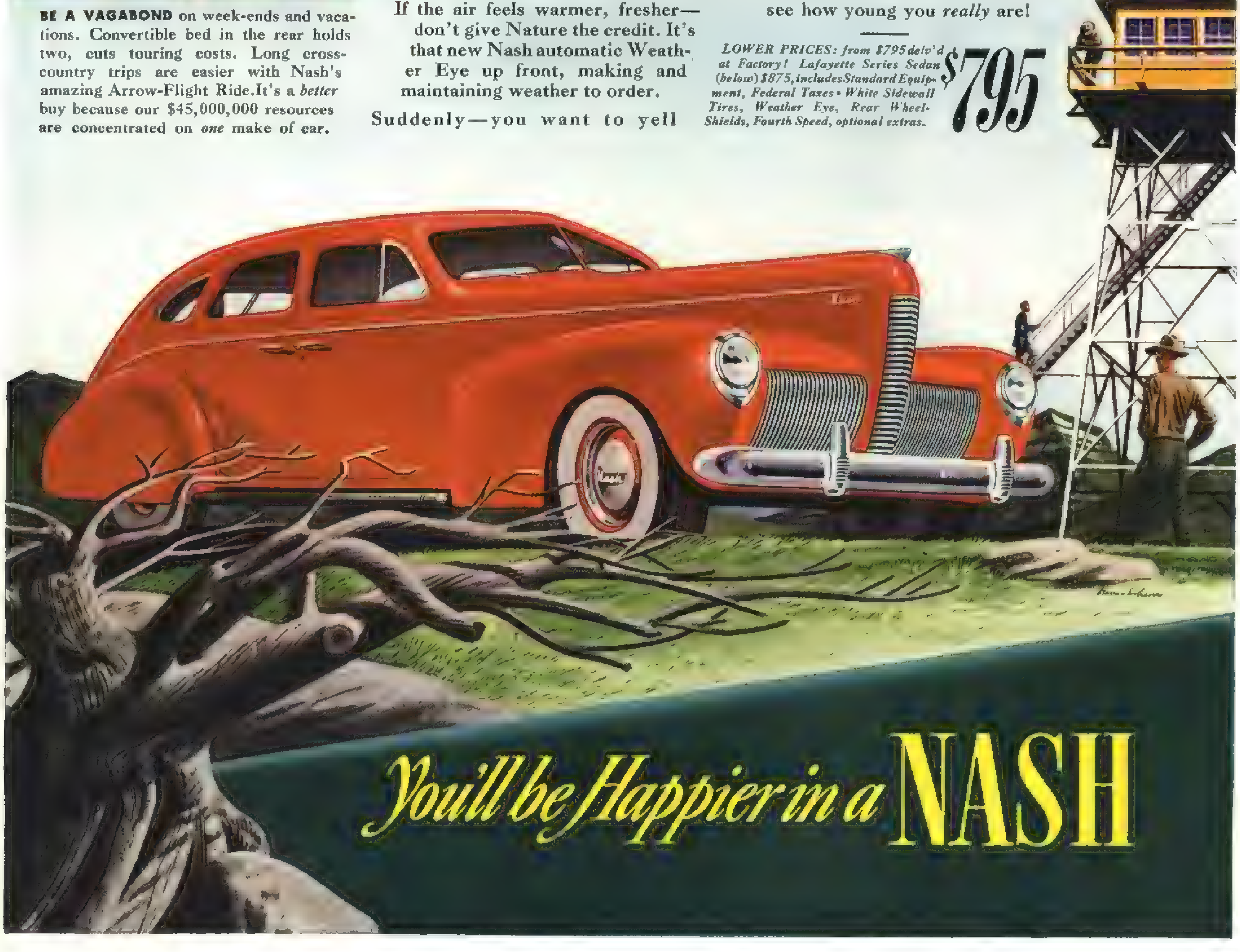
• • •

Here's the beginning of a beautiful friendship . . . good for the best 100,000 miles of a man's life.

For a Nash is *built* that way . . . with a *seven*-bearing crankshaft (instead of 3), a *double* frame . . . 300 to 400 more pounds of *finer* steel, for safety and long life. That Nash below is the 1940 economy champion in its class (Gilmore-Yosemite Run—23.76 miles to a gallon.) Drive it—see how young you *really* are!

LOWER PRICES: from $795 delv'd at Factory! Lafayette Series Sedan (below) $875, includes Standard Equipment, Federal Taxes • White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel-Shields, Fourth Speed, optional extras.

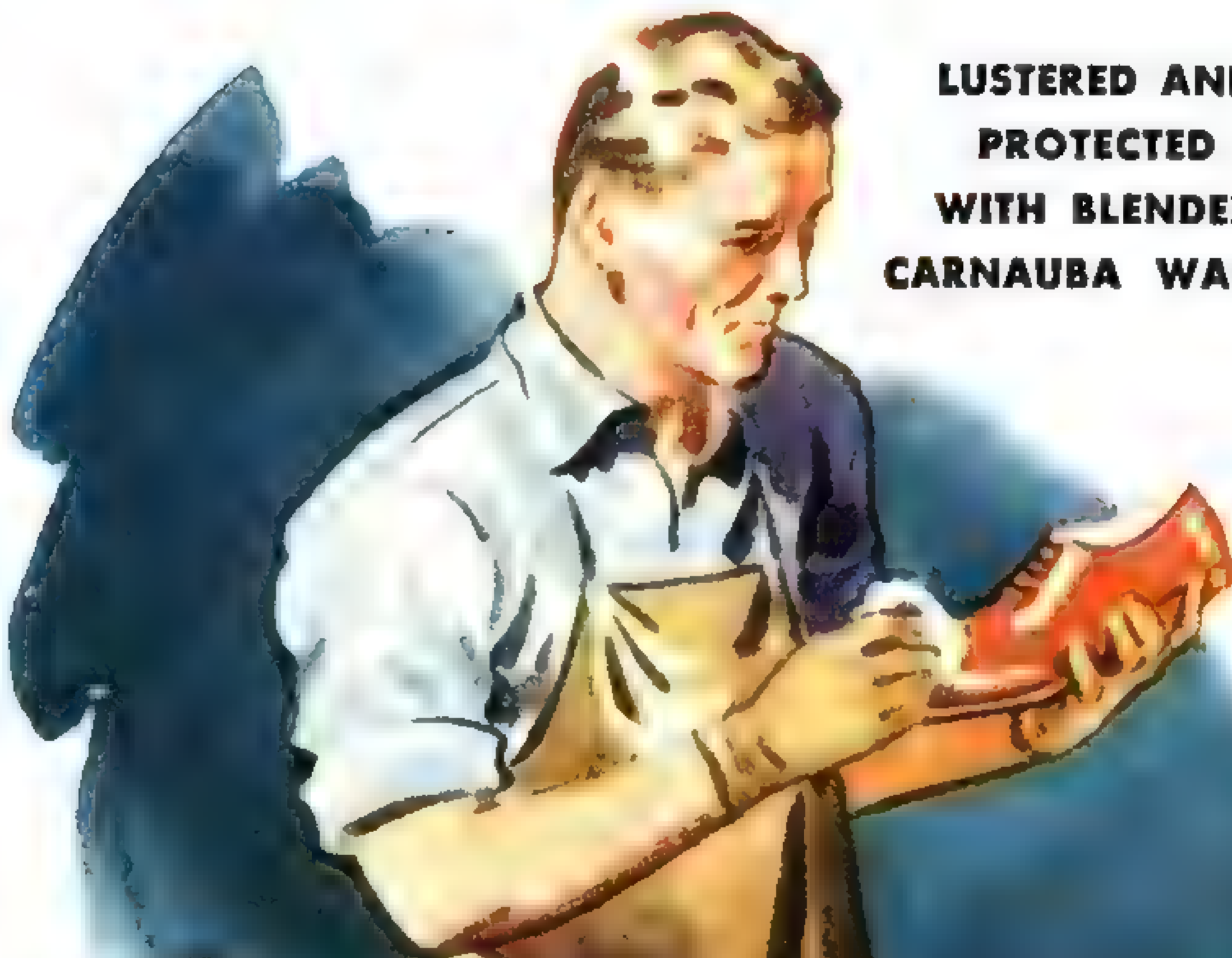
$795



You'll be Happier in a NASH

ANOTHER JARMAN STYLE

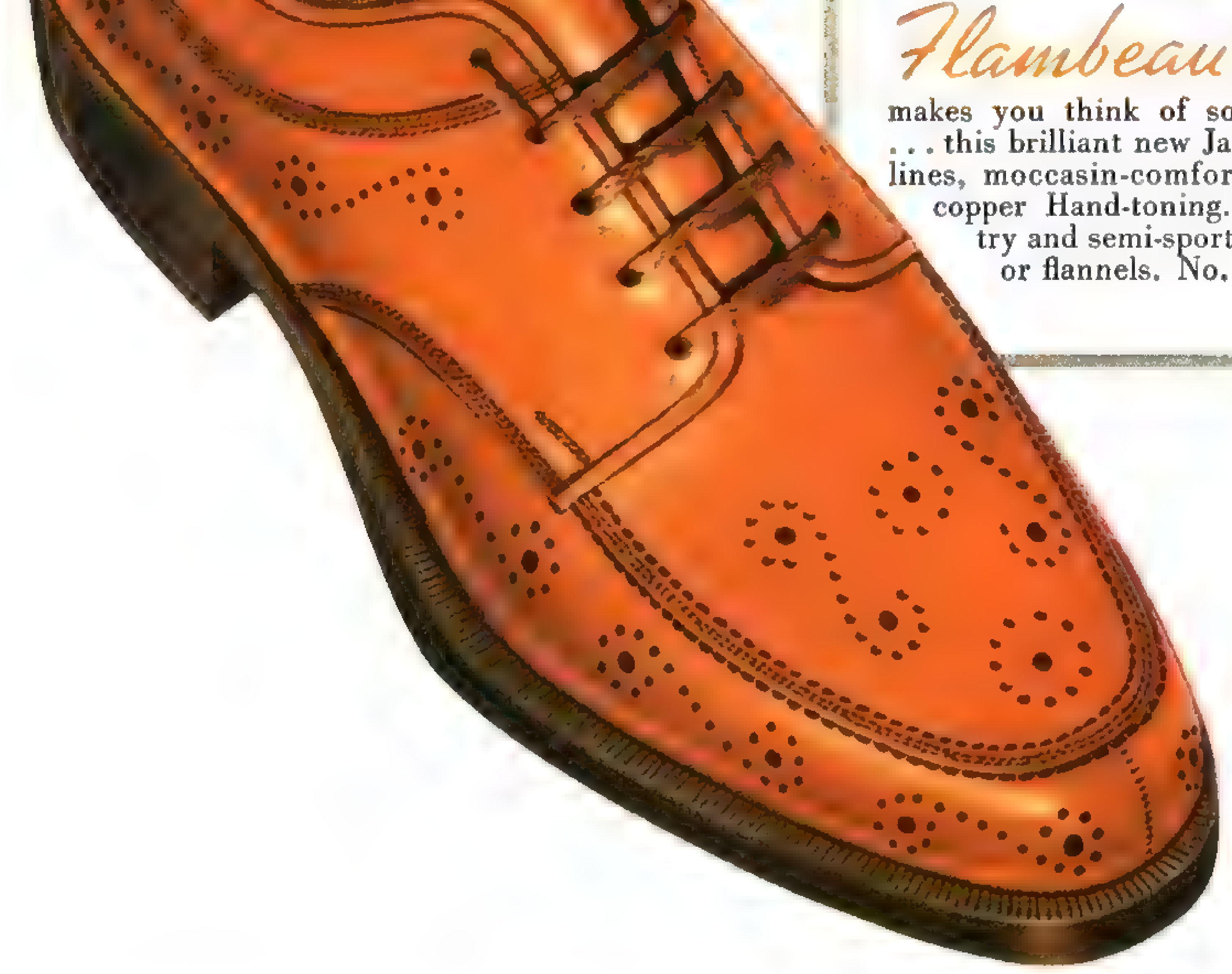
Hand-toned



Jarman's exclusive development of the popular "antique finish." Notice the new, *richer* colors in these smart Jarmans for Spring

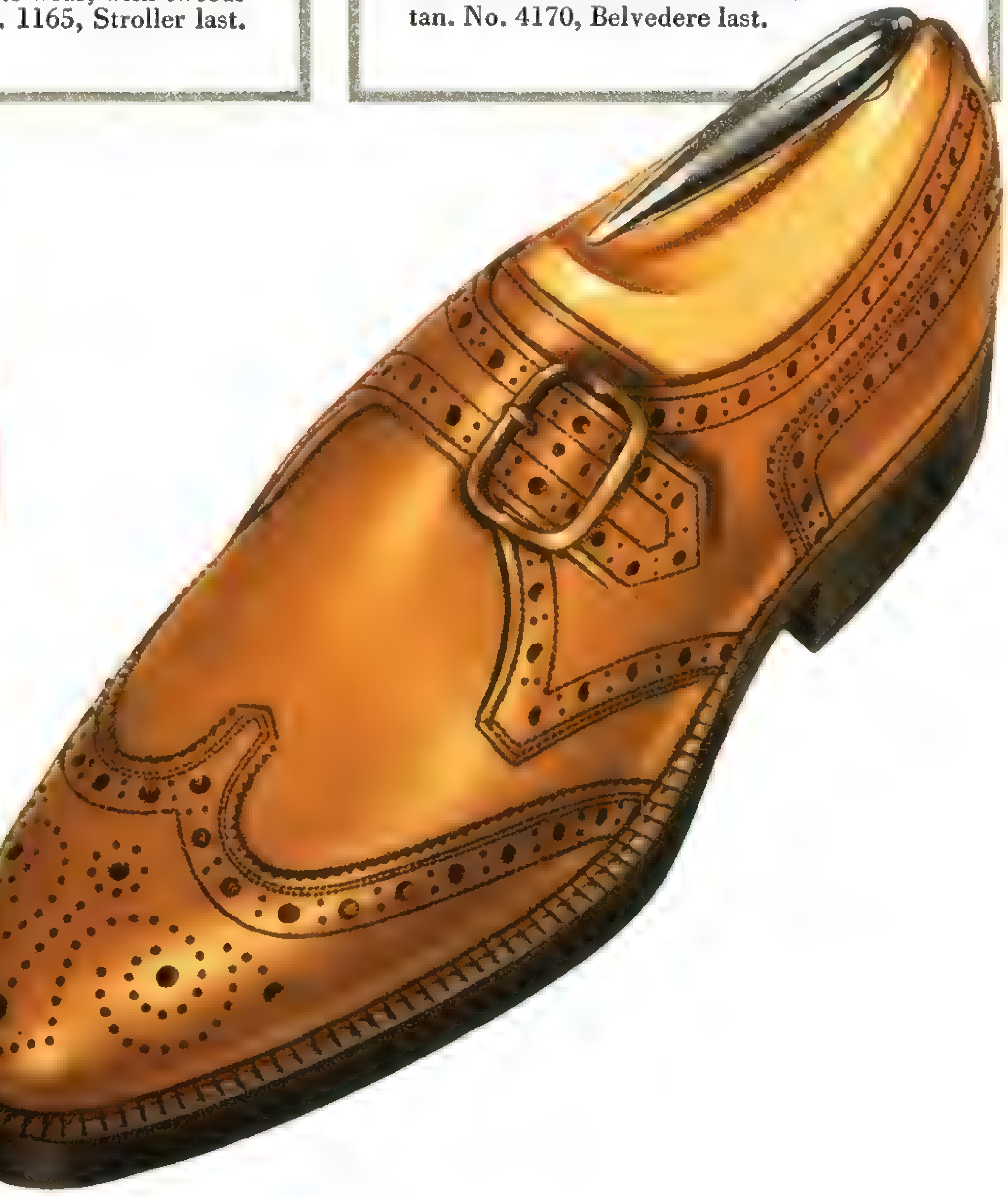
You'll see at once the difference between ordinary "antique finish" shoes and the Hand-toned Leathers offered by Jarman. For there's an art to antiquing . . . and it has been mastered by Jarman craftsmen.

It shows in the selection of antiquing tints for the new shades of

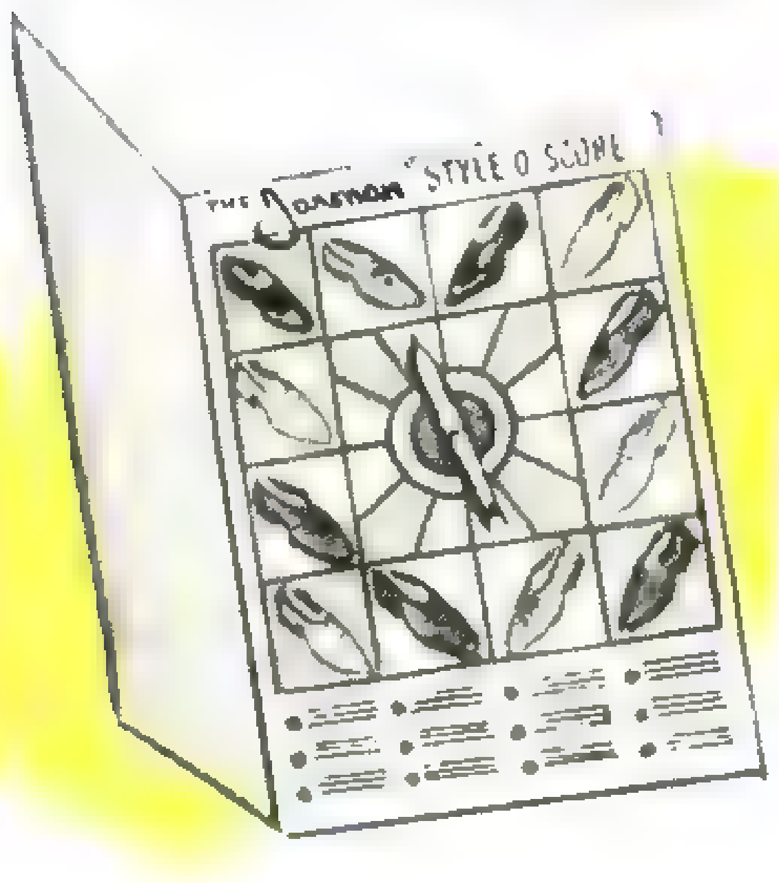


Flambeau Copper It makes you think of soft-treading Indians . . . this brilliant new Jarman, with its lithe lines, moccasin-comfort and warm deep-copper Hand-toning. Perfect for country and semi-sports wear, with tweeds or flannels. No. 1165, Stroller last.

Friar Tuck Tan Gentlemen, a monk-front shoe for *business!* Essentially the lines of this Jarman wing-tip brogue are conservative but there's masculine dash in that strap with its coppered buckle. And notice its rich Hand-toned tan. No. 4170, Belvedere last.



Which shoes to wear with what

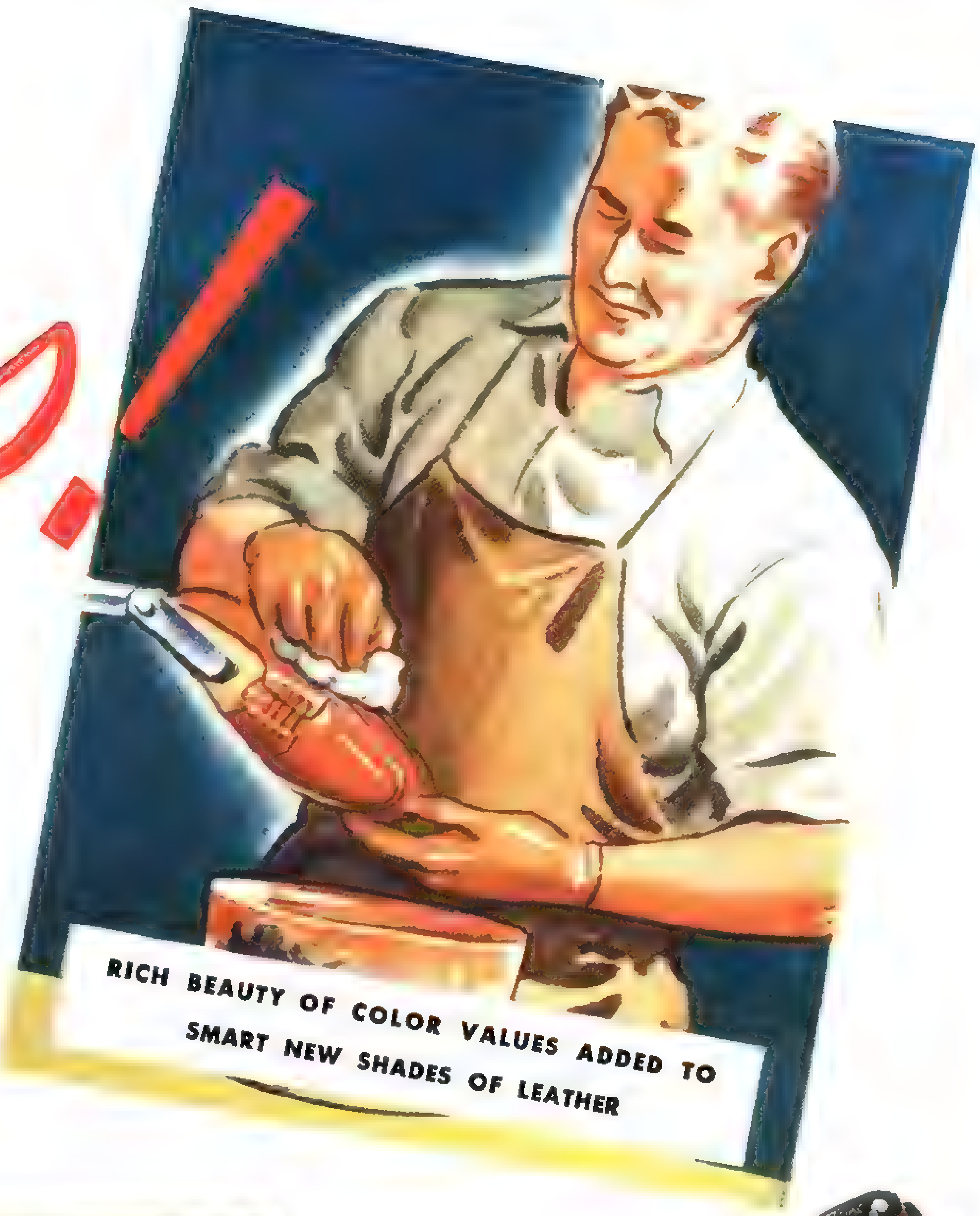


Consult the STYLE-O-SCOPE at your Jarman dealer's. Prepared by the "Style Reporters" it gives authentic, *illustrated* information on correct suit-shoe combinations. A valuable aid to men who want to be well dressed . . . and *only* Jarman dealers have it.

Copr. 1940 by General Shoe Corporation

SENSATION...

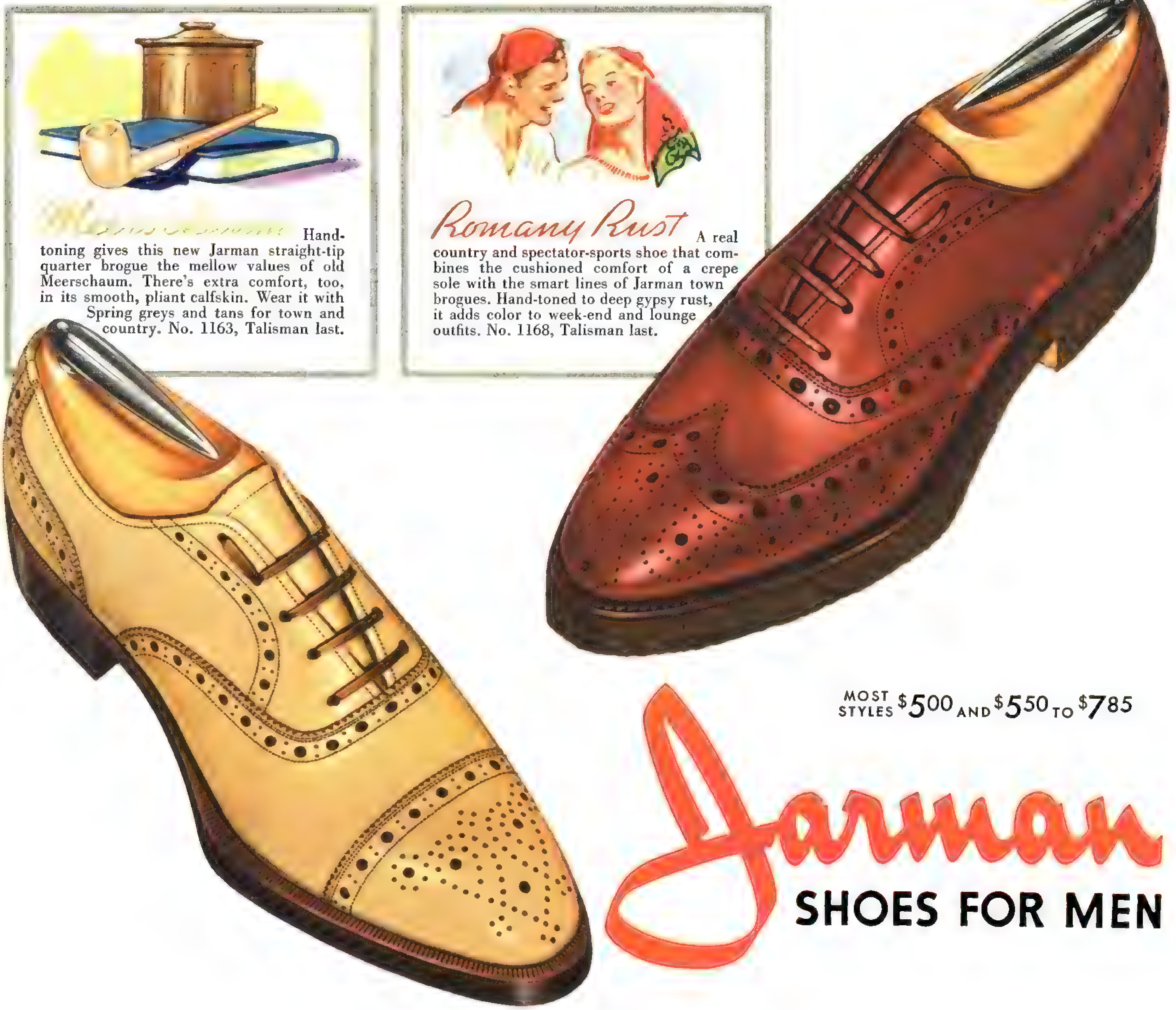
leathers!


RICH BEAUTY OF COLOR VALUES ADDED TO
SMART NEW SHADES OF LEATHER

fine leather, in their skillful handling for the richest of color effects.

It shows in the luster of the shoes—a soft luster these Jarman craftsmen achieve through applying, *by hand*, their own secret blends of Carnauba waxes.

Hand-toned Leathers are just one more reason why Jarman Shoes set the style pace in America . . . why millions of men turn to Jarman for extra value in shoes. Be sure to see them at your Jarman dealer's before you choose your shoes for Spring. Jarman Shoe Company. Division of General Shoe Corporation, Nashville, Tennessee.



Meerschaum Hand-toning gives this new Jarman straight-tip quarter brogue the mellow values of old Meerschaum. There's extra comfort, too, in its smooth, pliant calfskin. Wear it with Spring greys and tans for town and country. No. 1163, Talisman last.

Romany Rust A real country and spectator-sports shoe that combines the cushioned comfort of a crepe sole with the smart lines of Jarman town brogues. Hand-toned to deep gypsy rust, it adds color to week-end and lounge outfits. No. 1168, Talisman last.

MOST STYLES \$500 AND \$5.50 TO \$7.85

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THREE POINTS OF BABY-WARMING

Will you compliment Stanley Jones for me, on his excellent and absolutely true American view of average parents when having babies. Babies leave me cold, too, AND HOW, also my husband, yet we have been married twenty-seven years, have three girls and a boy, and expect to be grandparents in March. That baby, heaven help us, will have two sets of grandparents, and eight living GREAT grandmothers, besides endless relatives. If he or she doesn't turn out to be a Hitler or worse, it will be because we followed the Stanley Jones method throughout our child-training, and my daughter will put the brat in his proper place before he is a week old.

So that the world will produce more Senior and Junior Joneses, I have only three points of advice to add to this article for parents whose babies should leave them cold. HAVE THEM—early in married life; LOVE THEM—with strict discipline and minimum amount of attention; LET THEM ALONE—after sixteen or eighteen, according to developed mentality.

Will you congratulate "Anonymous" for me, for having exposed some of women's idiosyncrasies in their shopping phobias so accurately and vividly described in *I Want to See the Manager!*, Feb. A recent article of mine pans them for Excessive Returns and offers three consumer suggestions for its cure.

Forrest Davis has hit several nails on the head with, *Our Dwindling Press*. I never had so much silly and unwanted publicity in my life when I presented roses to England's Queen in Baltimore, while the reporters missed a dozen good stories that day, that their noses for news were too dull to scent. They even depended upon me to tell them what happened. The inside story of that event has never been told and would amaze you, but I have never commercialized on my presentation. Too bad Davis wasn't here, on June 9.

I could go on, for pages, in praise of Esquire, but thanks, for good reading, from alert and worthwhile writers. From a housewife and mother, whose avocation is free lance writing.

Sincerely yours,
Baltimore, Md. Emma D. Price

FILE UNDER LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENTS

I have never permitted Esquire in my home because of the pictures you print. However the other day I was compelled to wait a while in my dentist's office and read *The Return of the Magi* by Manuel Komroff and found it most excellent and inspiring. *Religion of the Little Man* in the February number was also excellent.

Yours very truly,
Pierrepont E. Twitchell
New York, N. Y.

SAD END OF AN ILLUSION

Please pardon this somewhat belated testimonial, but the sheer magnificence of your most stupendous achievement to date, the Christmas issue, Volume XII, Number 6, Whole Number 73, T. M. Reg., gave me a paralyzing shock in my typewriting section, plus an odd nausea a little south of the diaphragm. Was it nervous reaction to art, or plain bellyache? With fingers under control at the time, these congratulations would have reached you by wire collect within minutes after I beheld your awesome masterpiece.

Now, don't misunderstand me, please. I'm not criticizing that creation—I wouldn't dare. But I offer a suggestion or two timidly, which I pray you to heed. Employ a Hollywood make-up artist, and insist on rigorous screen-tests hereafter before you spread the faces of paid contributors so recklessly over Backstage. After all, the sensitive feelings of the cash customers count a little. While fifty cents isn't high for a magazine like Esquire from the avoirdupois basis, half a buck is half a buck even under the late lamented gold standard, and the patron is surely entitled to the full enjoyment of his hard earned four bits. As long as you stuck to pipes only in the mouths of the boys, I masked my suffering feelings, and went along sullenly but quietly. Now, when we are treated to pictures of proud papa and his baby, I rise in protest. This is too much. Mr. Panzer, I suppose, will next describe his kid's cute teeth, and tell admiring daddies the number of words baby can say without hiccupping.

One more mournful complaint, and I'm through. When you flashed the handsome, uncensored likeness of William Hazlett Upson on Backstage, you did something irreparable to my child-like faith in the creator of Alexander Botts. God! I never dreamed Bill looked like that. Nevermore will I fully enjoy Mr. Upson's tales. His classic features, behind those solemn hornrims, will stare at me from the page, and haunt me relentlessly throughout the years. You destroyed a beautiful illusion.

Sincerely,
Philadelphia, Pa. Joseph Kantor

EVE'S EXPECTATIONS

I was very much interested in the article by Anonymous *I Want to See the Manager!* How true indeed!

But perhaps he might be interested to know from an "average woman" why the ugliest feminine characteristics rear their heads the moment she pushes open the door of a department store.

Lay it to whatever modern influence you wish, but nine women out of ten expect to be gypped in their dealings with stores, and the feminine instinct for trading is instantly on the defensive. You see, we know all about little tricks of the trade like sale mark-ups, for instance, and if we find a real bargain in one department, we know perfectly well that the difference will be amply made up in another department, and are wary accordingly. A woman feels that the suave and smiling clerks mean to cheat her, and cheat her well, where she can least bear to be cheated—in the purse.

I hold no brief for the outright dishonesty of women who buy merchandise, use it, and return it—and I know many who do. But I also deplore, on the other hand, the cheap tactics used by credit departments in soliciting and urging on women, charge accounts which were never sought out by the individual approached, and the lengths to which a store will go to set up such accounts on the flimsiest pretext, evidently realizing that once an account is established, the temptation will be to use it. As it is I have seen many bitter experiences follow this flattering (?) custom pressed on impecunious couples who might otherwise have made a go of their financially modest marriages, and as far as I personally am concerned this practice has embittered me deeply toward department stores and the way they are run.

Granted, Anonymous, that women in department stores are not an admirable lot. But there is a deep and very real psychological reason for it that will be difficult, if not impossible, to correct. I maintain that in great measure, the stores are responsible for their own troubles.

Camp Hill, Pa. Edith S. Heilman

ON ESKY AS THE TRAVELER'S AID

Thank you, Esquire! Thank you for so completely filling the bill of enabling me to pass time enjoyably on an arduous, thrice-a-year train trip from my Mass. home to college in Florida. Fifteen hundred miles leaves many hours to fill in, and Esquire is my best traveling companion.

I've also found that buying Esquire is economical in the long run, too—a ten cent magazine soon loses its possibilities of keeping me interested on the trip, and before I arrive at school I find that I have spent well over Esquire's price on many such magazines.

So thank you, Esquire.

Gainesville, Fla. H. M. Hardman

PAUL BATTING FOR HANSEN

Although I would not like to go so far as Rockwell Kent in asserting that sexual impotence dominates the critical viewpoint (*Rockwellkentiana*, p. 19), I am yet so little fond of critics as to claim complete objectivity for myself when I protest that your book-reviewer's surly and invidious remarks concerning Harry Hansen in the February issue of Esquire are inexcusable.

I do not know Charles Rutherford, but the mean-spirited manner in which he relates, at this late day, an anecdote questioning Mr. Hansen's integrity by reason of Hansen's kindness to an obnoxious undergraduate who pretended to have read his book for the purpose of flattery, arouses my disinterested indignation.

Anyone who has ever had the good fortune to know Harry Hansen even slightly (anyone, apparently, but the impervious Mr. Rutherford) is profoundly struck with that critic's invariable kindness. For thirty years, with unflagging zealousness, Hansen has encouraged writers and honest writing, all this unassumingly and simply because of his love for native American literature. As a critic who never once has been guilty of focussing attention on his own personality rather than on his critical works, he has done as much to dignify American creative writing as any other bookman in the nation.

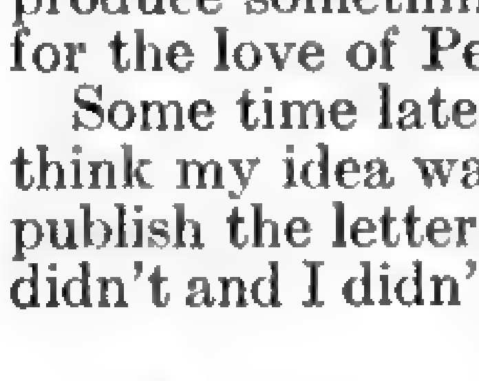
Such a pointless anecdote, therefore, with its insolent implications, related after the passage of twenty years, tells the reader a great deal more about Mr. Rutherford than it does about Harry Hansen.

Sincerely,
Palo Alto, Calif. Louis Paul

THE ANSWER IS ON PAGE 70

Slightly over a year ago I lifted, by its own bootstraps, your Ernest Buckler problem. I yelled and hollered my head off that he is good, that his letter style is good satire, that he may even produce something good and sad, but for the love of Pete, publish him.

Some time later you said you didn't think my idea was so good, but you'd publish the letter, "just for fun." You didn't and I didn't care. But you failed to give us any more Buckler, even in the *Sound and Fury*.



Then I lit in and yelled some more. Not only about Mr. Buckler, but Jesse Stuart. You replied that Buckler finally crashed with a story. Well, evidently he didn't get through whatever he was supposed to have "crashed," for he has not yet appeared. Ye gods, I hope you haven't left him hanging half in and half out of something. Come on, pull him through. Let us see what he is like.

Something else you promised. A picture of Jesse in the December *Backstage*. Come clean, mister, come clean. His *Four Poems* are not his best work, but in them all are found the things he loves, his Kentucky, his hills and the things that grow there. But we want his picture and a neat little item about him as he is NOW.

I must tell you that Sidney Carroll's *Words and Music* (Oscar Levant) was delightful. Some time ago I suggested you give us such articles each month as a regular feature. Not that they must be done by the same writer. Just let them run to the snappy style and about people your readers know. They'll be read and appreciated.

Say, we've a local writer who has just had a book of verse published. He has all the earmarks of a writer of genius. He has been published in a number of national magazines, and I wonder if you ever heard of him. John Russel McCarthy. His new book, *Fire Times the World*, should put him among the mighty. You could do worse than by writing him to submit something for Esquire. A letter addressed to him at Sierra Madre, Calif., would reach him I'm sure. Hope you don't think I'm brash, but I heard some gink on the radio today who said that all editors were always on the lookout for new writers of great promise.

I don't mind your "dingus" as described in January's editorial. I liked the one that indicates the end of the story. I like it so well, in fact, that I get slightly mad when I read another magazine that lacks an individualized "dingus" to tell me when to quit. It was also nice of you to explain that other items in Esquire might be good, too.

And I guess that is about all for this time. You'd better be glad it has been no worse, for I'm in a terrible mood—I've got rheumatism and indigestion.

As ever yours,
Mrs. Alicia L. Rooney
South Pasadena, Calif.

ON SWINGING OF SERPENTS

Mr. Stern's story in the February issue I liked. I'm not criticizing. He projected very well the Major's character; made 'im breathe. The anticlimax at the funeral was a touch too anti, but thoughtfully done. I can take that kind of stuff, too. I like my stories padded just about as much as Mr. Stern filled this one.

But, and if there was no but, I would not be here, would I?, very rarely do I care to have the crux of my story held together by a fallacy.

In my time I have seen a number of snakes mistreated in the manner of the Major. On a few of the more timid variety, I've had *my* little fling. They *call* it snapping their heads off. It's being done alright, in the more hardy circles. No complaints, yet.

And if the head were to snap off, it might conceivably bite the belly of the buckaroo swinging the serpent.

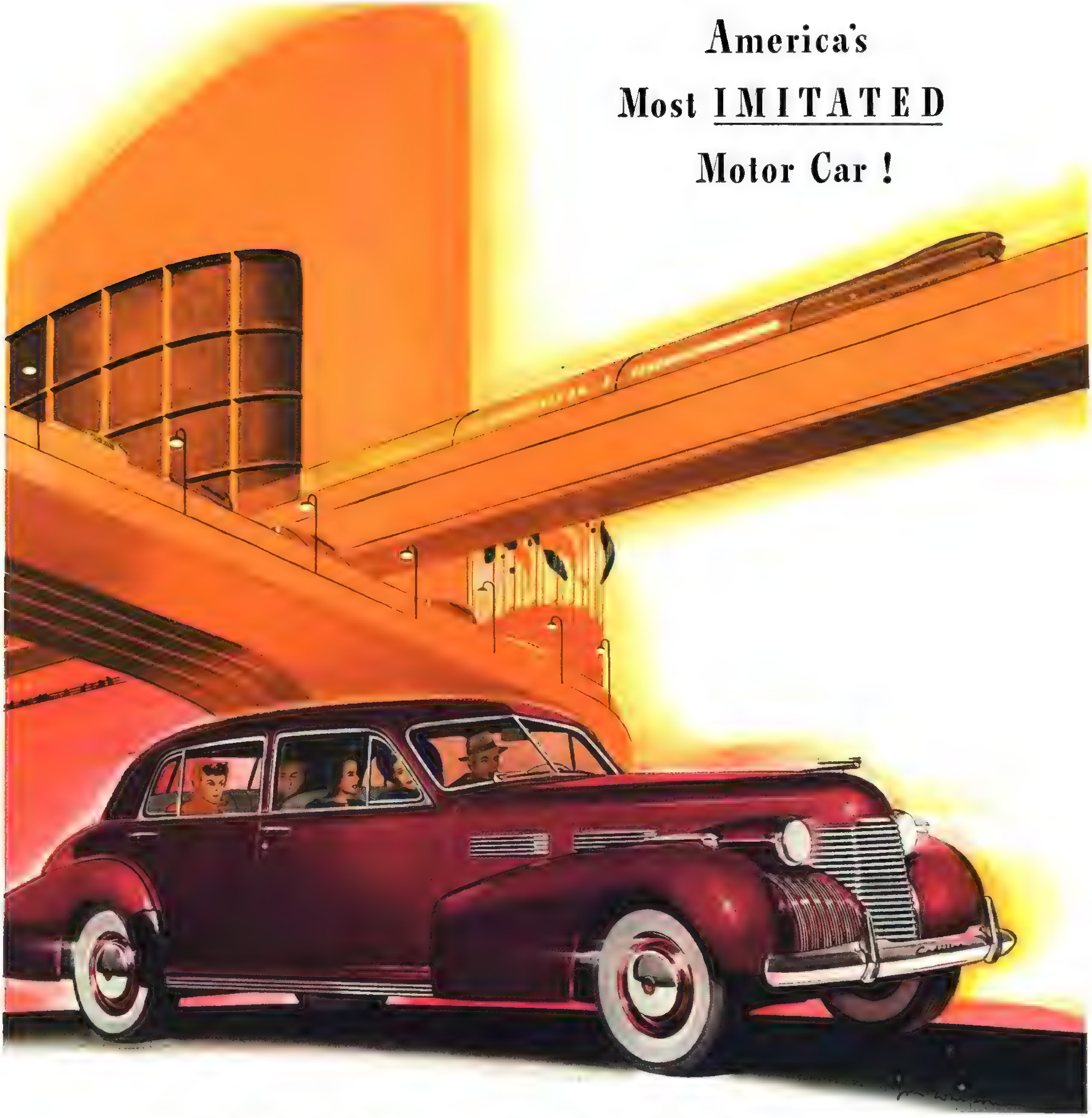
But gentlemen, and Mr. Stern, the heads don't come off at all. They just don't come off. The muscles and tendons holding the lower jaw get torn loose, rendering the snake understandably unbelligerent. And if the snap is particularly vicious, I have seen the lower jaw severed, or partly so, from the body proper. But the rest of the head is no more likely to come off than any other particular section close to the end where the snap snaps. And Mr. Stern, the fangs are in the head, not in the lower jaw.

Wasn't Pop Jeffers' daughter-in-law a bitch?

Dothan, Ala. A. A. Huffstuttler

Continued on page 186

America's Most IMITATED Motor Car!



THE NEW CADILLAC SIXTY SPECIAL

Among the most enthusiastic owners of the Cadillac Sixty Special are scores of men who hold prominent positions in the automotive industry. ¶ So great is their preference for this dynamic beauty that we could safely call it the favored car of the men who are "in the know." ¶ In fact, the Sixty Special has been given the sincerest tribute the automotive industry knows how to bestow—the tribute of imitation. It is easily America's most imitated motor car. ¶ But regardless of efforts to duplicate its styling and performance, the Sixty Special stands uniquely alone. No other car approaches it for performance, comfort, vision, or handling ease. ¶ Borrow a Sixty Special from your Cadillac dealer and see for yourself. Whether you drive five minutes or five hours, you'll find it the sweetest-riding, sweetest-handling car you ever laid your hands on.

, , ,

P.S. *Have you seen the new Sixty-Two—the lowest-priced Cadillac for 1940? Better take a look—it's a great car and a great value.*

The Cadillac Motor Car Division builds LaSalle, Cadillac and Cadillac-Fleetwood cars. Prices begin at $1240. Illustrated is the Cadillac-Fleetwood Sixty Special, $2090, delivered at Detroit. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white side-wall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

Now...
Forstner
KOMFIT

Patented

The flexible watch strap that is different!

The new type of non-corrosive watch band—stainless steel lined. Just slide to fit the wrist. Flexible from tip to tip . . . no rigid folding parts . . . thin as a dime.

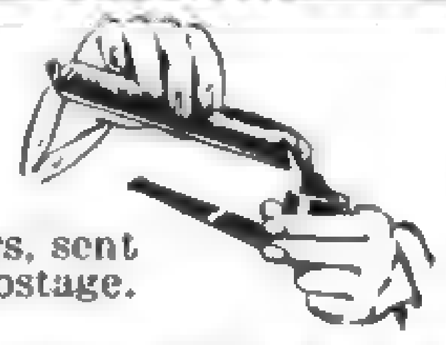
Stainless steel, $3.00; gold filled, $6 to $10
Also available in 14 kt gold
At better jewelers everywhere

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION
IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY
Write for Illustrated Booklet K

GOOD FELLOW To Ride With

● The Hull Streamline Auto Compass is a worthy companion for any motorist. Provides the comfort of knowing your directions at all times...absorbs part of the expense by saving the cost of lost miles and time. Attractive Bakelite case, genuine sapphire bearing, built-in compensator. **Only $2.95 at your dealer. Write for Literature.**

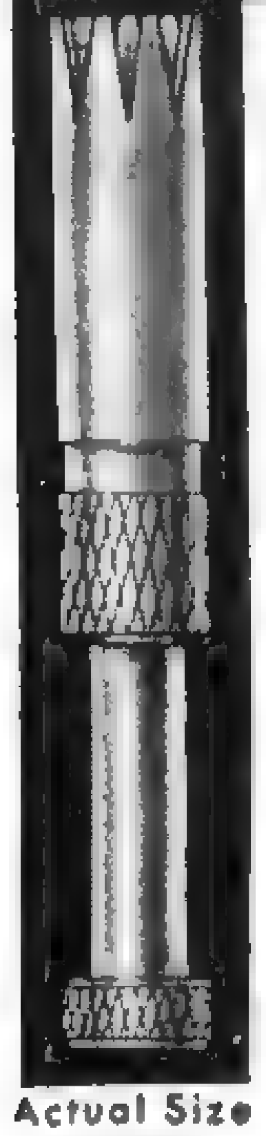
HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-G4, Warren, Ohio



INDIVIDUAL HUMIDOR PIPE TOBACCO

Pipe smokers cheer this new idea! Fragrant, mellow tobacco in individual cellophane humidor—contains a day's supply. No pouch—no tin. **18** individual "days supply" humidors, sent by mail, **$1.00** including postage. (Mild or aromatic.)

VANCE CO. MELROSE PARK, PA.



Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection
use
KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficent. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

So simple! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

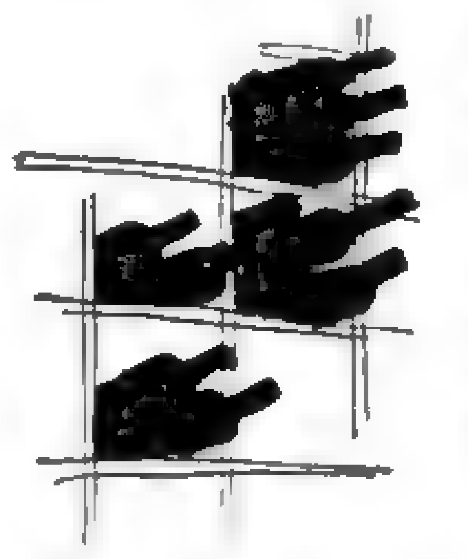
Actual Size
$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO. 207 Market St., Newark, N. J. Dept. 193
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

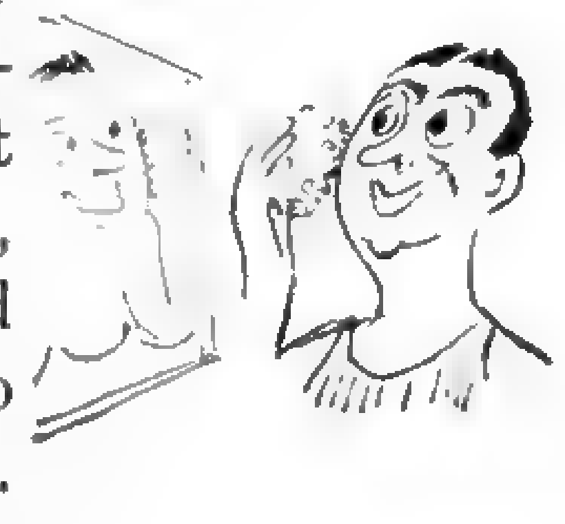
Name—
Address—

LE PAQUET AU FRONT. There are princesses and countesses working alongside of French chefs, cooks and maids in a Fifth Avenue atelier these days, knitting and packing socks, sweaters and "beanies." They're all volunteers in Le Paquet au Front, an organization headed by Mrs. Seton Porter which sends trench kits direct to poilus in the Maginot Line. Through funds already raised, more than 20,000 kits have been sent off. Each one contains, besides sweaters, socks and woolies, such non-issue comforts as cigarettes, pipes, tobacco, chocolates, checkers, dominos, flashlight, sugar and post cards. Naturally the demand far exceeds the supply, but it takes only five dollars to pack one of the kits and put it in the hands of a front-line soldier. Contributions are being received from friends of France everywhere. If you'd like to help, the address is Le Paquet au Front, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

VARIATIONS ON THE CUP THAT CHEERS. Accessories to the genial industry of consuming fermented beverages are many and various, and sometimes deserve a word of mention. Here's a line up of the latest bar knick-knacks – highball glasses with a miniature roulette wheel set in the base, can actually be gambled with . . . small screens for cocktail glasses, used as dirt etc. catchers for al fresco imbibing, also as coasters when reversed . . . handsome mahogany or walnut cocktail trays with facetious golf, hunting and fishing situations carved and painted thereon . . . graceful cocktail glasses with vari-colored bells in base . . . English mahogany folding tray that opens in 3 heights, can be used as cocktail table as well as tray—practical as well as unusually decorative, comes also with sporting-print top . . . six chromium jigger-sized cups in a cowhide case . . . handy gadget that caps open bottles tightly, keeps carbonation in soda . . . the new "chaser" glass in hour glass shape, water in bottom, whisky on top—undiluted—when you've tossed it off, the water's waiting . . . a gold-tooled, lightweight leather tray, cabinet made, is absolutely liquor-proof . . . wonderful 35 oz. (they don't come bigger) pilsener glasses, painted with your college seal . . . the hurdy-gurdy shaker, swings and shakes up your drink when you turn the handle—no exercise involved . . . the sensible new vacuum ice buckets in chrome, copper and silver-plate have glass tops so you can easily eye your ice supply . . . fine oak and chrome cheese board for snacks, holders for bread, cheese and knife, cork mat for slicing . . . peeping Tom cocktail glasses—pour in your drink and watch the bottom of the glass closely —she's worth it . . . deceptive cocktail shaker in the shape of a champagne bottle, gold foil and all . . . 3 or 4 way cordial decanter saves carrying several liqueur bottles—well designed too . . . an 80 oz. old-fashioned beer goblet challengingly labelled "I Bet You Can't" . . . highball, old fashioned and cocktail glasses decorated with bright copper wire laid over a cork-like band.



RIGHT FACE. It's about the size of a medium-large cake of soap and we're reliably informed that it makes the tired puss feel fine. "It" is a terry-cloth-covered pack that you scrub off your face with after shaving, or any other time you feel like a physiognomical lift. It takes the place of a hot towel. There are bran and herbs in it, and they tone up the skin, clear it and take care of blemishes. All you have to do is douse it with hot water and go to work. It can, of course, be used all over the body.



Ranger

HELP YOUR HAIR this EASY way!

Let Vitalator do the work. Let its baby motor send invigorating vibrations through your finger-tips into your scalp, stirring up the blood, nourishing the tissues, bringing your head into a happy, healthy glow.

HELP YOUR WHOLE BODY
Vitalator works soreness out of tired muscles, tones up flabby tissues, relieves headaches and overworked nerves. It gives any man—or woman—a grand sense of well-being. Get a demonstration and *see!*

GILBERT Vitalator
Chrome finish $8.95
Plastic: maroon or ivory $9.95
At leading stores everywhere, or write to
The A. C. GILBERT COMPANY, New Haven, Conn.
Makers of quality electrical appliances

HORSEMEN!
Accept This Free Book!

Just off the press, it describes the complete line of STAR STEEL SILVER Bits, Spurs and Stirrups, fashioned by craftsmen from the metal that's strong and beautiful through and through. Write for your copy—see this fine American-made riding hardware that's the equal of any in the world! Address North & Judd Mfg. Co., New Britain, Conn.

STAR STEEL SILVER
FINE RIDING HARDWARE

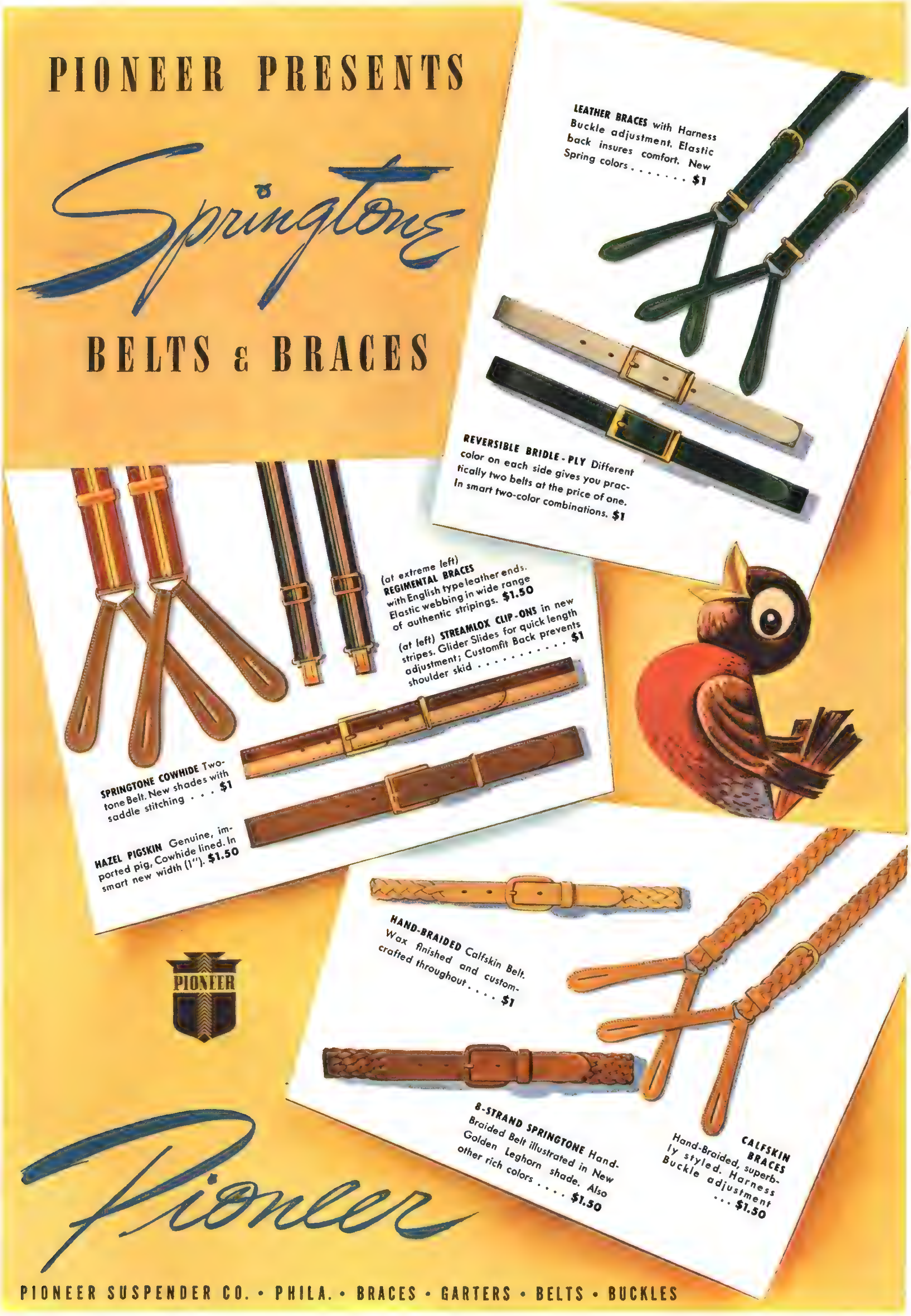
For REAL FISHING COMFORT...

Get a Hodgman Fishing Garment . . . . Jackets, Shirts, Suits, Waders . . . Warm, waterproof clothing for every type of fishing.

SEND FOR NEW FREE BOOKLET

HODGMAN
RUBBER COMPANY
FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
STOPS SEA SICKNESS



PIONEER PRESENTS

Springtone

BELTS & BRACES

LEATHER BRACES with Harness Buckle adjustment. Elastic back insures comfort. New Spring colors $1

REVERSIBLE BRIDLE-PLY Different color on each side gives you practically two belts at the price of one. In smart two-color combinations. $1

(at extreme left) **REGIMENTAL BRACES** with English type leather ends. Elastic webbing in wide range of authentic stripings. $1.50

(at left) **STREAMLOX CLIP-ONS** in new stripes. Glider Slides for quick length adjustment; Customfit Back prevents shoulder skid $1

SPRINGTONE COWHIDE Two-tone Belt. New shades with saddle stitching . . . $1

HAZEL PIGSKIN Genuine, imported pig, Cowhide lined. In smart new width (1"). $1.50

HAND-BRAIDED Calfskin Belt. Wax finished and custom-crafted throughout $1

8-STRAND SPRINGTONE Hand-Braided Belt illustrated in New Golden Leghorn shade. Also other rich colors $1.50

CALFSKIN BRACES Hand-Braided, superbly styled. Harness Buckle adjustment . . . $1.50

PIONEER

Pioneer

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO. • PHILA. • BRACES • GARTERS • BELTS • BUCKLES

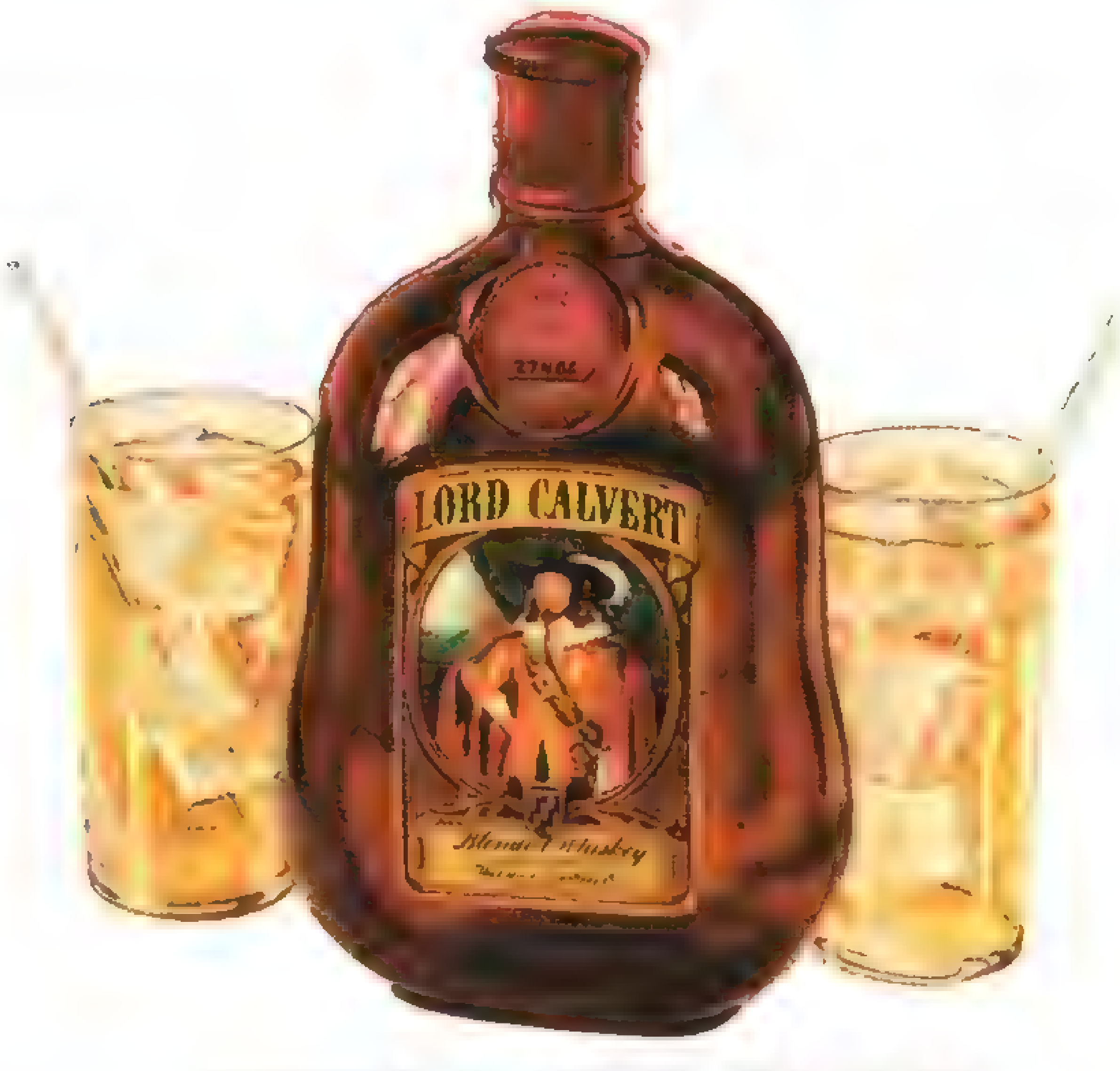
WHEN MONEY DOESN'T COUNT...

Don't drop it! It's worth $75,000. *Mingled with the dust of centuries are the artist hands that wrought this fragile loveliness. The incredible beauty of this Hawthorn Vase has made it coveted by prince and Croesus of many lands. A masterpiece of the K'ang Hsi period, 1662-1721, it is an example of the highest imperial art. This vase is now offered for sale by the firm of Parish-Watson who value it at $75,000. The great art treasures of the world can be yours, if money doesn't count.*

America's Costliest Blended Whiskey

We offer Lord Calvert as the finest example of the art of blending. Here is a whiskey worthy of the most exceptional occasion. If you wish to honor a distinguished guest or celebrate a great event you can make no better selection. True, it is the costliest whiskey blended in America, but it is so incredibly smooth, it has such extraordinary bouquet and flavor that it has become the choice of many men with whom — *money doesn't count.*

WHEN MONEY DOESN'T COUNT
CALL FOR LORD CALVERT



"CUSTOM BLENDED" WHISKEY

86.8 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four or more years old. 30% straight whiskies; 5% other whiskey, 18 years old; 65% grain neutral spirits. 20% straight whiskies four years old, 10% straight whiskies 10 years old, 5% other whiskey 18 years old.

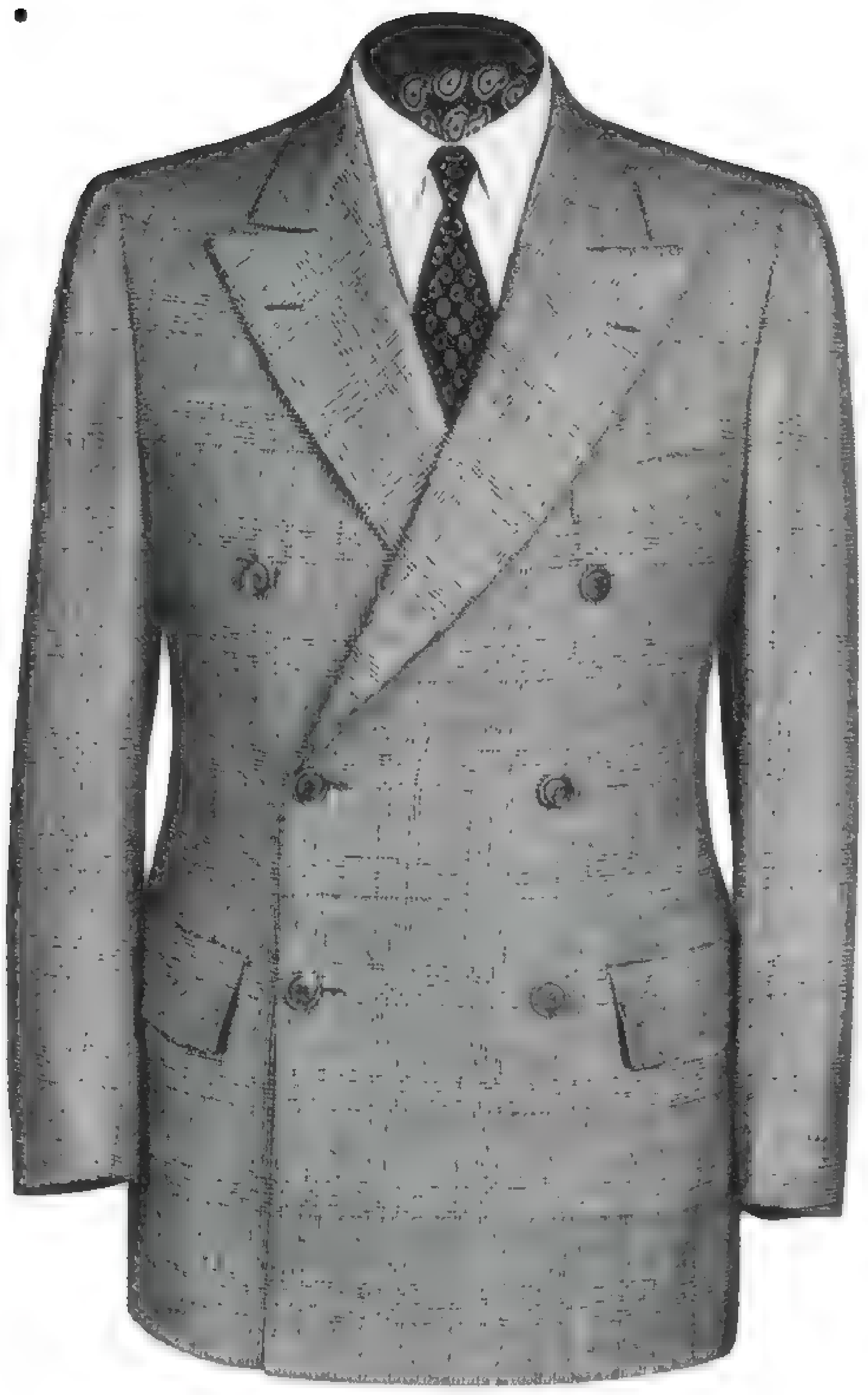
Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corp., New York, N.Y.

WIDE SELECTION...ONE STANDARD OF GOOD TASTE

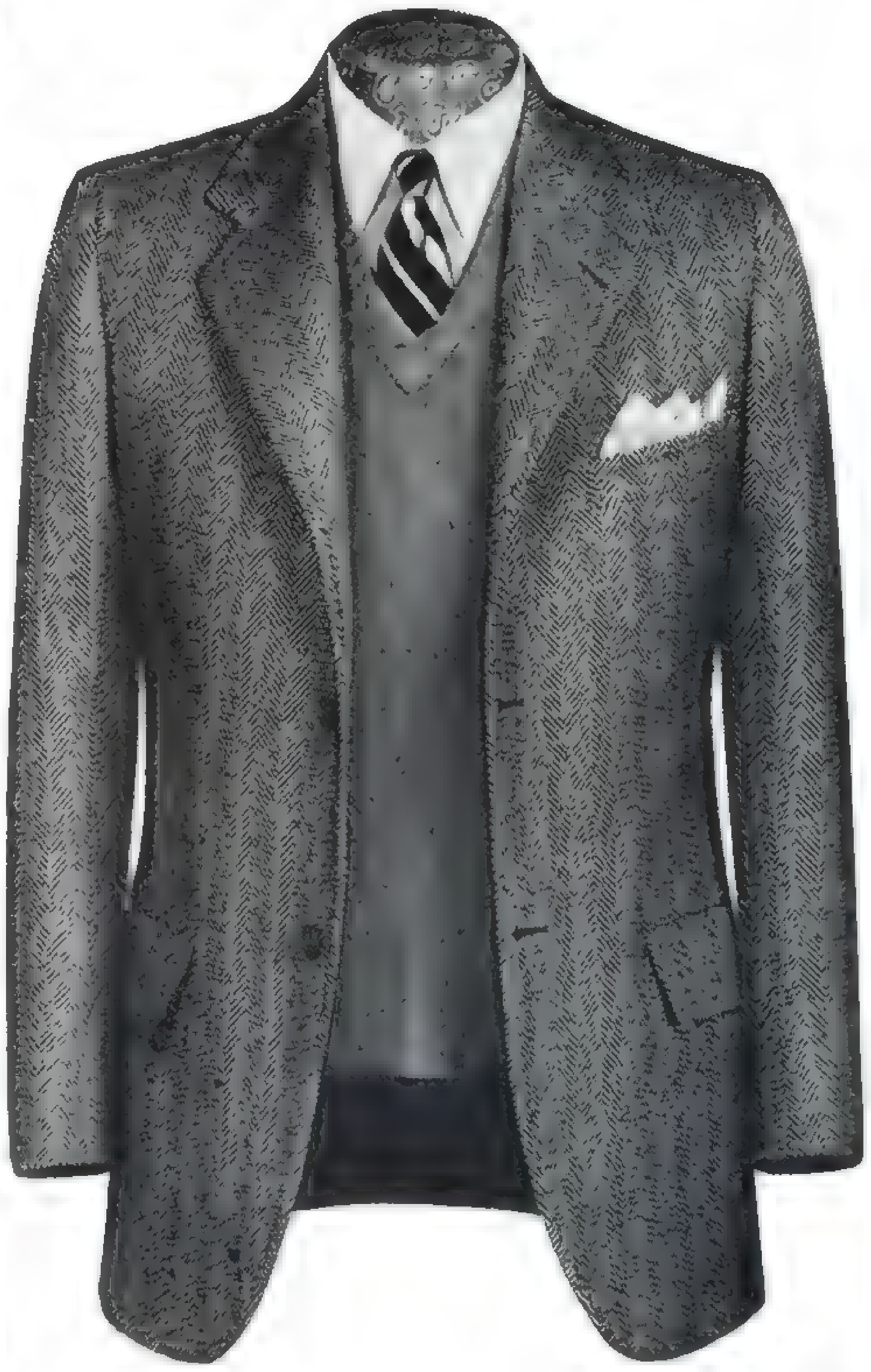
Although the distinguished cut of Brooks Brothers' Ready-made Clothes has led many people to think of them as produced in one style only...there are a number of different models in suits and half a dozen or so in overcoats for Spring. And in addition, the Special Order Department can give these patterns countless individual variations, and the Custom Department offers an equally wide choice of clothes made throughout to one's own measurements and specifications. Despite this great range of choice and price...they are all "Brooks."

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET • NEW YORK
BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

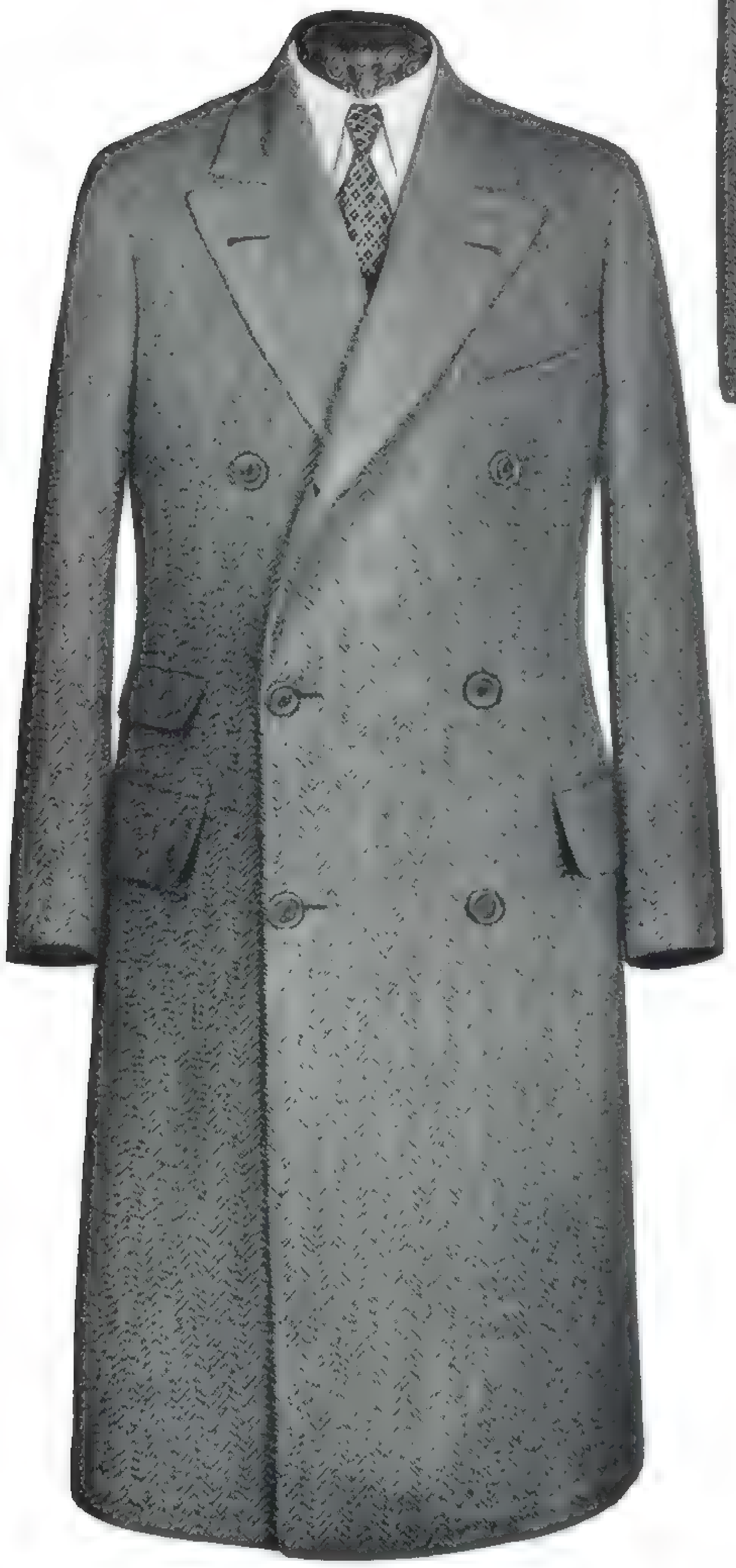


TOWN SUITS at Brooks Brothers may be had in single or double-breasted styles—with either square or natural shoulders—in a wide variety of imported and domestic materials for Spring.

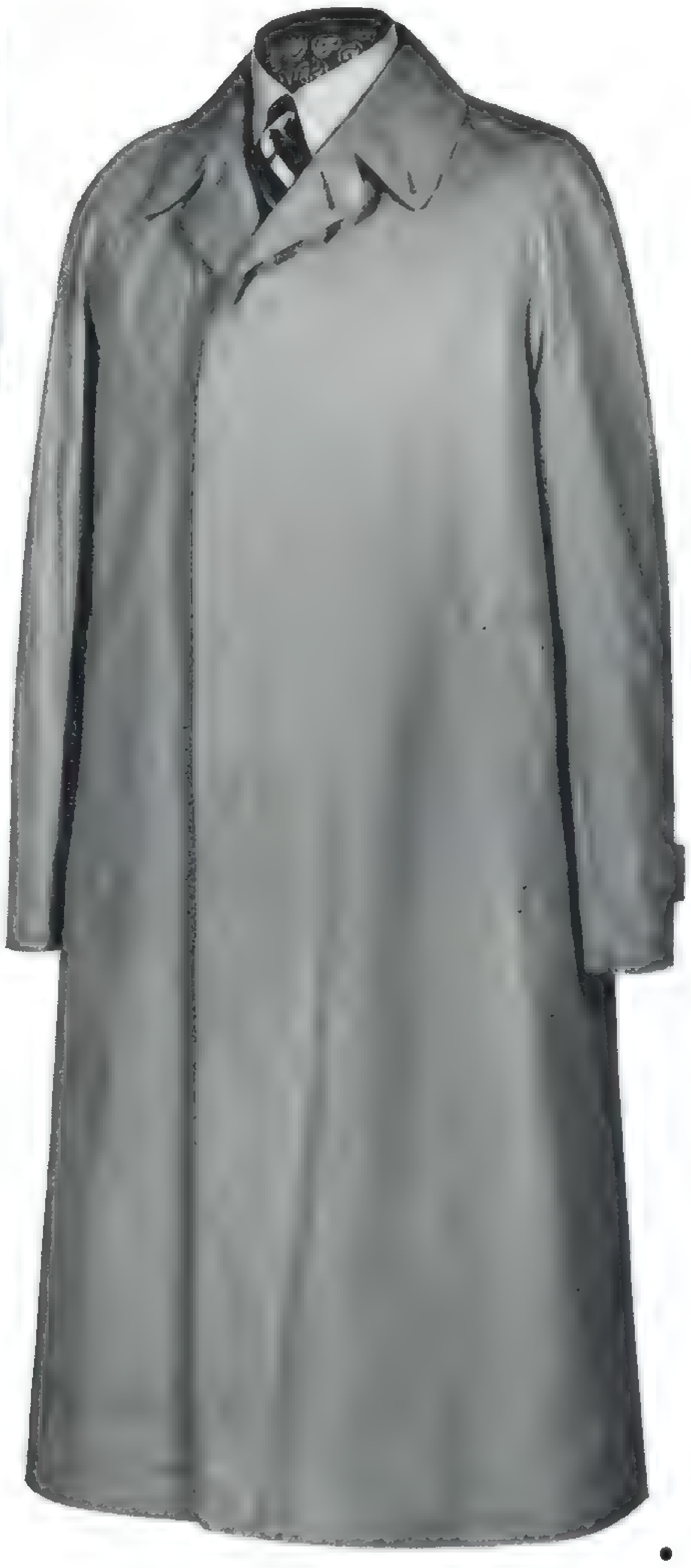


COUNTRY SUITS, many of which are suitable also for business wear, are cut by Brooks Brothers on special patterns and made of specially selected material, notably Tweeds from Scotland. Although the jacket of one of these suits is illustrated with a sleeveless cashmere pullover—they are sold as three piece suits (jacket, waistcoat and trousers).

RAINCOATS at Brooks Brothers may be had in a number of different styles and in either domestic or imported materials. The coat illustrated is made of a self-lined poplin in oyster or tan—specially processed to be dry-cleanable without losing weather-proofing.



SPRING OVERCOATS in many different models include the double-breasted Salisbury style, as illustrated, made in a wide choice of Tweeds and Cheviots imported from Scotland.



ESTABLISHED 1818.

MORNING COATS, SILK HATS, and all other accessories required for formal daytime wear, are always available in Brooks Brothers' ready-made stocks for those who still maintain this Easter custom—and for Spring weddings supplemented by Brooks intelligent Groomsman's Service rendered free of charge.

"A Century of Quality"
100th Anniversary
P&T
1840 1940

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
RYE
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
ONE QUART 92 PROOF

A TRADITION OF QUALITY FOR 100 YEARS

America's Luxury Whiskey

92 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

PNEUMATIC GOLF

Metropolitan divot diggers are taking in a large and noisy way to a new by-product of great god golf, a pastime called Game-O-Golf. Advertised as a game that "keeps husbands at home, wives from the bridge table, and boredom from the party," it comes close to duplicating a real golf course, calls for good golf shots. You have a small ball of special alloy and a club that's operated by pneumatic pressure from an attached rubber bulb. You pump the bulb and the ball heads down the fairway, missing the rough, traps and water only if you're accurate. The course was designed by a golf architect, each hole is different and the 9 hole par is 36.

THE FLYING DINNER

Air Shopping, that unique gustatory service that flies the nation's most famous delicacies to your dinner table, has a new line-up of gourmet eye-openers. If you're hungry, give a look—stone crab claws from Bimini . . . Winnipeg goldeye smoked trout, flown from Canada . . . buffalo steak from the milk-fed herds of Canada . . . paté de fois de tortue verte, a new appetizer made of green turtle livers, airplaned from Key West . . . St. Bazille cheese, fine partner for the coffee course, from Quebec . . . papaya melons from the Rio Grande Valley of Texas—for dessert . . . giant Montreal melons in rum . . . crab meat chunks from Virginia. There are more of them, but the above gives you an idea. Not expensive either. There's a lapel orchid on the list that is flown overnight from Mexico which makes a special sort of gift for a special sort of lassie. And if you really want to eat, lay in some of their wild boar that comes direct from Catalina.

GILDED TOURS—1940

Guided New York tours for out-of-towners, one of Manhattan's lesser industries for many, many years, have lately undergone considerable readjustment. Barkers with old battered megaphones, rickety old Chinatown buses and omnipresent shills marked the old order. The new is characterized by personable young men à la dinner jacket, manoeuvering small parties of affluent suburbanites through Manhattan's varied night scene, showing them the cafes that should be seen, taking them only to the best of our boites. The reason for this turn-about—Mr. Noble's Evening Tours.

The tours fall into three classifications, ranging from $10 to $15 per person, provide for a group of not more than five persons with a host to lead the way. The host supplies menu and wine list information, points out celebrities, generally puts Mr. Bumpkin in touch with night-life doings. The flat price includes all expenses—beverages, transportation, tips, hat checks, and the rest. The three tours include one of hotel dancing, one through the Broadway cabarets and the other of the gilded east side night clubs. The whole arrangement is conducted in a strictly decorous manner, and family groups are consistent clients. To Tom Noble and his confrere Captain Sanders must go credit for revitalizing Manhattan's rubber-neck industry. Chinatown and the Village have thrown in the sponge. It's the Sert Room and Fefe's Monte Carlo from now on.

GADGETITIS

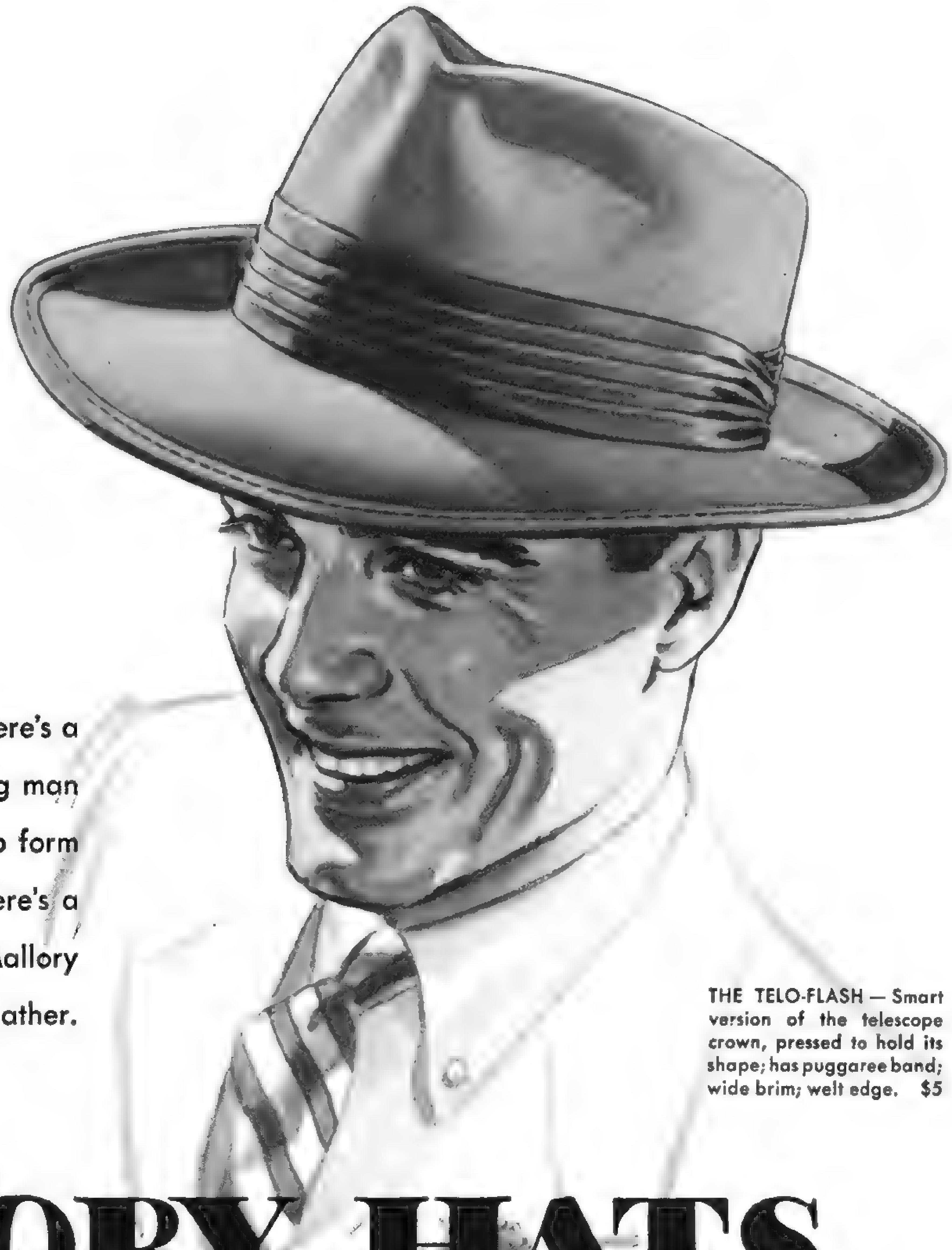
Two-in-one gadgets are common. Four-in-one are something of a rarity. When you hit the seven-in-one mark, you're doing very, very well. That's what an ingenious inventor recently accomplished when he turned up with a contraption that does practically everything but bark. It opens cans in a new easier way and pries up their pressed-down lids; opens bottles and is a fine screwdriver; drives nails and cuts through such annoyances as labels, paper, bottle-cap seals; unscrews bottle caps, etc. That's quite a line-up for a small-sized tool, but we're sure it has hidden possibilities. It may even bark.

HICKEY-FREEMAN • Customized Clothes

JOHN DAVID
INC.

TIMELY CLOTHES • Timely Tailored

THERE'S a lot of style in a Mallory Hat. There's a lot of youthful smartness for the up-and-coming young man who realizes that what he wears on his head helps to form the impression of what he has inside of his head. There's a Mallory Hat to fit the features of most men. And only a Mallory has "Cravenette" showerproofing to resist wear and weather.

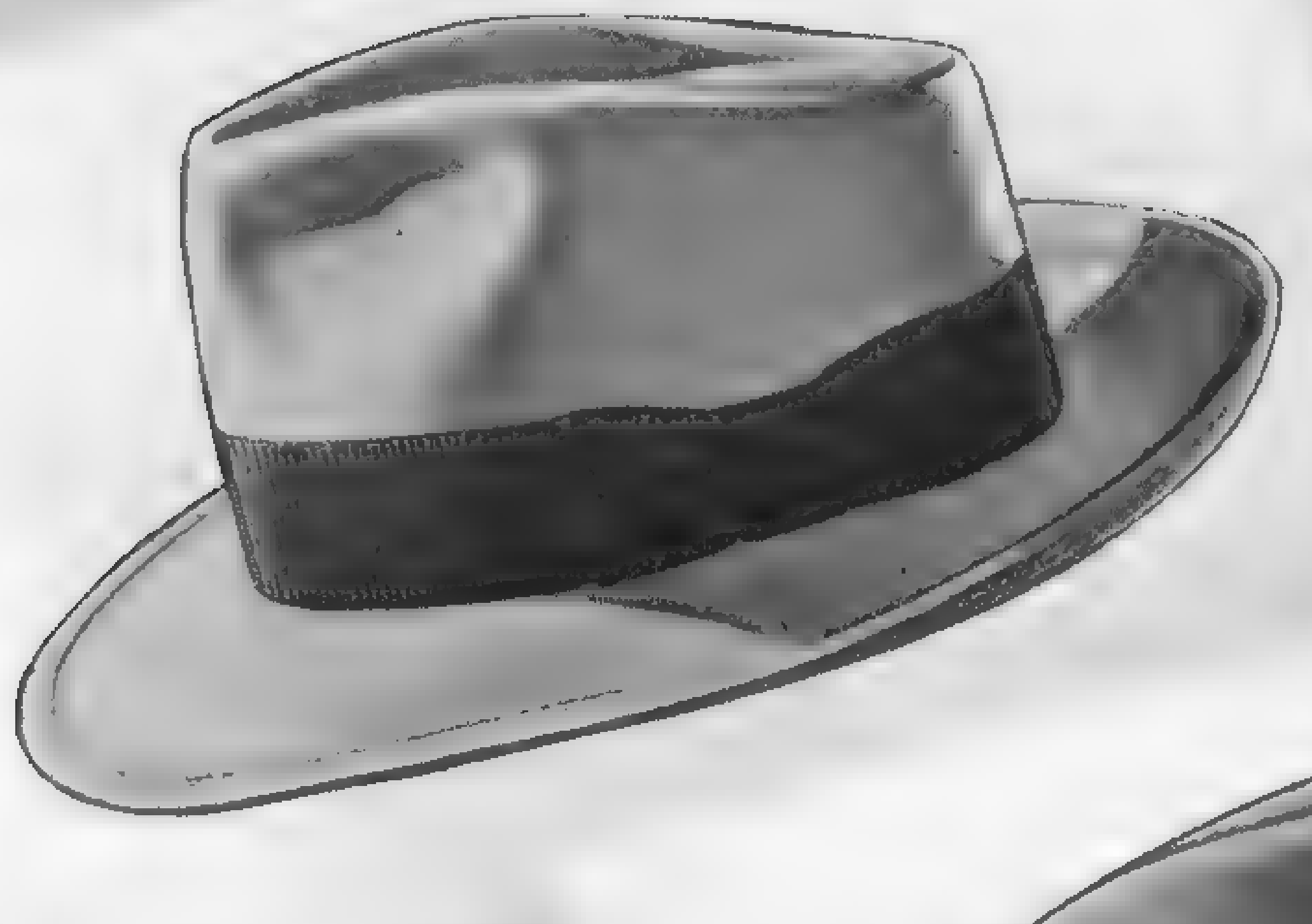


THE TELO-FLASH — Smart version of the telescope crown, pressed to hold its shape; has puggaree band; wide brim; welt edge. $5

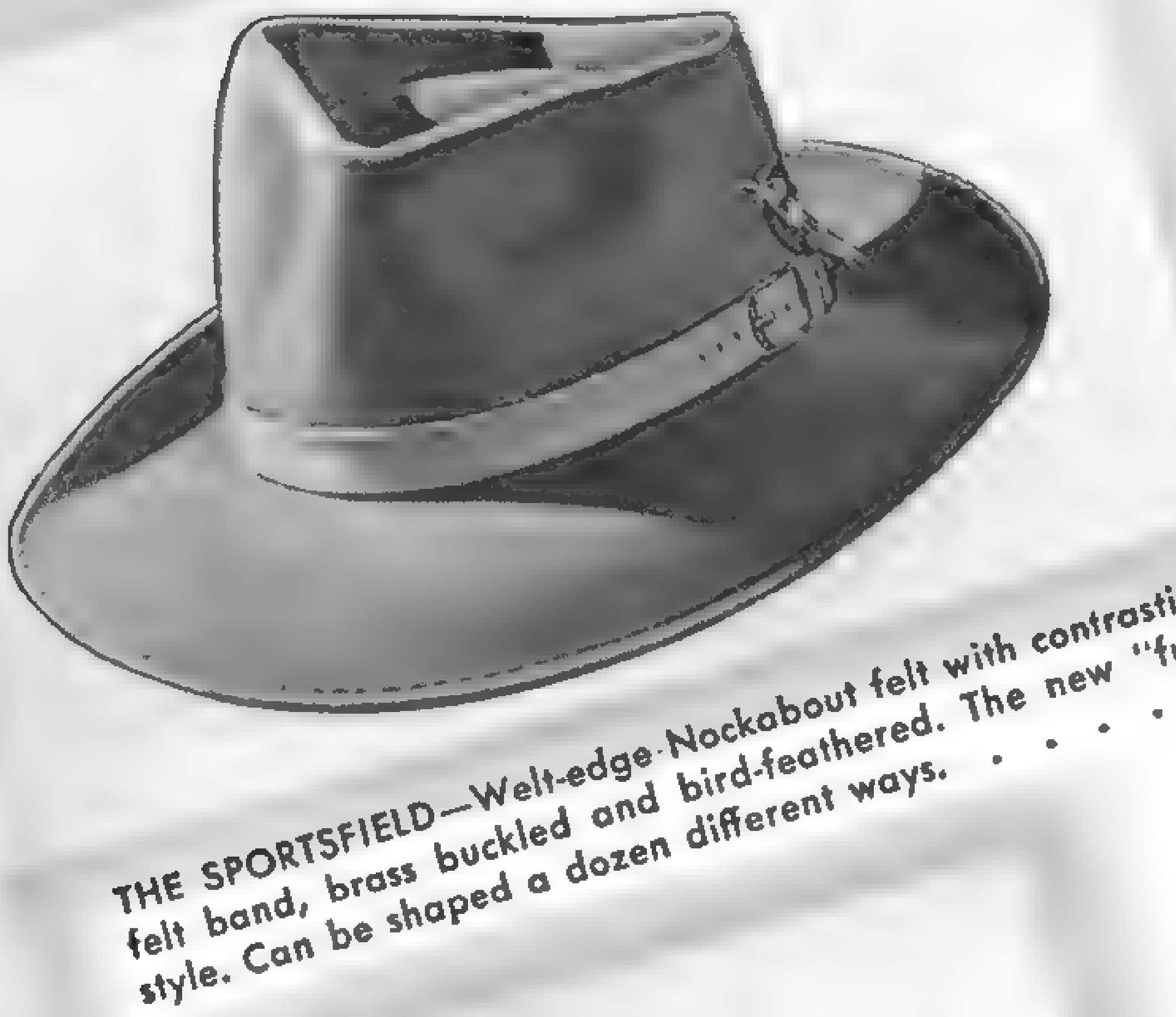
MALLORY HATS

$5

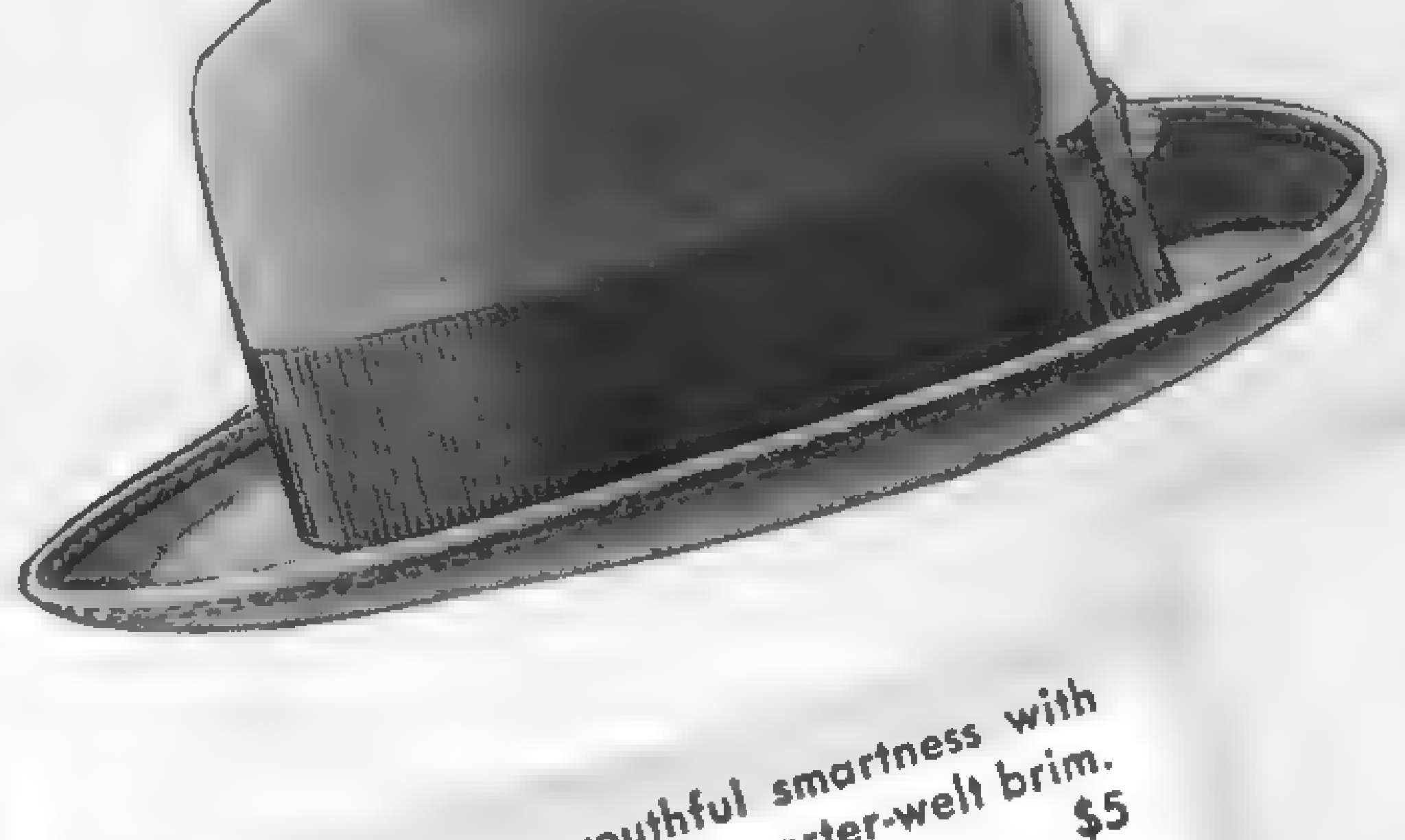
$7.50 AND $10



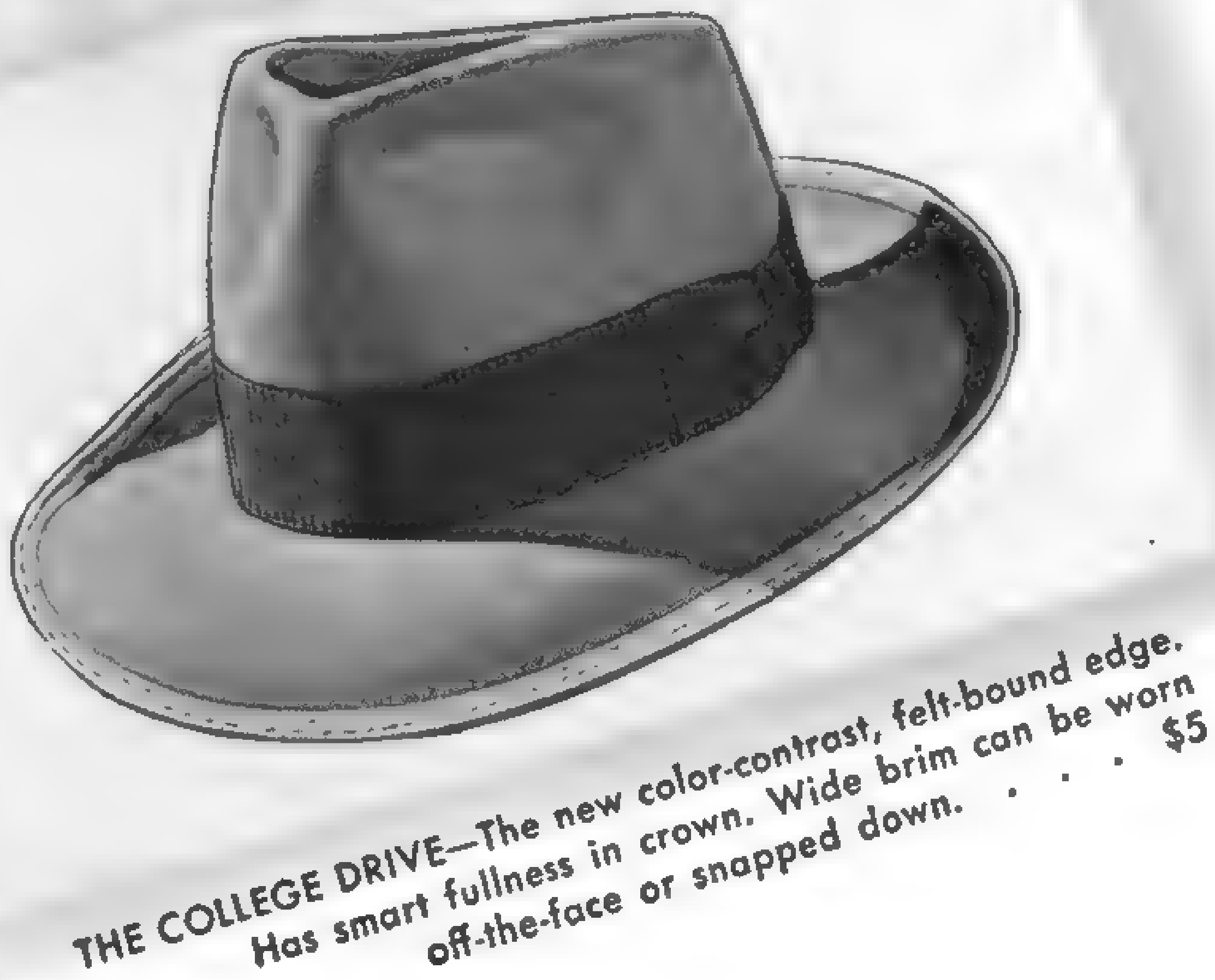
THE WESTBURY—Semi-telescope low crown with the wide double-stitched welt edge brim. . $5



THE SPORTSFIELD—Welt-edge Nockabout felt with contrasting felt band, brass buckled and bird-feathered. The new "full" style. Can be shaped a dozen different ways. $5



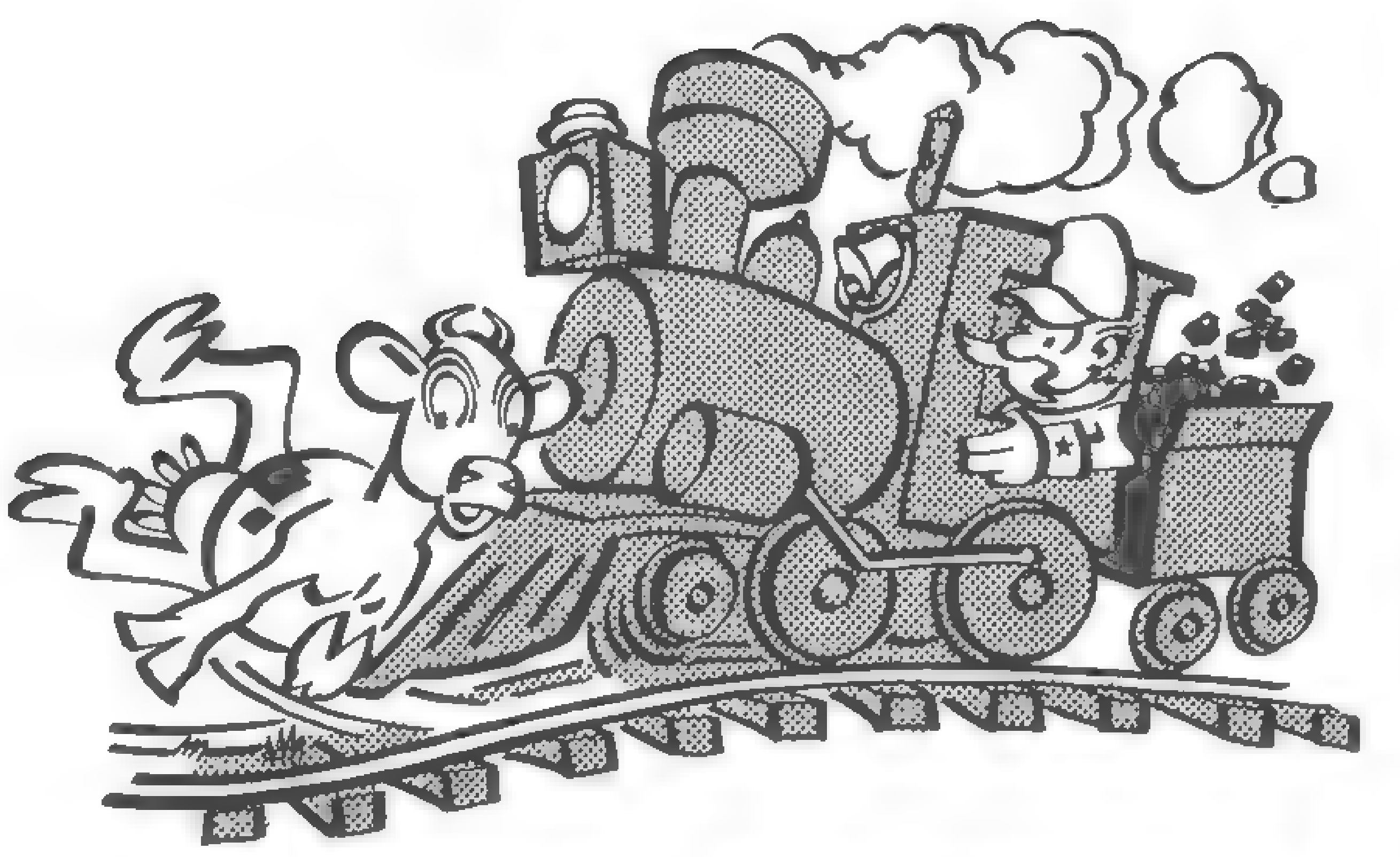
THE SPA—Off-the-face youthful smartness with full crown; bow in back; wide, quarter-welt brim. A style favored by young men. $5



THE COLLEGE DRIVE—The new color-contrast, felt-bound edge. Has smart fullness in crown. Wide brim can be worn off-the-face or snapped down. $5

Fifth Avenue at 43d Street
Broadway at 32d Street
336 Madison Avenue
125-127 West 42d Street
(Open Daily Until 10 P.M.)
New St. at Exchange Place
Cortlandt at Church Street
Our Store In Brooklyn
Court Street at Remsen

Address Mail Orders: John David, Inc., 1271 Broadway, New York



REMEMBER THE OLD-TIME COWCATCHER?

IMAGINE the cow streamlining a steam engine. It all happened this way. Years ago farmers didn't care much what a cow ate. So she foraged where she pleased. She often roamed onto railroad tracks. And engines had to sport cowcatchers in self-defense. And *you* drank milk that was far different from the pure, sweet Golden Crest Borden's delivers today. How times have changed. For the better part of a century Borden's has insisted on careful supervision of Elsie's diet, and she's been fenced in where the grass grew sweet. Cows today not only give better-tasting milk but purer, richer, more nourishing milk. We've benefited. The farmer has benefited. And the railroads have gone cowcatcherless. Borden's Farm Products.

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Ever Have A Sun-Tan Shave?

Come in today and see how easy it is to acquire and keep that smart, prosperous sun-tan on your face all winter. The Sun-tan Shave costs only 50¢ and may be had either as a wet or a dry shave. Try it today and you'll rave about it long after. For, in addition to a special treatment under the latest model sunlamp G-E has perfected, you'll receive our usual velvet smooth Terminal shave.

At present the Sun-Tan Shave is available only at these shops:
1 WALL STREET • HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA • HOTEL LINCOLN
CHRYSLER BUILDING • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
31 convenient barber shops and beauty salons in New York

"Where the Promise is Performed"
TERMINAL BARBER SHOPS
Joseph B. Schusser, President

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • DETROIT • CINCINNATI • PITTSBURGH • BALTIMORE

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ALL-STEEL FOR THE EXECUTIVE

When the time comes for you to set up a new shop and equip new offices, traipse around to the International Building of Rockefeller Center and take in the office of Paul R. MacAlister, director of famous Pedac. Pedac—the Permanent Exhibition of Decorative Arts and Crafts—maintains, as you probably already know, the largest showing of decorative products in the world, a fascinating collection of inspired furniture, floor coverings, fabrics, accessories, gift wares, et al. Mr. MacAlister, whose brain child Pedac is, went to work not long ago on creating an office with everything—efficient operation, practicality, durability and looks. The result is the office above mentioned, the first all-steel executive sanctum created to date.

For the walls, Mr. MacAlister has used dark brown steel paneling. Panels and partitions have been grained so subtly that we didn't realize they were metal until touching them. These panels are snapped into upright steel studs, finished off with snap mouldings at the top, bottom, and chair height. Corrugated steel backs make the panels sturdy. The effect is one of dignity and permanence, and, peculiarly enough, warmth. Against this background he has used streamlined furniture, the principal prerequisite here being complete efficiency. Sliding on ball bearings, the desk drawers crawl noiselessly out with the slightest touch. The writing surface is faced with specially prepared linoleum. Its finish is a grained walnut, this finish being repeated in a conference and two utility tables. The steel corrugated wall paneling mentioned above inspired the design of the office's white leather lounge chairs. Their flanks are similarly corrugated, a decorative application of the panel's inner construction.

The upholstery Mr. MacAlister has used is leather, dyed a special green never before used and unusually tough. Tooled and saddle-stitched, it covers the office lounge and other chairs. Naturally, lighting the office was an all-important factor and was considered from three angles—eye health, easy maintenance and decoration. The plan finally evolved called for high-level, indirect illumination with easily removed bowl-silvered bulbs with clever reflector mirrors.

All this careful planning and originality have resulted in an office that has made more than one important executive gape in obvious surprise and envy. If you want a look, Pedac will be pleased to have you gape too. And in addition they'll show you a house that's completely washable, how to separate an entire lower floor with just one curtain wall, some very fine new bar equipment, new uses for rawhide, calfskin and Venetian blinds completely translucent and in all colors. Pedac, you'll find, has a versatile, streamlined bag of construction and decorative tricks.

MIDTOWN TENNIS ON A TABLE

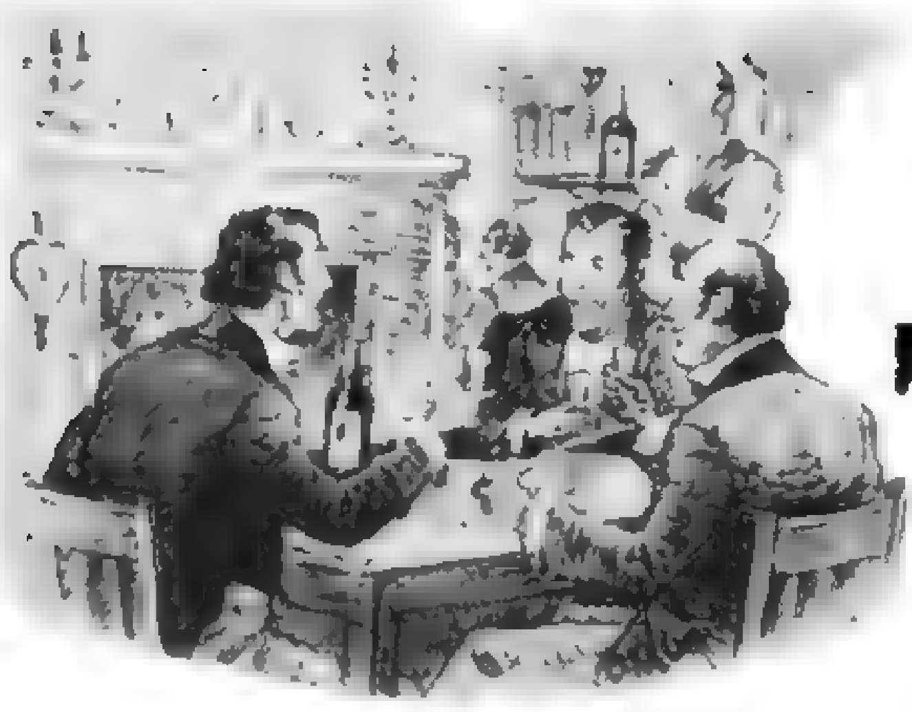
Up high in the office building at 550 Fifth Avenue you'll find the only table tennis set-up this side of Broadway. We went up there the other day and found a large, well lighted room equipped with twelve tables and several recalcitrant business men who evidently preferred ping-pong to dictation. It's a fine place to get some exercise if you work in the midtown area.

It's called the Fifth Avenue Table Tennis Courts and is run by Mr. George Frank who is usually a genial host but at present writing is in Florida. His theory that ping-pong should be taken out of a pool room atmosphere seems to have worked very well for his up-in-the-air emporium is well patronized. It's open from nine in the morning to one at night. You'll find it most crowded about noon and at six P.M. when assorted experts are apt to drop in. There's a novice tournament at 8:55 every Tuesday night, which is when we'll be seeing you.

WHIMSY DEP'T

One of the Waldorf-Astoria's fine little shops has imported from Morocco a collection of actual nose, ear and head charms worn by the dark-skinned natives, and has had them fastened to heavy gold-finished chain necklaces. We can't vouch for what the local witch doctor did to them before they left, but we're told they make fine trimmings for plain dresses. They should, at least, stimulate conversation.

Ranger



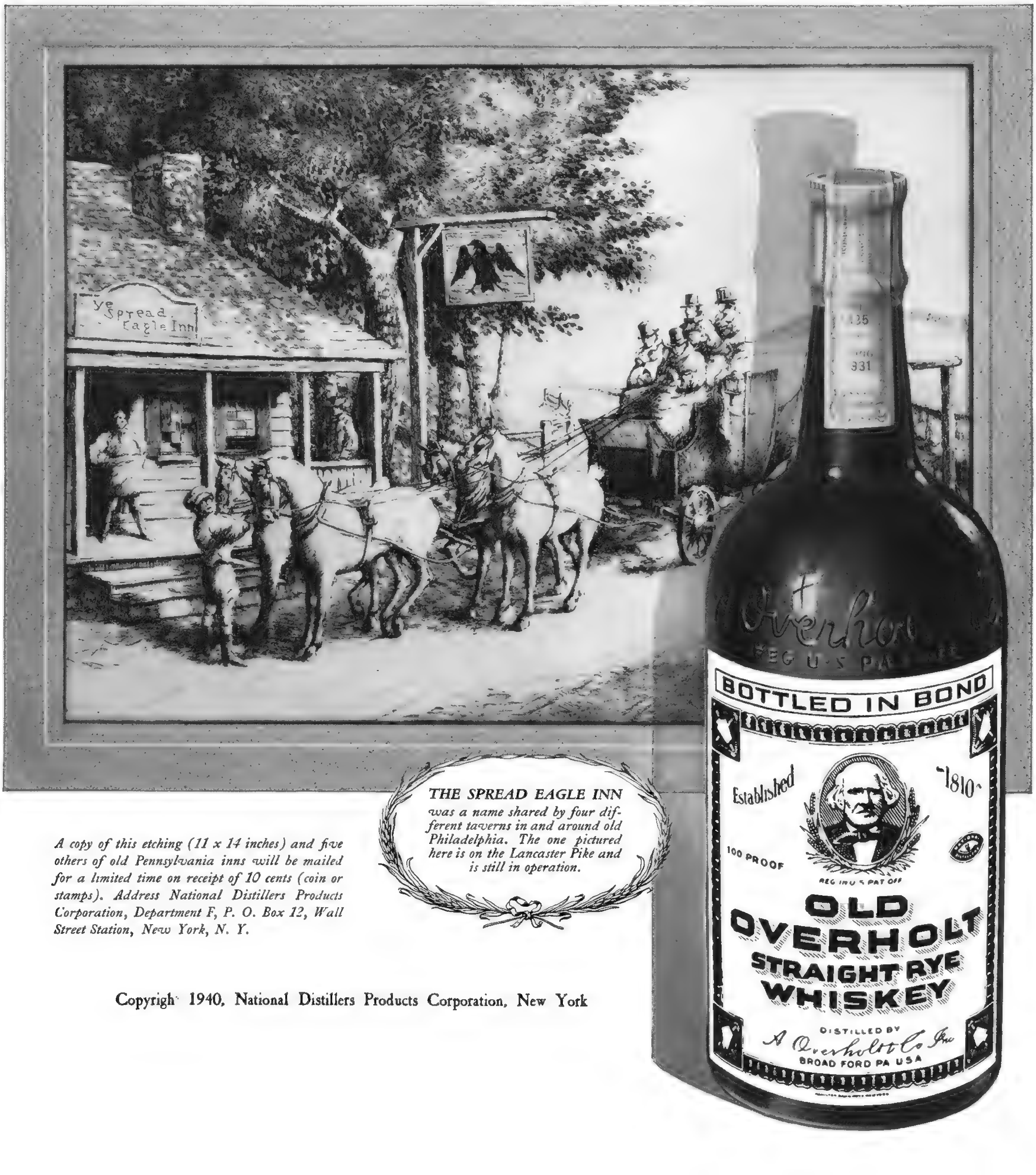
The Innside Story of a Great Rye

Unlike the Spread Eagle Inn whose weathered sign still welcomes the traveler, most of the famous old taverns of Pennsylvania are gone.

But the fine old whiskey that was served in these historic taprooms still lives on—Old Overholt.

This pioneer Pennsylvania whiskey has gained greater and greater distinction with the years until today it is the most popular of U. S. bottled in bond ryes.

Famed for its rich flavor since 1810, Old Overholt is more attractive than ever at today's remarkably low prices.


Ye Spread Eagle Inn
Overholt
REG U S PAT OFF
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
100 PROOF
REG IN U S PAT OFF
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A Overholt & Co Inc
BROAD FORD PA USA

THE SPREAD EAGLE INN was a name shared by four different taverns in and around old Philadelphia. The one pictured here is on the Lancaster Pike and is still in operation.

A copy of this etching (11 x 14 inches) and five others of old Pennsylvania inns will be mailed for a limited time on receipt of 10 cents (coin or stamps). Address National Distillers Products Corporation, Department F, P. O. Box 12, Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y.

Copyrigh 1940, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

FOR "outlift" AS WELL AS "uplift"
MAIDEN FORM'S
*"Allegro"
...Gives "Precision Fit" and Perfect Comfort
Maiden Form
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · "ONCE-OVERS"

"Allegro" *"Once-Overs" (one-piece foundations)—$5.00 and $7.50.

"Outlift" as well as "uplift" is fashion's latest dictum—and Maiden Form's "Allegro" brassiere combines them both, *superbly*. You will like the "precision fit" accomplished by its *adjustable* back and its *adjustable* shoulder straps. The wide insert of †"Tric-O-Lastic" keeps "Allegro" from binding or cutting under the breasts.

AT ALL LEADING STORES

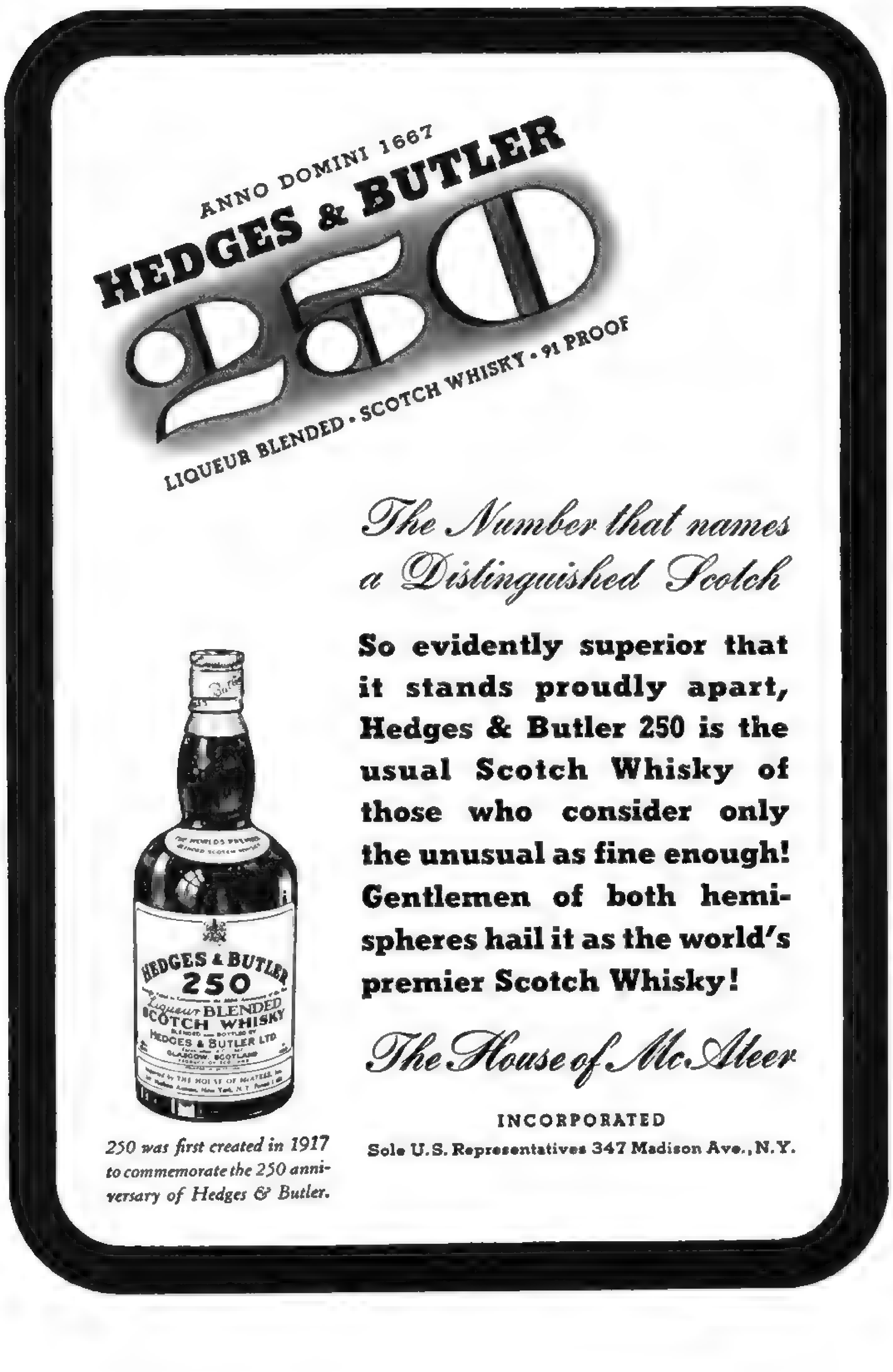
"Allegro" brassieres come in many different lengths—$1.00 to $2.50.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. †REG. APP. FOR.

COPYRIGHT 1940. MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.

Send for *free* Foundation Booklet E: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.


ANNO DOMINI 1667
HEDGES & BUTLER
250
LIQUEUR BLENDED · SCOTCH WHISKY · 91 PROOF
HEDGES & BUTLER 250 Liqueur BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
HEDGES & BUTLER LTD
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

The Number that names a Distinguished Scotch

So evidently superior that it stands proudly apart, Hedges & Butler 250 is the usual Scotch Whisky of those who consider only the unusual as fine enough! Gentlemen of both hemispheres hail it as the world's premier Scotch Whisky!

The House of McAteer

INCORPORATED

Sole U.S. Representatives 347 Madison Ave., N.Y.

250 was first created in 1917 to commemorate the 250 anniversary of Hedges & Butler.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

CLASSIC OR SWING THIS HAS IT

That new electronic instrument you'll be hearing a good deal of this year (via the radio) that sounds like nothing in the musical line you've ever encountered is the novachord, something decidedly revolutionary in the field of music. One man, playing its single keyboard, can sound like a piano, a violin, cello, harp, music-box, bagpipe, Hawaiian guitar and practically anything else you care to nominate. At a demonstration a week or so ago, we were still humming Alohe Oe when the machine had switched to the Campbells Are Coming. You may have had the same experience if you heard it last Christmastime at our Christmas Fair on Fifth Avenue.

All this musical mumbo-jumbo is accomplished with vacuum tubes—144 to be exact—housed in the console where you'd expect a batch of hammers and strings.

It strongly resembles a piano. The novachord's perpetrator is Laurens Hammond who did the household electric organ, an electric clock and an automatic bridge table that did everything but bid for you. Since its introduction last year, the novachord has made a considerable dent in the musical world. Ted Steele has given his machine a name and Nellie the Novachord has become a popular radio feature. Elmer Rice's comedy, "Two On An Island" uses it not only for musical background but also for sound effects.

In addition to the galaxy of instruments mentioned above, the operator can, by manipulating the dials or lever controls on the dashboard of the instrument, conjure up tonal effects that closely resemble the flute, zither, banjo, English horn, harmonica, clavichord, harpsichord, string quartet, swing band, ad infinitum. But that's really nothing folks. There are a host of unnamed tones which are yearning to be discovered and named by the novachordist right in the privacy of his inner sanctum. Mr. Hammond, by way of irony, plays only the Jew's harp.

The machine is compact and neat, about four feet square, and is styled with classic simplicity. The keys are plascon, the black ones bakelite and the whole thing is built to bear up under years of kicking around. The adept piano player can learn the ins and outs of the thing in a couple of weeks. It takes three minutes to tune.

INSURANCE POLICIES ISSUED HERE

THE INSURANCE SHOP— A NEW IDEA

On East 46th Street is a store that is predicated on a new idea. Charles Edwards, general agent for a ninety-year old insurance company, has long held the belief that insurance information is too difficult for the public to obtain readily; that the whole insurance picture should be humanized so the policy holder will be brought into closer contact with the industry which serves him. His "Insurance Store" is the outcome. "Since people are used to going to stores to supply their needs," he tells us, "a store for life insurance is appealing to the public." Questions are being answered willingly over the store counter, just as you would ask a question of a friendly storekeeper. The service includes a thoroughgoing analysis of your policies.

In addition to his 46th Street Store, Mr. Edwards has established a "Life Insurance Information Center" in the New York City Information Center which is opposite Grand Central at 42nd Street. If you're having policy trouble of your own, or if your mother-in-law suddenly develops a weak heart, don't say we didn't tell you.

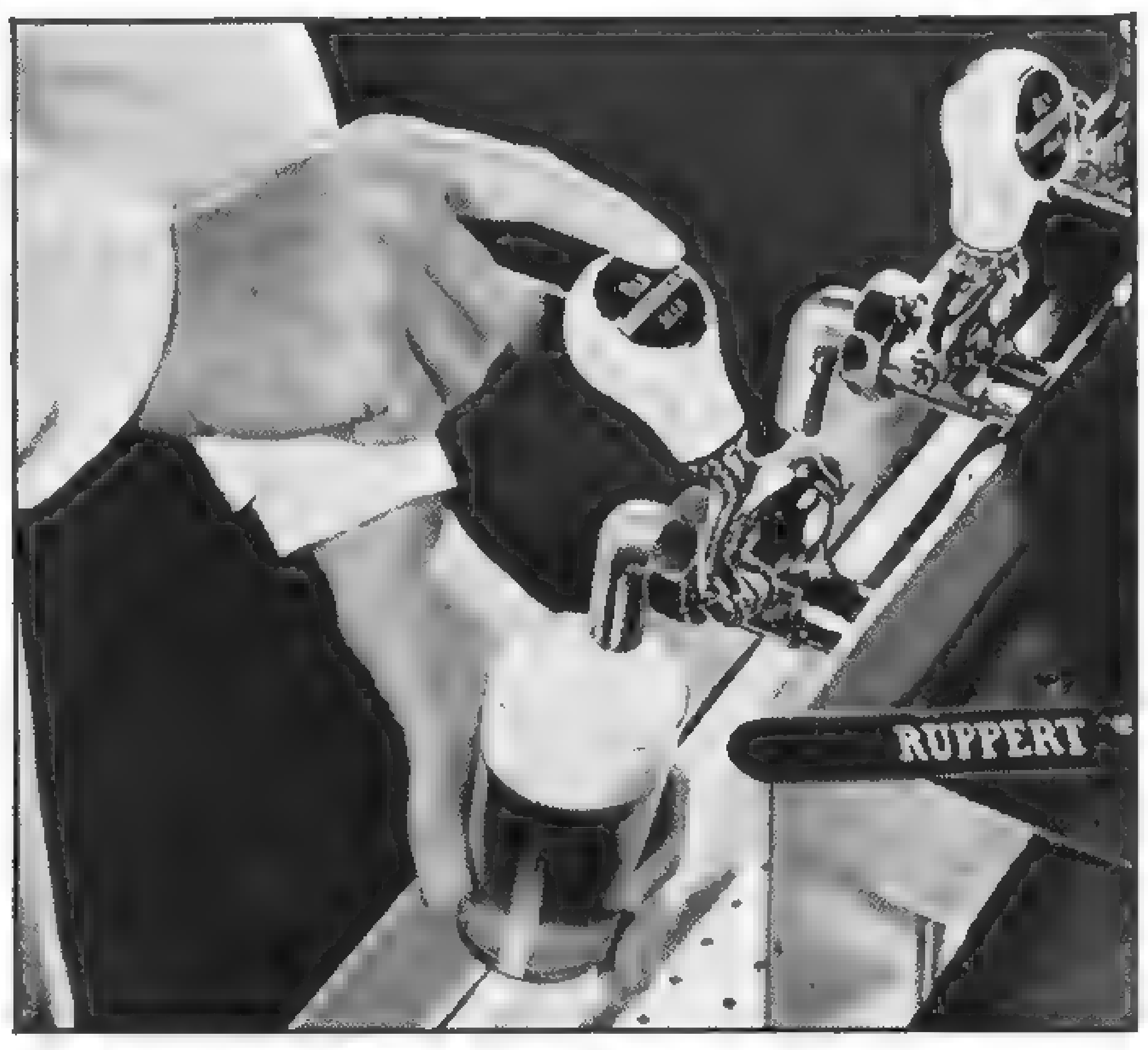
SILVER SLIVERS

Hobbyists who collect miniature what-nots won't want to miss the complete silver services of vest-pocket proportions featured in one of Park Avenue's smarter shops. The pieces, all tiny reproductions of the work of old English silversmiths, may be had either in a full matched service, or purchased by the piece, at prices running from as low as $3.00 for a cup and saucer, up to $100 for a "lazy susan." A few of the pieces, all produced in painstaking detail, are a nest of platters, by Tom Hunter of London (1764), a brandy warmer, replica of the work of William Alby (1863), and a Lyre Candelabrum after Duncan Phyfe.

Ranger

RUPPERT
Knickerbocker
BEER
Old Style

THERE'S NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR YOUR FRIENDS!



IMPORTANT! The Ruppert Beer *now* on sale everywhere is brewed according to the "Old Knickerbocker" formula that made the name Ruppert famous . . Have *you* tried it?

- Have *you* tried a glass of refreshing Ruppert "Old Knickerbocker" Beer recently?

When friends drop in. As a thirst-quencher. As an appetizer. Whatever the occasion, there's nothing quite like a cool, foaming glass of Ruppert "Old Knickerbocker" Beer. It's the "happy combination" of age, flavor and lightness all in perfect balance.

Join the thousands of discriminating drinkers who have switched to Ruppert "Old Knickerbocker." *You couldn't ask for better beer.*

Copyright 1940 by JACOB RUPPERT, BREWERY, New York City

RUPPERT "Old Knickerbocker"

EXTRA GOOD BEER ★ NO EXTRA COST

Finest in Quality–Correct in Fashion –Unsurpassed in Workmanship

Clothes by Stadler & Stadler are the choice of many of the best dressed men of America–men whose individual ideas in smart attire set the fashions

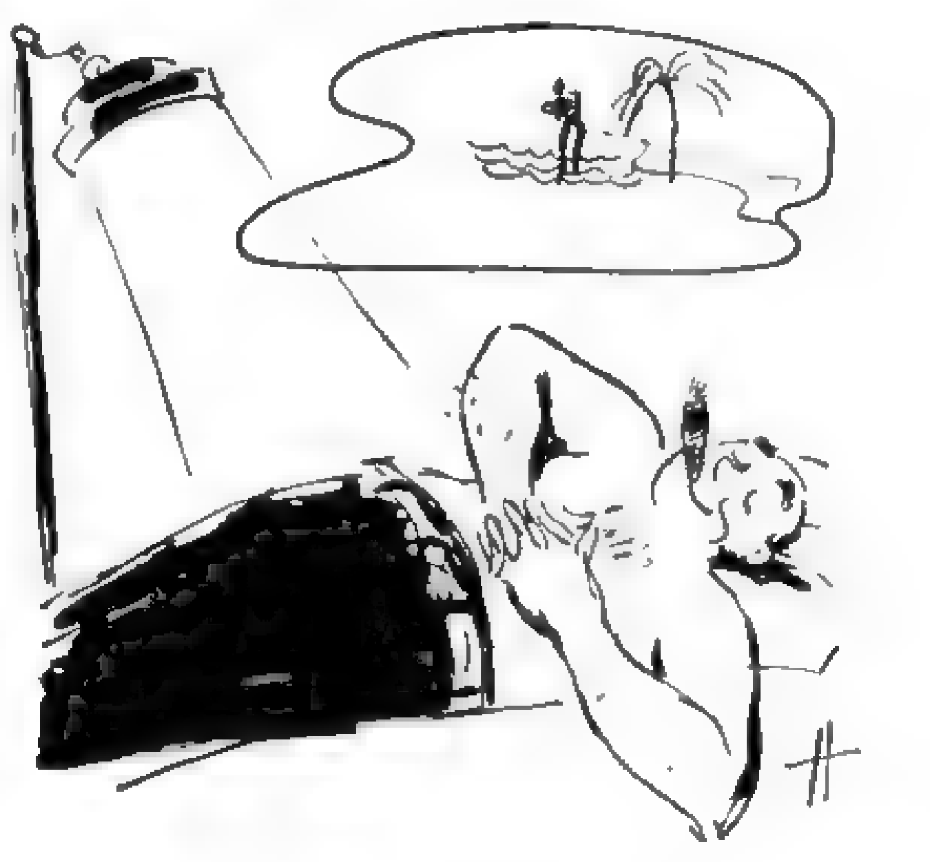
Your inspection of our fine imported materials and the Exclusive Clothes we are turning out is invited.

STADLER & STADLER
TAILORS AND BREECHES MAKERS
666 FIFTH AVENUE—53RD ST.—NEW YORK

You are Cordially Invited to Compare Lairds with any Rye Scotch or Bourbon.

LAIRD & CO.
SCOBEYVILLE, N. J.
DISTILLERS of
Fine Brandies
SINCE 1780

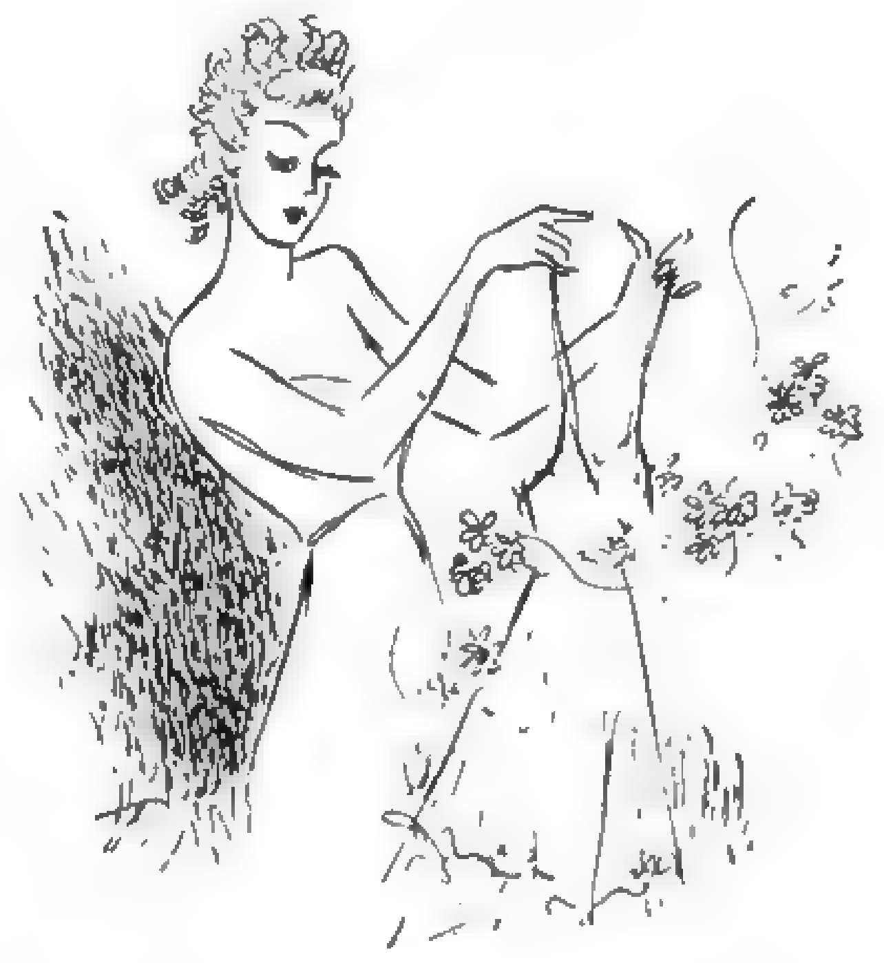
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



WHEEL OUT THE SUN, GEORGE

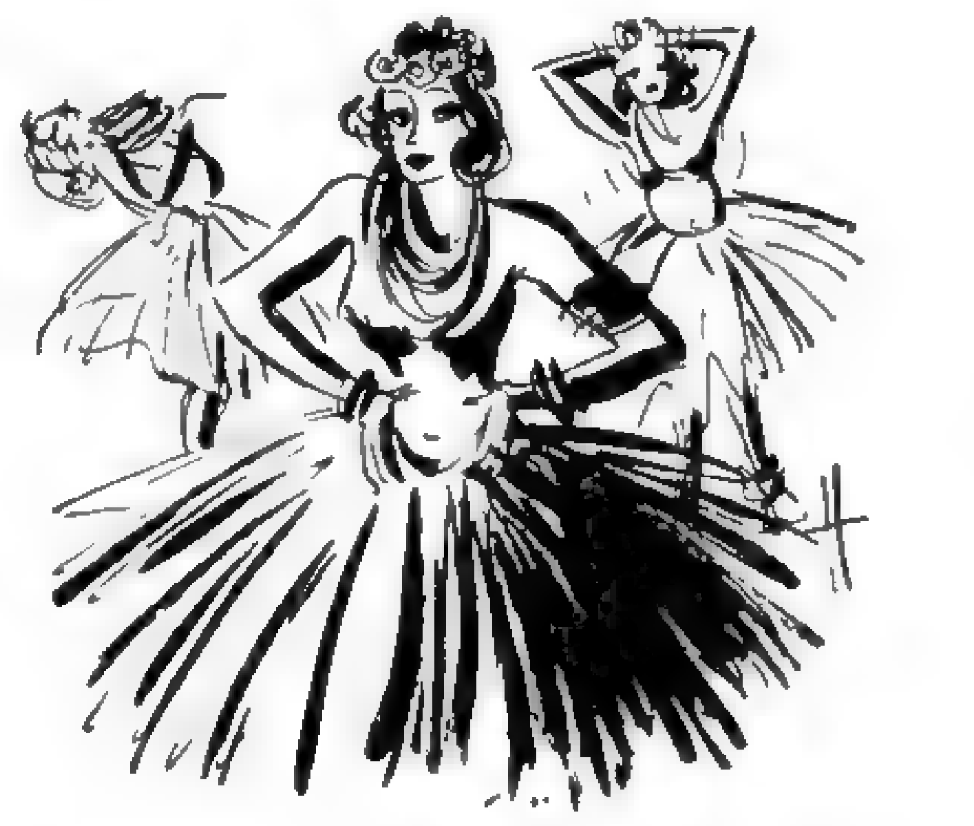
To further convince its patrons of the great benefits derived from the sun's rays — canned though these rays be — one of the city's finest string of barber shops has instituted a genial new service called the "sun-ray shave."

In comes the customer. Off with his coat for his usual two-bit shave. Does he really want to feel veddy, veddy good? If yes, he gets a cold cream application, short massage and rub, and a hot towel. Then with his puss in proper shape, the barber wheels up the latest of G.E.'s mercury sun-lamp models and let's go. The customer gets three to five minutes, depending on the condition of his hide. When this has all come to pass, said client walks out into the grey Manhattan day beaming out from behind a light shade of Palm Beach brown. And this betokens only an additional two-bits, the complete "sun-ray shave" coming to just one-half of one dollar. A lamp treatment alone was always this price before. Convinced?



FEMININE FRILLS DEP'T

Sachets are something we thought would never, never see the light of type in this column, but someone showed up recently with a batch of them that really deserve mention—they make very good gag and practical gifts and that's often a hard combination to get. These are sachets incorporated into miniature lingerie and they're made in two styles, modern lingerie and old-fashioned underwear. The former, developed in satin, consist of all the individual pieces your imagination can stir up, the old-fashioned line, made of fine cambric, consisting of corset-cover, drawers, petticoat and nightdress. These miniatures are all pretty realistic and good for a laugh any time. Besides which they smell good which, after all, is the original purpose.



THE ZOMBIE COMES TO TOWN

Via the terpsichorean grapevine, we hear on good authority that Manhattan's coming dance craze, all fads aside, will be the Zombie, the creation of famous dance instructor, Fred Lequorne. It's a combination of the hula and rhumba, and although the mixture sounds somewhat bizarre, it's easy to do. In other words, athletic qualifications aren't necessary. Incorporating the fundamental hip movement of the Hawaiian hula, it should be popular with the gentler sex as it affords them good opportunity to show off. Lequorne has planned the thing out carefully, making it as flexible and simple as possible. He should know for it was under his guidance that such well-known American dance teams as Veloz and Yolanda, the Hartmans, Minor and Root learned the tricks of their trade.

Only last fall did he turn from exclusively teaching professionals, and open his east side studio, devoted to the dance problems of the ordinary amateur. For many years he'd had a persistent itch to teach neophytes, to find a faster, easier method of doing it. If attractive studios have anything to do with it, he should be successful. Atmosphere too he considers all-important. Waltz and tango are taught in studios with the décor of Vienna and Spain. The fox trot and swifter tempo jigs are carried on in modern surroundings. One of his rooms, we noticed, was round. Lequorne explains that he had the room built thus because of the beginners natural desire to stop when he reaches a corner. There are other problems he's working on, successfully too. He's already taken over another floor of his building for a studio. When the Zombie hits its stride, it may well be another building for his floor.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

ARE YOU the IDEALISTIC TYPE?

If you are an idealist—high-principled, conscientious, benevolent—the light, long-smoking Admiration *Queen* is the cigar ideally adapted to your personality.

SELECT YOUR *PERSONAL(S)IZED ADMIRATION

DESIGNED to express YOUR personality—one of Admiration's 17 personal(s)ized shapes offers an extra smoking enjoyment. Delightful mellow-mildness, hand-crafted coolness, fragrant 100% Havana filler—all in a cigar perfectly suited to YOU. Today—meet a likeable new smoking-companion—YOUR personal(s)ized Admiration.

*Trade Mark Protected

*PERSONAL(S)IZED ADMIRATION Cigars 10c · 2 for 25c · 15c · 3 for 50c

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

WHAT PRICE MAGIC

We encountered Glen Pope the other day, the magician who has just completed an engagement of marked success at the Hotel St. Moritz, and had him tell us about magic in general and his career in particular. Accomplished and successful though he is, Pope stated right off the bat that the magician's life is not an easy one. He's even written a short piece on the subject entitled "Never Be A Magician." "Just between you and me, this magic business is no bed of roses" is the way he put it.

Pope was six years old when he witnessed his first magic performance in Okemah, Oklahoma in 1918. It was this magician, billed as Willard the Wizard, who started Pope off on his career, and he still remembers the Wizard's first trick. He borrowed a number of rings from the audience, tried to jam them down a gun barrel, and when they wouldn't fit, proceeded to hammer them flat on a small anvil. He then dropped them in the barrel, and fired the gun at a small box at the side of the stage. On opening the box, he found another box inside which he unlocked. There were several other boxes to be unlocked, and when the last one was opened Willard the Wizard pulled out a number of carnations. Tied to the flowers were the rings he had hammered flat. Pope fell right off his seat in astonishment. His career was determined.

Hearing of a manufacturer in town whose hobby was magic, Pope investigated. The business man took a fancy to him and loaded him down with paraphernalia and apparatus. They performed at clubs and meetings together and Pope did his first show alone when his friend deserted him one night. Henceforth he went his own way. Twelve years old, he saw every magician who came to his home town and always went backstage, introducing himself as a member of the brotherhood. Through one of these contacts, he got his first job with a prestidigitator billed as Fasola, Famous Indian Magician. Fasola, who talked with a strong cockney accent and was born Gus Greenwood, had for many years done a show all over Europe and knew the ropes. He tutored Pope and took him to St. Louis where the famous Thurston hired him as an assistant. Pope worked with Thurston for two years. Then he was ready to go on alone.

In 1933, he determined to make a tour of Europe, and worked out a pantomime act with which he was booked for Monte Carlo. He has given command performances before George V of England, The Duke of Windsor, President Lebrun of France, the Kings of Sweden, Denmark and Belgium and many others. The King of Sweden was his most inquisitive royal enthusiast. His performance was held at the Cap Ferat villa of Countess Freida Constantini with about ten people present. One of the tricks Pope used was making a square bird cage containing a live canary disappear in full view, without any covering. This trick has an unusually puzzling effect because it happens so fast that the audience only slowly realizes what has happened. King Gustav looked bewildered. The next two tricks passed unnoticed because His Majesty kept talking about the whereabouts of the cage. When the performance was over, he congratulated Pope and asked where the canary was. Pope explained that if he knew, the trick would lose its mystery and cease to be a trick. It turned out that the King was worried about the safety of the bird, not in exposing secrets, and would not be satisfied. Pope finally produced the bird, unharmed.

Since returning from Europe, Pope has toured the U. S. and Canada and appeared at the Ritz, Versailles and Hollywood in New York. Despite the fact that he can pilfer your wristwatch without your knowing it, turn matches into sponges and make stamps appear in a completely blank album, his philosophy still remains—a magician can never learn enough. His slogan, for some reason, is still "what price magic."

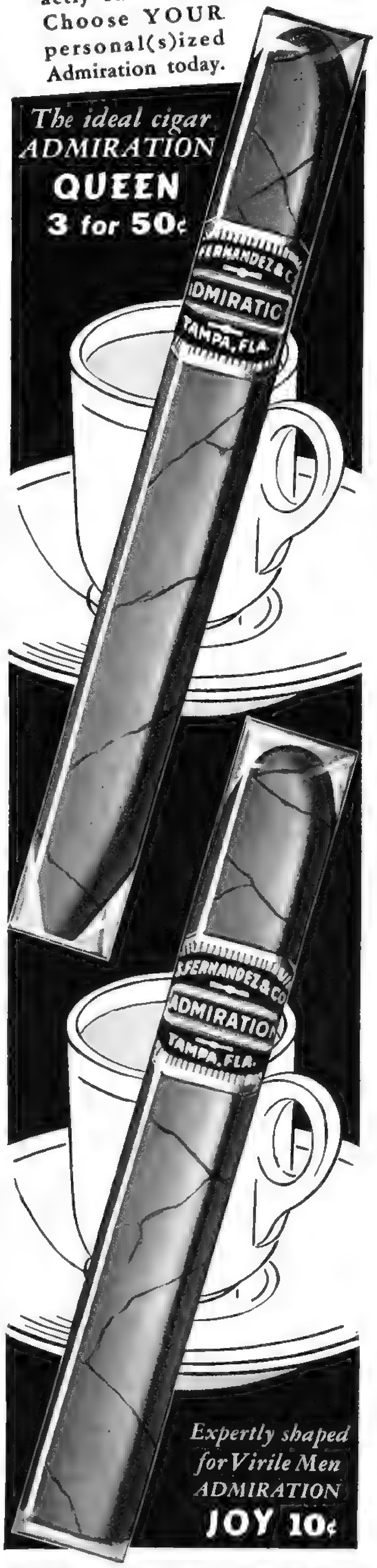
WHIMSY DEP'T

One of the Waldorf-Astoria's fine little shops has imported from Morocco a collection of actual nose, ear and head charms worn by the dark-skinned natives, and has had them fastened to heavy gold-finished chain necklaces. We can't vouch for what the local witch doctor did to them before they left, but we're told they make fine trimmings for plain dresses. They should, at least, stimulate conversation.

Ranger

CHOOSE YOUR CIGAR THIS NEW WAY

What is your type—judicial, virile, idealistic—or one of twenty other basic types? Whichever it is, you'll find a mellow Admiration Cigar exactly suited to your taste. Choose YOUR personal(s)ized Admiration today.



*PERSONAL(S)IZED ADMIRATION Cigars 10c · 2 for 25c · 15c · 3 for 50c

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE GREAT HOST

Across the East River, on the other side of the 57th Street Bridge, stands the factory that Louis Sherry opened in 1919 when, saddened by the advent of Prohibition, he closed his prosperous, famous Fifth Avenue and 44th Street Building. In Sherry's eyes, prohibition ended the days of fine entertaining and epicurean dining. He could have persisted, but regaling the public with New York's finest meat and drink was more than a money matter with him. Too many old friends were dependent on him for his catering services, however, so he carried on this phase of his business after prohibition from a store on the S. E. corner of 58th Street and Fifth Avenue. Never had his candy and ice creams been made in a building apart from his headquarters, but as the new shop had no facilities, Sherry went across the river and opened the factory mentioned above. It is in this factory that many of the old Sherry-trained personnel today carry on the business he founded.

When we arrived, the last of the morning's batch of ice-cream was being made, and there wasn't a freezer in sight. The process, we found, is a good deal more complicated. The "mix," which is a combination of milk, cream, sugar and dariolard (a type of Pacific Coast seaweed that acts as stabilizer), and looks like liquid vanilla ice-cream, is first pasteurized. It's then run through a machine called a viscolizer, which breaks up the butter fat globules, and then stored. When it's ready to be used, it's flavored, then packed in tins and frozen in large ice chests that sport a temperature of something like 30° below during the night. That's the process of making American ice-cream. When they make French, eggs instead of dariolard are used as stabilizer. Miss Ashe, the only female ice-cream boss in the country, presides over the whole department. The fancy or sculptored ice-cream department takes its orders from Alec, a Swiss who first went to work for Mr. Sherry in 1907. He takes great pride in his work, and is devoted to the memory of his former employer. When we mentioned Sherry's name, Alec's smiling face was a silent tribute. Each of the large sized forms he works with costs seventy-five dollars, and he has an imposing array—hearts and cupids for Valentine's Day, slippers and bells for weddings, and many others for Christmas, Easter, Mother's Day and all the rest.

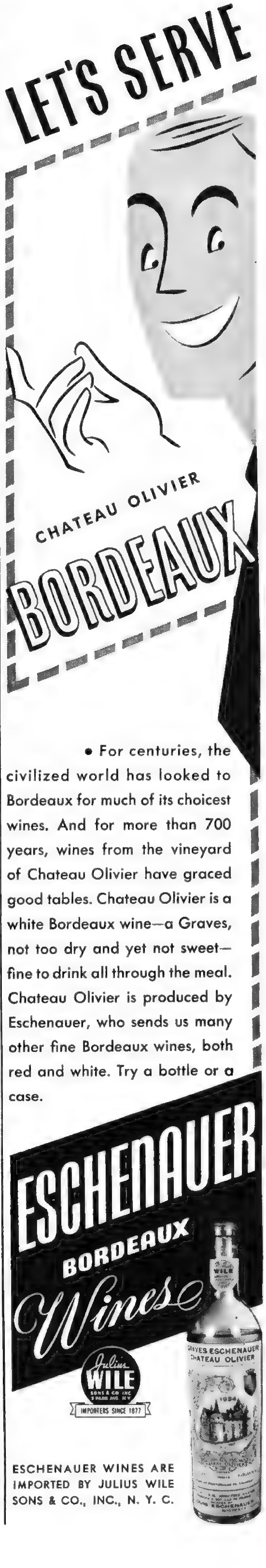
In the factory's other division — the candy production department — another old Sherry employee is in charge. Candy chef Matthew Pupilla left Naples in 1890 and went to work for Sherry in 1906 at Fifth and 44th. He is still using the recipes that were developed and perfected under Sherry's supervision, and he keeps a strict watch on his underlings. The cocoa beans which he imports from Ecuador, Venezuela and Trinidad for a balance of flavors are first roasted. After the shell is separated from the bean proper, they're put in a melange, a machine composed chiefly of two giant grindstones. With sugar and vanilla beans added for flavor, the melange grinds the combination into a paste that sits for two days in a good hot room. After a "finisher" has smoothed out this paste, it goes into a conche in which it gets a 72 hour "spanking," said treatment bringing out the chocolate's flavor. Cocoa butter is added and the mixture is ready for dipping. The dipping stage is completely hand administered by girls who sit at tables for two with a "well" of chocolate in the center. One hand tosses the center of the piece in the making, the other catches it, dips it and finishes with that flourish you'll see on all chocolates if you care to look. Each girl averages about six thousand a week, and it takes them a good year to become adept in the art. And it is truly an art, albeit a messy one.

The history of the Sherry organization as such is a fascinating story, and a book on the subject was published not long ago. It dates back to the early 1880's and covers that period which saw a bustling city become a cosmopolitan, sophisticated metropolis. It includes a famous and friendly rivalry with the great Delmonico's and names such as Henry Clews, F. R. Coudert, Fish, DePeyster, Whitney and Richard Harding Davis. There were fabulous parties — chef Pupilla particularly remembers the party given for Teddy Roosevelt on his return from African big-game hunting. For it Sherry built a scale miniature in sugar of the Roosevelt home in Oyster Bay. The factory today is as modern as tomorrow's newspaper, but we got the impression that it gives many a look backwards at such occasions. It feels the way Louis Sherry must have felt before he died midway through the roaring twenties. Those, obviously, were the days.

LET'S SERVE
AN IMPORTED GIN
COCKTAIL
NICHOLSON
IMPORTED
Gin
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
IMPORTED
NICHOLSON
DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

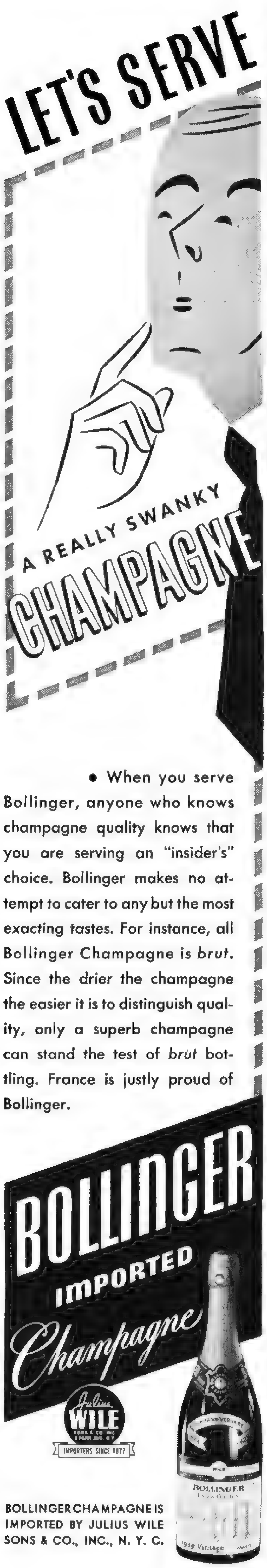
• There's little difference in cost when you make a Martini with genuine *imported* Nicholson's English Gin. Yet the difference in *taste* is distinctly noticeable. Crisp and dry, Nicholson's Gin has a delightful flavor . . . a certain richness that meets Vermouth half-way. A cocktail is only as good as its ingredients. Make your next Martinis with this famous English gin. You'll like the "British accent."

NICHOLSON'S GIN IS IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.
Distilled from grain
94° PROOF



• For centuries, the civilized world has looked to Bordeaux for much of its choicest wines. And for more than 700 years, wines from the vineyard of Chateau Olivier have graced good tables. Chateau Olivier is a white Bordeaux wine—a Graves, not too dry and yet not sweet—fine to drink all through the meal. Chateau Olivier is produced by Eschenauer, who sends us many other fine Bordeaux wines, both red and white. Try a bottle or a case.

ESCHENAUER WINES ARE IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.



• When you serve Bollinger, anyone who knows champagne quality knows that you are serving an "insider's" choice. Bollinger makes no attempt to cater to any but the most exacting tastes. For instance, all Bollinger Champagne is *brut*. Since the drier the champagne the easier it is to distinguish quality, only a superb champagne can stand the test of *brut* bottling. France is justly proud of Bollinger.

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE IS IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

WHY WORK?

Few women have been able to combine a vocation and avocation more successfully than famed aviatrix Jacqueline Cochran. Her vocation—a cosmetics laboratory out in New Jersey. Her avocation—flying. She is one of the world's outstanding women fliers. She combines these two in several ways. Her cosmetics have been subjected to a severe test—the test of professional use by Miss Cochran in her years of flying. She flies across the country, visiting her salons and the stores that sell her preparations. And yet for some reason, foreign certainly to masculine minds and probably to many women too, she prefers to be known as a business woman—the active head of her own commercial enterprise. Proud as she is of her lotions, creams, and oils, her record in the air is sufficient to alter the chapeau size of any man's head.

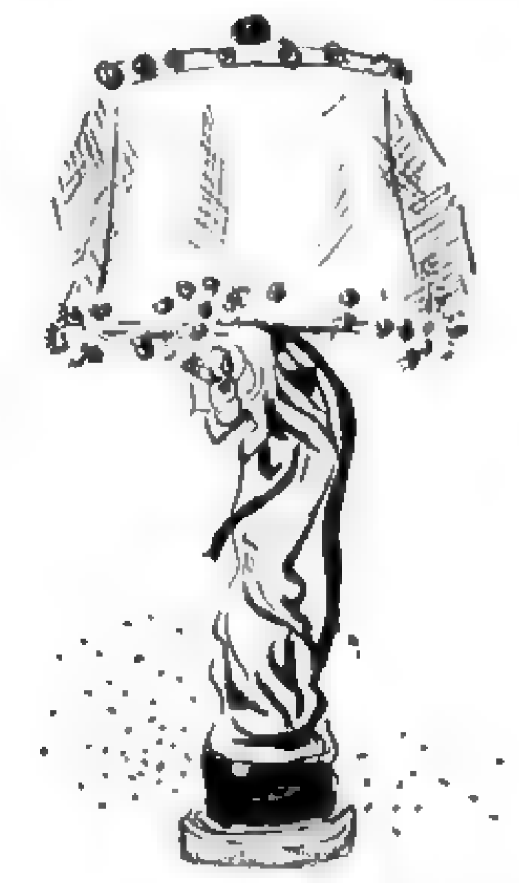
She learned to fly less than eight years ago, obtaining her private pilot's license after three weeks training. Two years later she was the only woman entrant in the MacRobertson London-Melbourne race, but was forced out in Europe during flight due to mechanical trouble. The next year she was the first woman ever to fly in the Bendix transcontinental race, but motor difficulties stopped her at Kingman, Arizona. In 1937 she won first place in the women's division of the Bendix event and third place against a field of men pilots. A year later she won this coast-to-coast dash—picking up $12,500 prize money and incidentally setting a new women's transcontinental record of 10 hours, 7 minutes, 10 seconds.

Her speed operations have not been confined to cross country courses. She holds the men's national 1000 kilometer record, the women's international records for three, 100 and 1000 kilometers as well as the women's national altitude record. She received the trophy of the International League of Aviators as the outstanding woman flier of the world in 1938, presentation of the trophy being made in New York by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Not bad for a cosmetician. We'll take a dozen jars of special foundation cream.

MATERIA MISCELLANIUM

To vary your breakfast regime—a fine marmalade that's a blend of the three great citrus fruits; grapefruit, oranges and lemons—painstakingly made from a recipe many generations old . . . inexpensive, highly absorbent coasterettes that can be thrown away after use . . . practical for big parties, in yellow, red, green and blue . . . a lullaby record for adults that coaxes sleep, prepared by psychologist Max Mann—remarkably lulling voice and relaxing instructions send you off to sleep . . . novel lamp which when on gives usual illumination, turned off emits faint glow from neon tube in base—won't wake up sleeper, eliminates groping in dark, relieves children's fears . . . if you go in for screwball decorations—a definitely chi-chi lamp with chartreuse colored, gloved female hand for its standard, holding a large purple rose . . . telescoping ash tray which telescopes from floorstand ash tray to table type, in brown bronze finish or in brown bronze trimmed with brass or chromium.



COLD?

If its warmth you're wanting these chill spring days, we'd suggest a close examination of that 2-element heater some of the stores are so cheerful about. The two elements, one above the other, perform separate and distinct tasks. The upper one has a fan behind it which blows the heat outwards, covering the entire room. The element below is backed by a reflector which keeps the heat close to home, thoroughly warming the immediate vicinity. This is the one to use if grandma complains of a draught on her feet. The two elements comprise 1320 watts, a strength not usually found in small, compact heaters. It has a brown crackle finish.

Ranger

LET'S SERVE
A DELICIOUS FRENCH
LIQUEUR

• Dinner over. Prolong that sense of well-fed well-being. Order an "Abricotine." Bask in the warm, luscious, sunny flavor of this true French liqueur. Be sure to specify a *Garnier* Liqueur when you order . . . whether it's Abricotine*, or the rich Creme de Cacao*, or a Creme de Menthe* frappe. Garnier has a gift for imprisoning natural flavors and intensifying them in magnificent liqueurs.

GARNIER LIQUEURS ARE IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.
*ALL 60° PROOF

WHITELEY'S
King's Ransom
"ROUND THE WORLD" SCOTCH
If you can afford the finest why buy any other Scotch?
King's Ransom
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

King's Ransom Blended Scotch Whisky, 94 Proof, Wm. Jameson & Co., Inc., N. Y.

THREE BROTHERS

● The D'Andreas have been tailors for three generations—and at their new location in Rockefeller Center three D'Andrea brothers unite to serve you. From selection of woolens abroad, through tailoring in our own workrooms, to fitting by custom-trained specialists, they personally supervise every detail of this service.

Suits from $75

D'Andrea
MEN'S TAILORS

17 West 50th Street 630 Fifth Avenue
ROCKEFELLER CENTER

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HE GIVES AWAY A GRAND, PER WEEK

It's difficult to conjure up a more satisfying feeling in the world than acting the part of a philanthropist—when it costs you nothing. Ben Grauer, the radio announcer, knows only too well, for he announces the Pot O' Gold program—on which $1,000 is given weekly to some lucky person living in the United States. The only requirement for eligibility in this airwave bonanza is that he have a telephone and be at home to answer it. At the studio, a highly complex mechanism called the "selector" whizzes through a master library of telephone books from all parts of the country, narrows out a certain book, designates the page and a single name on that page. Then Grauer gets on the phone. "Hello —Mr. Joe Doakes? This is the Pot O' Gold program. We are sending you $1,000 by telegraph!" And within an hour, a messenger appears at the Doakes home with a check made out to him for the $1,000. If Doakes isn't home, a consolation prize of $100 is sent him and next week some lucky telephone subscriber gets $1,900; if the second one isn't home there's $2,800 for the third. The program is the closest competition Bingo ever had.

Grauer himself is a sensible guy who doesn't let it bother him. He admitted to some trepidation when the program first got under way; telephone subscribers unfamiliar with advance publicity might be very rude to some nut on the telephone who was giving away $1,000. But the first winner was a canny New Englander who listened skeptically and made no comment, fortunately. After that the show took care of itself.

Grauer is that rarest of mortals—a native New Yorker—which may account for his complete equilibrium, whether he's crooning about a wad of dough into the surprised ears of a midwestern farmer or acclaiming the virtues of the hand lotion outfit which sponsors Walter Winchell. At 31, he's a veteran in the comparatively new field of radio. His professional career started when, at the age of eight, he was sent to one of those Saturday afternoon schools where children acquire social graces. One day a motion picture representative, making the rounds in a search for talent (they did that in those days) selected several of the youngsters to take part in a film production. Ben was among them and performed so capably that he was engaged for regular work.

He created the original motion picture role of "George Bassett" in Penrod. At the old Fox studios at Fort Lee, after school hours, he participated in productions starring such favorites as Carlisle Blackwell, Theda Bara and Pauline Frederick. When he entered high school, he went "legitimate," and took juvenile roles in "Betty at Bay," "May Time" (for a two-year run), the revival of "Floradora" at the Century in 1922, and appeared in a revival of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," in which he was Tyltyl. At City College he justified this stage background by becoming drama critic of the school newspaper and editor-in-chief of the literary magazine. He wound up in a blaze of glory by winning the 1930 Sandham Prize for Extemporaneous Speaking over a field of 200, and, gathering his B.S. degree, he walked into the National Broadcasting Company studios for a dramatic audition. He was hired, much to his surprise, as an announcer. That was in October 1930, and he's been there ever since.

Grauer who is dark, medium-height and fast on the repartee, is particularly delighted with the emancipation of the announcer from a dignified stuffed shirt to commercial salesman and master of ceremonies. In other days, he recalls, the announcer was a well-dressed lad who sat in the corner conning a dictionary and got up at intervals to deliver unctuous plugs for the sponsor. Today he is a man. Take the case of his own stint for the Kyser Kollege of Musical Knowledge, in which he gags through the welcoming speech to the studio audience, trades punches with Kay Kyser, acts as stooge, and is, in fact, a definite part of the show. Yes, the announcer today has come into his own as a human being—to which Mr. Grauer, for one, is properly grateful.

Ranger

WHAT! THE HARVARD CLASSICS FOR ONLY 50 CENTS A WEEK!
YES!..AND IT'S THE GREATEST INVESTMENT I EVER MADE IN MY LIFE!

You've hoped for it! Now the day has come!

The Harvard Classics at the Lowest Price in its History — Cost per volume now ⅓ the price of popular fiction!

YES! It's absolutely true! Now you can own DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS at a price per volume ⅓ *the cost of current popular fiction!* Never before in the history of these world-famous books have they been offered at a price so low!

Think what this means! Here are the books that ambitious men and women everywhere have used to win success and happiness! Over half a million sets of fifty volumes each—or *25,000,000 actual volumes*—have gone into American homes! To avail themselves of the inspiration of these masterful books, thousands have paid *several times* our present price and they have been repaid a hundredfold in dividends represented by mental and cultural development and material advancement.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS (THE HARVARD CLASSICS)

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University for forty years, America's greatest educator, made it a vital part of his life's work to assemble this superb library. As he himself has said, "IN THESE BOOKS ARE THE ESSENTIALS OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION". It was Dr. Eliot's hope that some day the price of these fifty volumes might be made so low that no one need be denied the inspiration of their pages. *Now that hope is realized!* The present price places DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS within the reach of every aspiring person in America!

HERE IS THE GREATEST BOOK BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

Nowhere else will you find such riches for so little money! In this magnificent library are gathered the greatest writings, the cream of literature, the finest expression of the genius of mankind. Buying these treasures separately would cost a staggering sum! Brentano's, one of the largest firms of retail booksellers in the world, recently stated that FOR ONLY THE PARTIAL CONTENTS OF THE HARVARD CLASSICS, IN ORDINARY CLOTH-BOUND EDITIONS, THE COST WOULD BE $402.00! Yet you can have this marvelous set, beautifully printed, handsomely and uniformly bound, for a very small fraction of that cost!

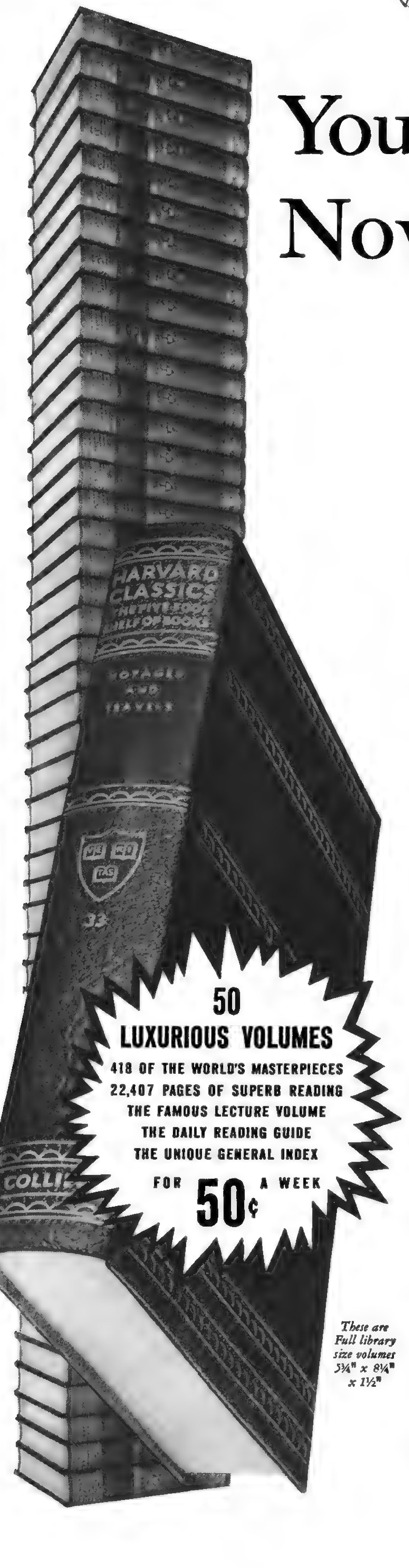
This beautiful new Library Edition of The Harvard Classics brings you the *complete* contents of DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS. Every word, every line, every paragraph, every illustration is here! You get the same beautiful type, the same high-quality paper, the same illustrations used in the costlier sets! Included are the Daily Reading Guide and the unique General Index with its 76,000 entries guiding the reader to an acquisition of world culture—supplying the fundamentals of a college education. Never before have you been offered such A BARGAIN!

ONLY FIFTY CENTS A WEEK

Take advantage of the most liberal terms ever offered in the history of these fifty incomparable volumes! For an initial payment as low as $2.00 you may have this complete set delivered to your home with all shipping charges prepaid. BUT YOU MUST NOT DELAY! THE COST OF MANUFACTURING MATERIALS IS RISING RAPIDLY, SO THESE PRICES MAY HOLD FOR ONLY A LIMITED TIME. THEREFORE, WE URGE YOU TO ACT AT ONCE!

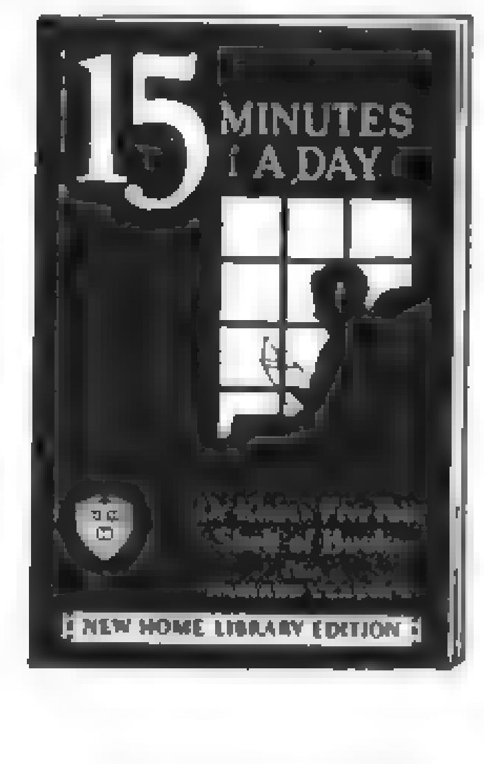
THESE BEAUTIFUL BOOKS FREE

The famous little book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day", furnishes you with full information about The Harvard Classics. It gives Dr. Eliot's *own plan of reading*—is packed with helpful, practical information. Also, for a limited time only, we will send you "Men Behind the Classics" which contains dramatic biographies of men whose immortal writings appear in The Harvard Classics. A fine piece of literature. Both of these booklets will be sent you free, postpaid and without obligation. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below.



These are Full library size volumes 5¾" x 8¼" x 1½"

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE BOOKLETS (For Adults Only)



HCY 350

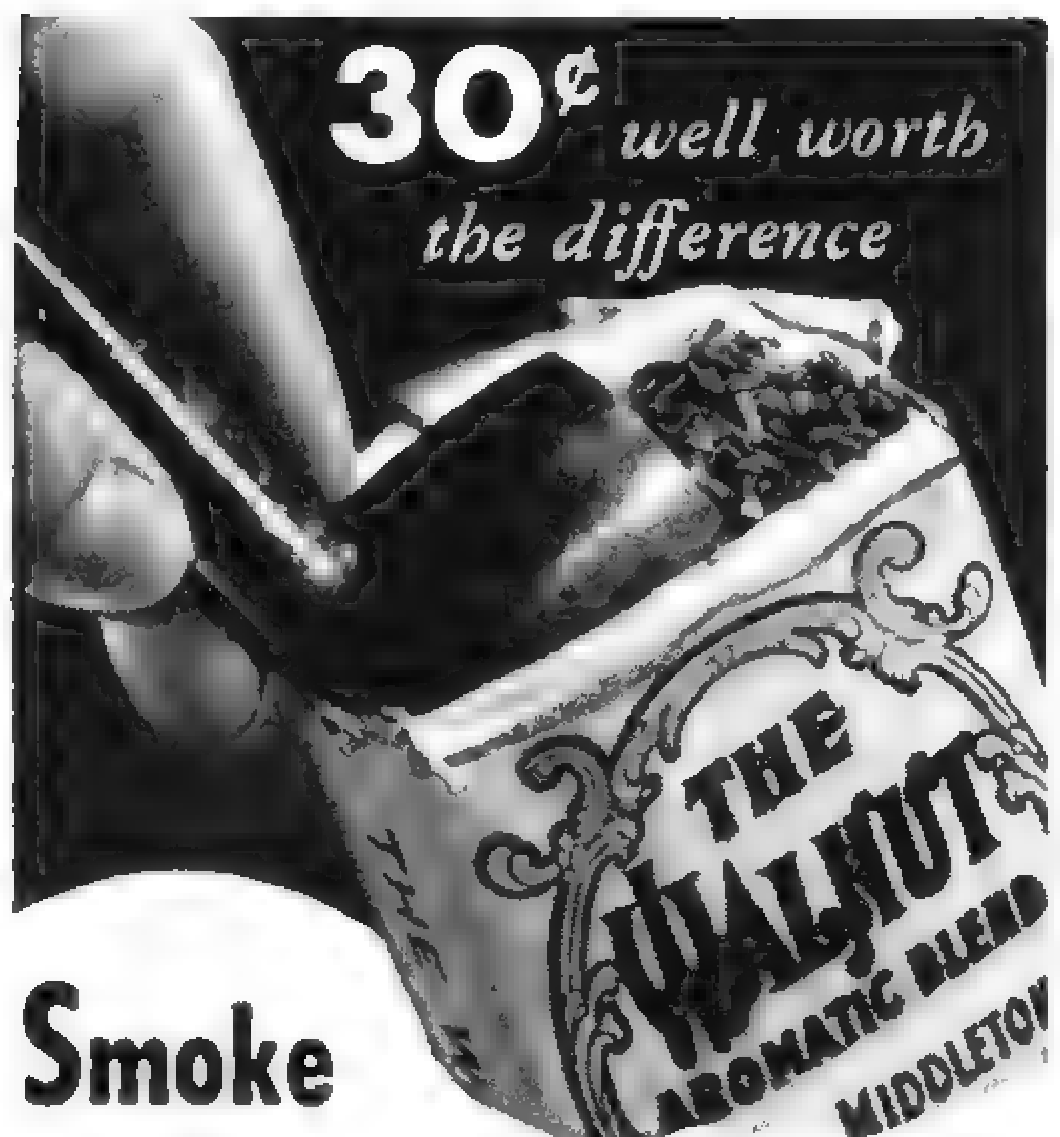
P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SUBSCRIPTION BOOKSELLERS
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Yes! I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day", describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading. Also the beautiful brochure, the "Men Behind the Classics."

Name { *Mr. Mrs. Miss* ....

Address..

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



Smoke the world's 7 finest tobaccos . . . in WALNUT BLEND

Discovered last year by thousands of discriminating smokers.

Sold by your dealer. If not, write direct (10¢ for a generous sample) to John Middleton, 1211 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., blenders since 1856.

20 Grand Shaves for 10¢

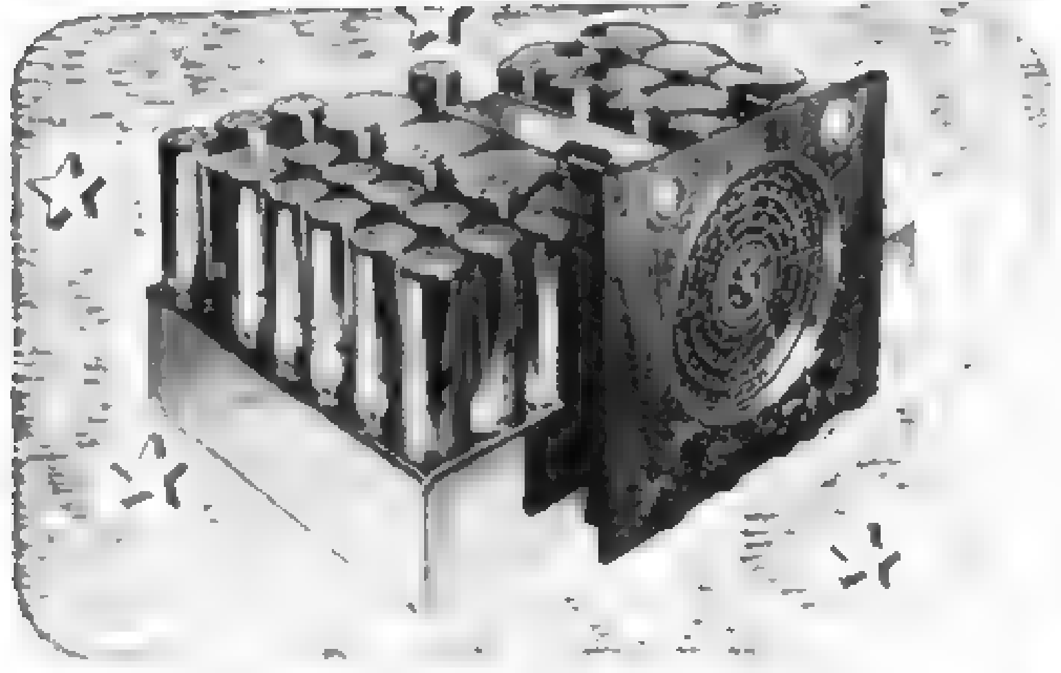
5 Leather Stropped BLADES FOR 10¢

Men with "barbed wire" beards say they get at least 4 close, non-irritating shaves from each Twenty Grand Razor Blade. *Perfected Leather Stropping* gives each blade a keenness that affords closer, longer-lasting shaves as well as *MORE* shaves per blade. Ask for Twenty Grands at Drug and other neighborhood stores. Satisfaction or money back.

TWENTY GRAND *Razor Blades*

WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

CLEARER, Quieter RADIO RECEPTION



THE RESULT OF SIX NOISE REDUCING SYSTEMS

Many kinds of disturbing "noise" in radio and recorded music has been greatly reduced in the Custom Built SCOTT. Distant American and Foreign programs can now be thoroughly enjoyed. Needle scratch has been removed from record reproduction, without affecting tone, at normal volumes!

"THE WORLD'S FINEST RADIO"

The precision built Scott is generally acknowledged "the world's finest radio". Because sold direct from our Laboratories, only, it costs little more than many receivers made in factories by mass production methods and sold thru jobbers and dealers. Noise reduction is only one of many amazing Scott features. Get all the facts. Mail the coupon, today!

GET SPECIAL OFFER!

THE STRADIVARIUS OF RADIO RECEIVERS SCOTT

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABS., INC.
4482 Ravenswood Ave. Dept. 39F40,
Chicago, Illinois

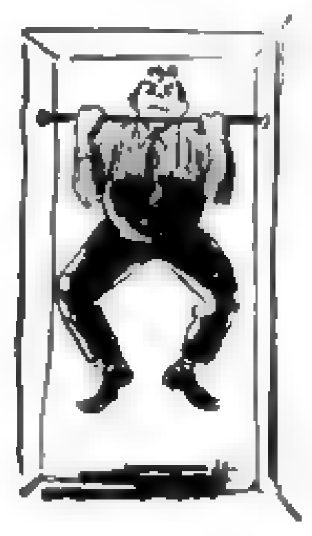
Send all facts, special offer, order blank and Current Scott Record Review. *No obligation.*

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

STUDIOS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BUFFALO, DETROIT, LOS ANGELES

INDOOR CHIN. If you haven't the time or inclination to patronize your neighborhood gymnasium but want some exercise, one of the new doorway gym bars will solve your problem right in the privacy of your own bedroom. They're convenient contraptions, can be put up in any doorway. A few turns of the outer tube with the hands forces the rubber-faced ends securely against the door-frame. They hold 250 pounds, are adjustable to thirty-six inches. Besides chinning, there are a lot of contortions possible to keep you in good shape. A book of stretching exercises comes along with the bar.



SAFETY TWICE. Although this doesn't happen to be Safety Week, we thought we'd pass along word anent two very sensible new products which should bring a considerable degree of peace of mind to the man of the house. First is a fire detection system that is simple but sound. It's an electric circuit that covers the house with detector heads at all important points. Each head contains a thermostatic switch which closes the circuit and keeps it closed when a dangerous temperature is reached. With the circuit closed, a gong rings good and loud, and all is saved. No. 2 is a rain alarm. Put it in the window and when the rain begins, one drop will break the paper loop that holds the bell. The bell swings out on a spring, makes plenty of noise, you close your windows and nothing gets wet. Recommended especially for heavy sleepers.

KEEPING TRACK. If you've recently made any drastic resolutions about reorganizing your domestic life in a methodical manner, we'd suggest two new memorandum books as worthy abettors of a worthy purpose. One of them – Dates to be Remembered – will keep you straight as to all future appointments, birthdays, etc. It lists all holidays and is arranged in a sensible, straightforward way with plenty of room for scribbling. The other, called Home Secretary, is for the homemaker of the household, affords her a convenient method of cataloging her errands, appointments, menus and shopping list. It also has a dollar and cents column where she can keep track of her daily purchases. Both are well-bound in leather, lettered in gold.

Ranger

SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER! To Make New Friends

SHAPE NO. 8
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
COMPLETE $1 Post-Paid

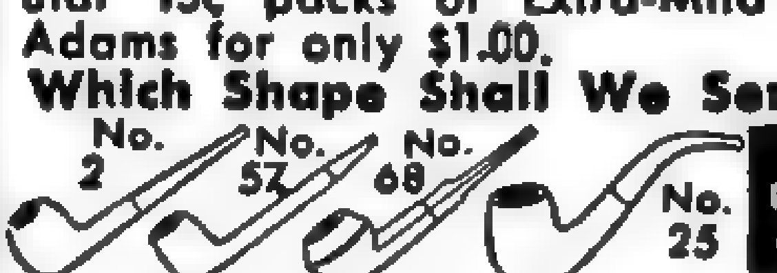
Genuine "SECONDS" of Regular $5 WALLY FRANK PIPES WITH TWO 15¢ PACKS OF COLONEL ADAMS TOBACCO

These pipes have slight surface imperfections—guaranteed not to impair their wonderful smoking qualities. Made from the finest Corsican Briar Root—dry-smoke filter — natural finish — no breaking in.

INTRODUCTORY COMBINATION BARGAIN!

To convince you of the mild, mellow, flavorful character of our famous Colonel Adams Tobacco, we want you to smoke it in a really GOOD pipe. That's why we make this bargain offer to you—1 Genuine "Second" of a regular $5.00 Wally Frank Pipe and 2 full sized regular 15¢ packs of Extra-Mild Colonel Adams for only $1.00.

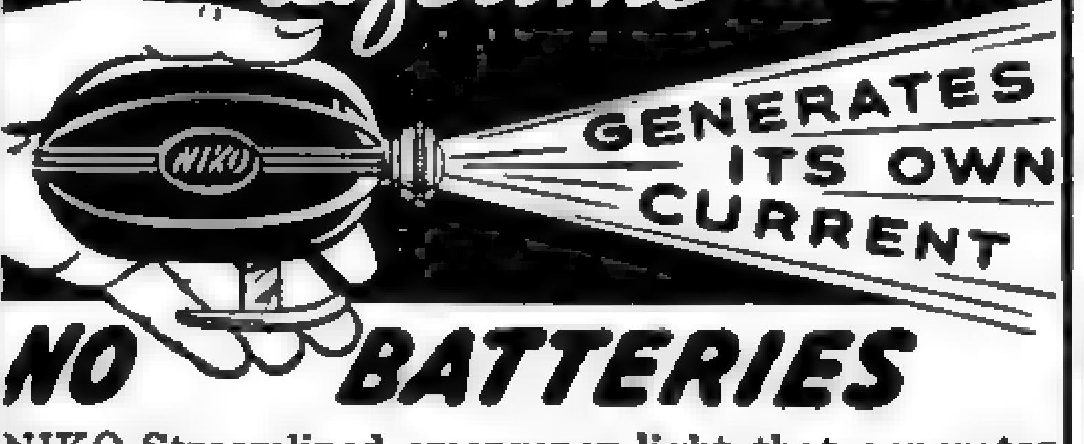
Which Shape Shall We Send You?



WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

WALLY FRANK, Ltd.
10 E. 45th St., New York, N.Y.-Dept. 36

NEW *Lifetime* LIGHT



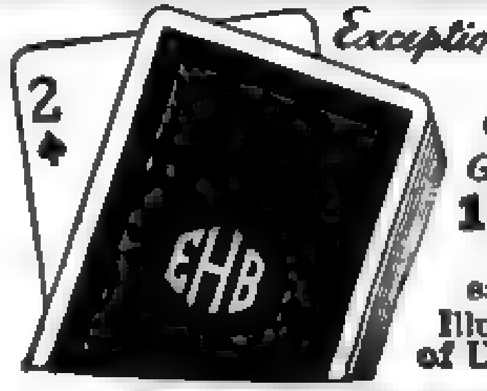
NO BATTERIES

NIKO Streamlined emergency light that generates its own current..gives an everlasting light. Eliminates troublesome, expensive, undependable batteries. Continuous press of the lever produces a blaze of light instantly! Long lasting. Does not deteriorate or depreciate. Modern TENITE case. Be ready for emergencies. Order today.

SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only $2.25 plus postage on arrival or send $2.25 and yours will be sent complete postpaid. Money back guarantee.

DEALERS WRITE US
NICOUD MANUFACTURING CO.
9 W. Illinois Street, Department 15, Chicago.

MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE CARDS



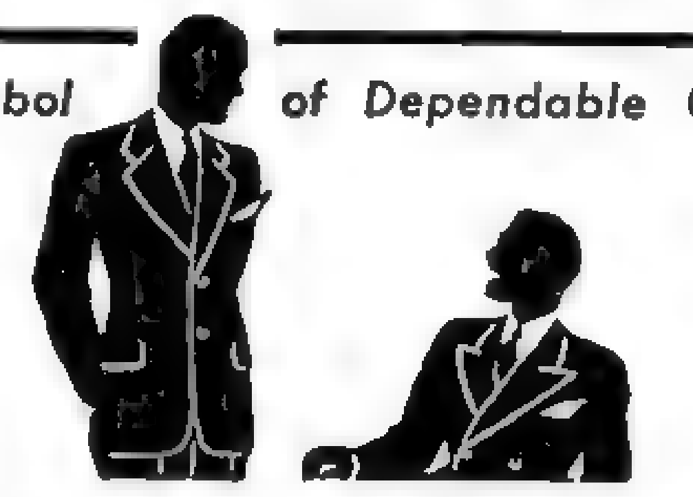
Exceptionally Fine Quality

CONTRASTING COLOR BACKS
GILDED EDGES
12 Decks $5.50
Orders shipped same day received
Illustrated Catalogue of Unusual Gifts FREE

2 DECKS $1.00 POST PAID

Send CHECK–MONEY ORDER or STAMPS
American Engraving & Ptg. Co., 1474 B'way, N.Y.

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



★SIMPSON CLOTHES

They Improve Your Appearance

★ In a suit or topcoat carefully cut and tailored to your special measurements, you'll put your best foot forward. You'll have "stage presence." Even your wife or sweetheart will see a new *you* . . . when *you* appear in SIMPSON individually tailored clothes.

For Spring and Summer you may choose from a most luxurious assortment of fine woolens. A Simpson representative skilled in measuring will call on you at your home or office to show you our full line of new Fabrics and Fashions.

Write today to Dept. E4 for your copy of the SIMPSON DIGEST of Fabrics and Fashions...an attractive, illustrated booklet in full color.

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

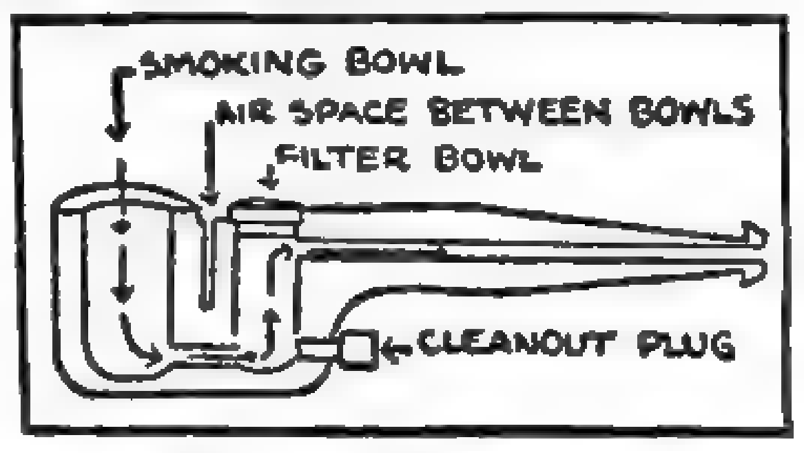
Display Rooms in Many Cities

No Bite! — No Juice!

from the guaranteed SEPRA-BOL PIPE

You will get undreamed of smoking pleasure from a SEPRA-BOL PIPE. It's guaranteed not to bite, smoke hot or get soggy. Start enjoying this handsome pipe now.

A new, exclusive two-bowl principle protects your health . . . adds to the rich tobacco flavor . . . and is easy to clean. No wasteful, gummy heel. No unpleasant odors . . . no metal. Doesn't cause heart-burn or upset digestion. A fine briar pipe endorsed by smokers everywhere. A gift appreciated by every smoker.



The smoke is filtered through your favorite tobacco so it is always cool and dry.

GUARANTEE

Purchase price plus postage refunded if you are not completely satisfied.

Ask your dealer or write for your SEPRA-BOL PIPE today.

Only $3.50 postpaid

SEPRA-BOL PIPE CO. Dept., E, 365 Central Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Ye Editor
BASS

"I'm a DARK ROOM WIDOW -THANKS TO YOUR !#$! Bargaingrams"

Thousands of men can't be wrong . . . assert yourself and send for your copy . . . show her the genuine BARGAINS and she'll be putty in your hands. No. 242 lists STILL CAMERA Bargains . . . No. 240 tells all about MOVIE Values . . . both are FREE.

Bass CAMERA CO.
DEPT. E, 179 W. MADISON, CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW Jiffy Jigger

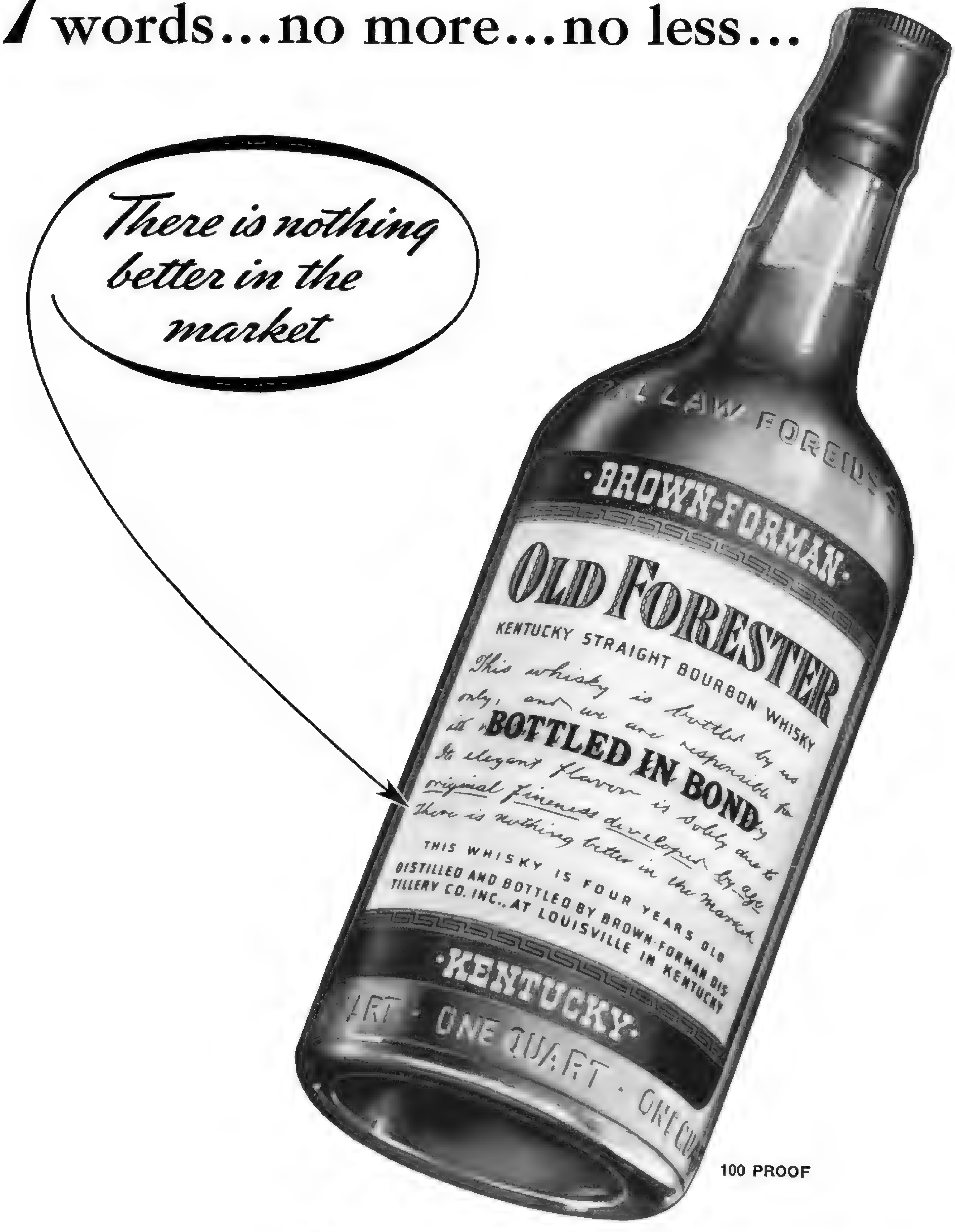
TRADE MARK REG.

AUTOMATICALLY MEASURES & POURS "a Jigger in a Jiffy"

Add the smart, professional touch to your home or office bar! Colorful JIFFY JIGGER fits any quart or pint bottle . . . automatically measures one ounce. Blue, red, ivory, green, orange, orchid. At leading stores . . . or send direct. Jiffy Jigger Mfg. Co., 15 S. E. 11th, Portland, Ore.

$1.00 POSTPAID IN GIFT BOX

7 words...no more...no less...


There is nothing better in the market
LAW FORBIDS
·BROWN-FORMAN·
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its
BOTTLED IN BOND
Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age
There is nothing better in the market
THIS WHISKY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
·KENTUCKY·
ONE QUART · ONE QUART · ONE QUART

100 PROOF

Famous OLD FORESTER

America's "Guest Whisky" Since 1870

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED, *At Louisville in Kentucky, Since 1870*

#3 of a series on the Readers of Esquire

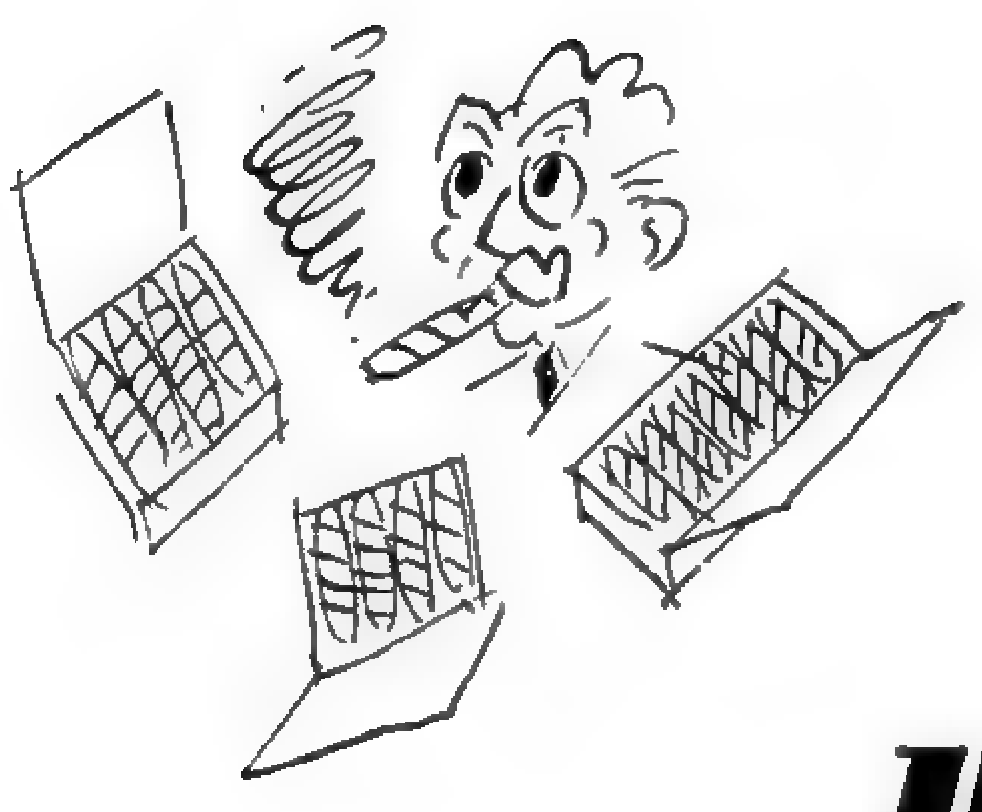
you have money to burn

Oh, yes, a lot of people smoke. But rare are the people who smoke—or, for that matter, eat, drink, enjoy their leisure and live life generally to the hilt—as do you. And, naturally. For you have *money to burn.* Which is not idle flattery—but cold fact—unearthed and supported by the results of a completely detached and independently tabulated study of a 20,000 cross-section of Esquire readers. Enjoying, as you do, an average income three times that of the average urban American you likewise spread-eagle all comers in smoking. Moreover, the records prove that you half-a-million readers of 50¢ Esquire are great shakes when it comes to influencing other people. Which makes you something of a grand prize package for all advertisers of tobacco to woo.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

you consume 238,000,000 packages of cigarettes annually

The "Esquire Quiz" proved that there are 710,000 men and women smokers in the 450,000 immediate Esquire homes consuming an average of 6.46 packages per week. Hence the over 238,000,000 (710,000 x 6.46 x 52) packages of cigarettes per year by the immediate market!

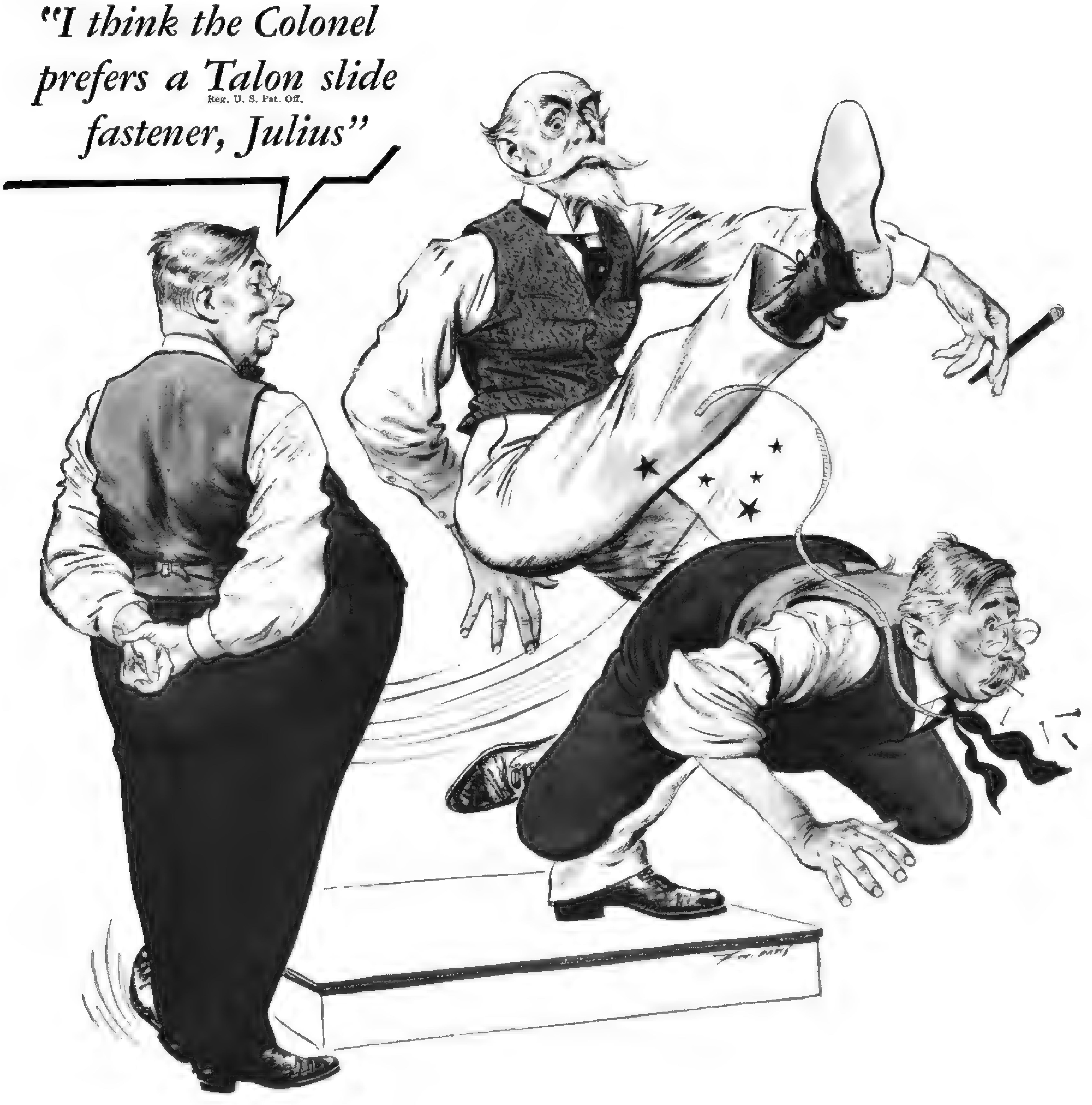


you spend $8,000,000 for cigars alone each year

In the immediate Esquire market, there are 100,000 cigar smokers, averaging 16.4 cigars per week at 9.4¢ each. This is an immediate cigar market of over $8,000,000 annually.

you smoke 728,900 ounces of tobacco each week

Employing the same brand of mathematics used to compute the foregoing paragraphs, it was proved that the immediate Esquire audience consumes 728,900 ounces of tobacco per week.


"I think the Colonel prefers a Talon slide fastener, Julius"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHOOPS . . . looks like the Colonel once got a pair of pants with a slide fastener that was not a TALON slide fastener.

Actually, there are thousands of other men who have had the same woeful experience . . . and who now take steps to protect themselves.

Forty-three of America's leading stores discovered this fact when each store questioned thousands of men.

More than 80% of those answering said there are bad as well as good slide fasteners.

To protect themselves, the vast majority want only the Talon slide fastener.

In fact, among those who have a preference, "Talon" is preferred over any other slide fastener by more than 70 to 1.

Moral:

Be guided by the experience of the majority.

When you buy trousers, always "take a second look" for the word "TALON" on the fastener. Then you're sure to avoid unreliable slide fasteners—sure to get the trouble-free, reliable Talon slide fastener.

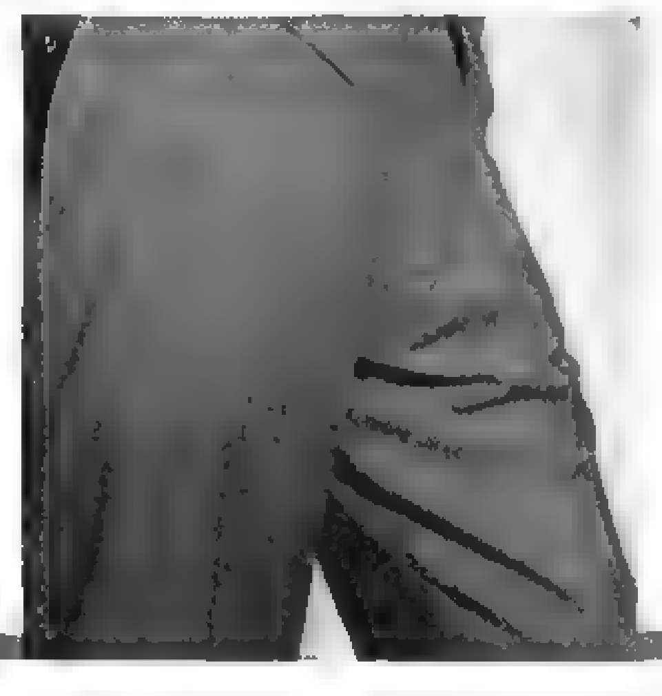
Because it's the dependable slide fastener—men prefer

"TALON" 70 to 1

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PROTECT yourself... Always look for "TALON" on the slide fastener when you buy trousers.

BEFORE Talon trouser fasteners, remember the offensive gaps often caused by the five old-fashioned fastenings?



NOW you're always well-groomed—always have the ease, security and permanency of the Talon slide fastener.

TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC. • MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Fresh Tidings

News (nuz.; 242) n.;
2. A report of a recent event; information about something before unknown; *fresh tidings;* recent intelligence.—Webster.

Today's News TODAY . . .
is brought to more than a million adults in over 400,000 of New York's better homes through the combined efforts of:
- The United Press
- The Associated Press
- The Chicago Daily News Foreign News Service
- And editorial staff of the New York World-Telegram

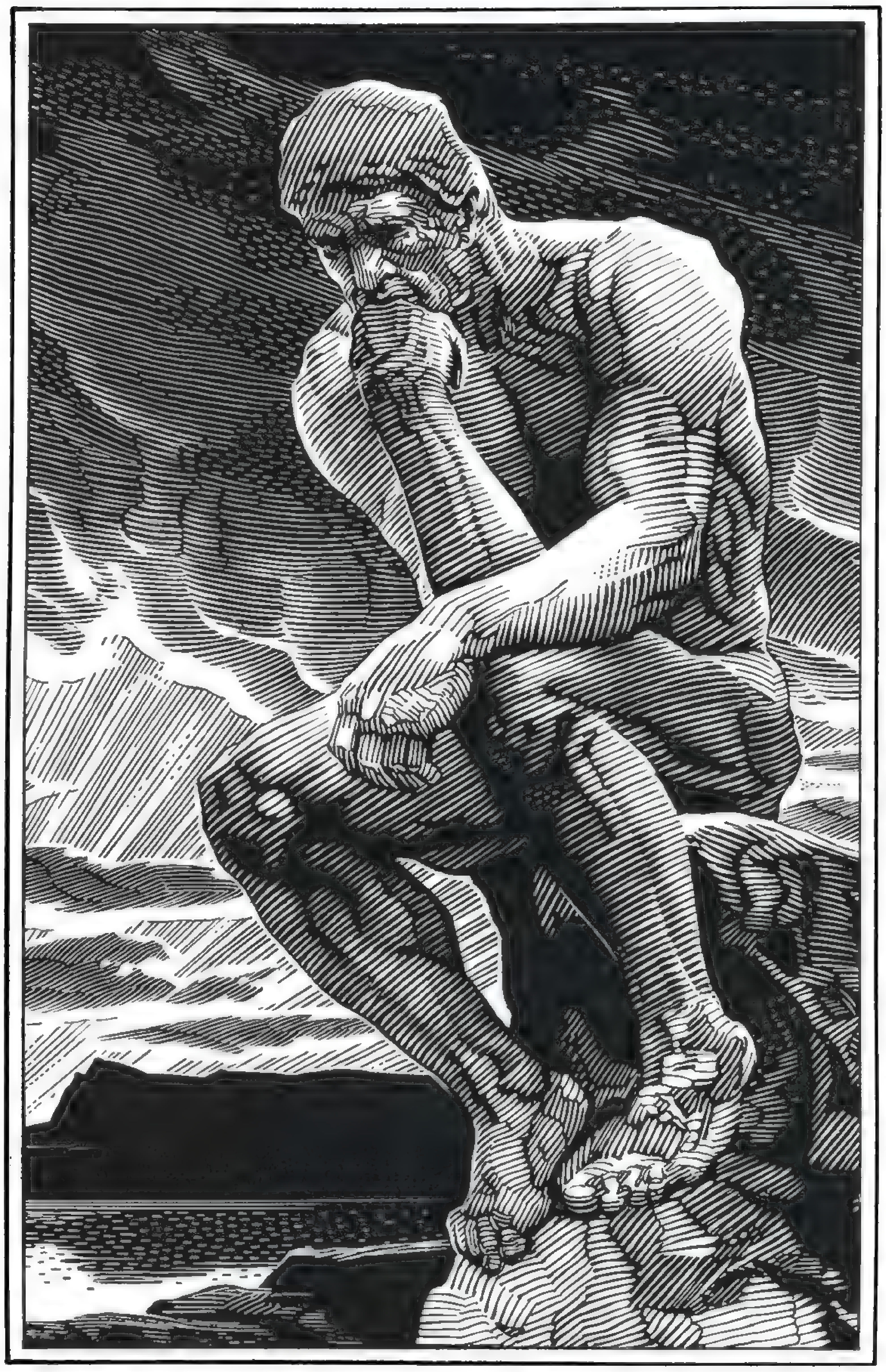
News from every corner of the earth . . . *news the minute it happens!* Wires that sizzle and crackle with the dramatics of today—wires that hum with the reports and dispatches of ace journalists and brilliant analysts. And news-wise editors who present the final facts—uncolored, unbiased. ★ The result? *For readers:* A down-to-the-minute conversation-ability based upon sound views, accurate news. *For the World-Telegram:* A loyal every evening audience of New York's *leadership* families.

New York World-Telegram

BY-OF-AND-FOR NEW YORKERS

A SCRIPPS HOWARD NEWSPAPER

PICTURE OF A MAN CROSSING A BRIDGE



We've all heard of that famous bridge—the one that some people try to cross before they get to it. Fret, Worry & Fear built it and did a bad job. It's wobbly... and it never gets anybody anywhere.

There's another bridge—Confidence—that is strongly engineered to carry heavy loads. Confidence sailed our pioneer forefathers across the turbulent Atlantic. Confidence helped our grandfathers extend the stubborn frontier—and made ours the strongest and most abundant land on Earth today. Confidence is ready now to take America further still.

Live Life.. Every golden minute of it.. Enjoy Budweiser.. Every golden drop of it.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

Makers of the World-Famous Beer

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT OFF

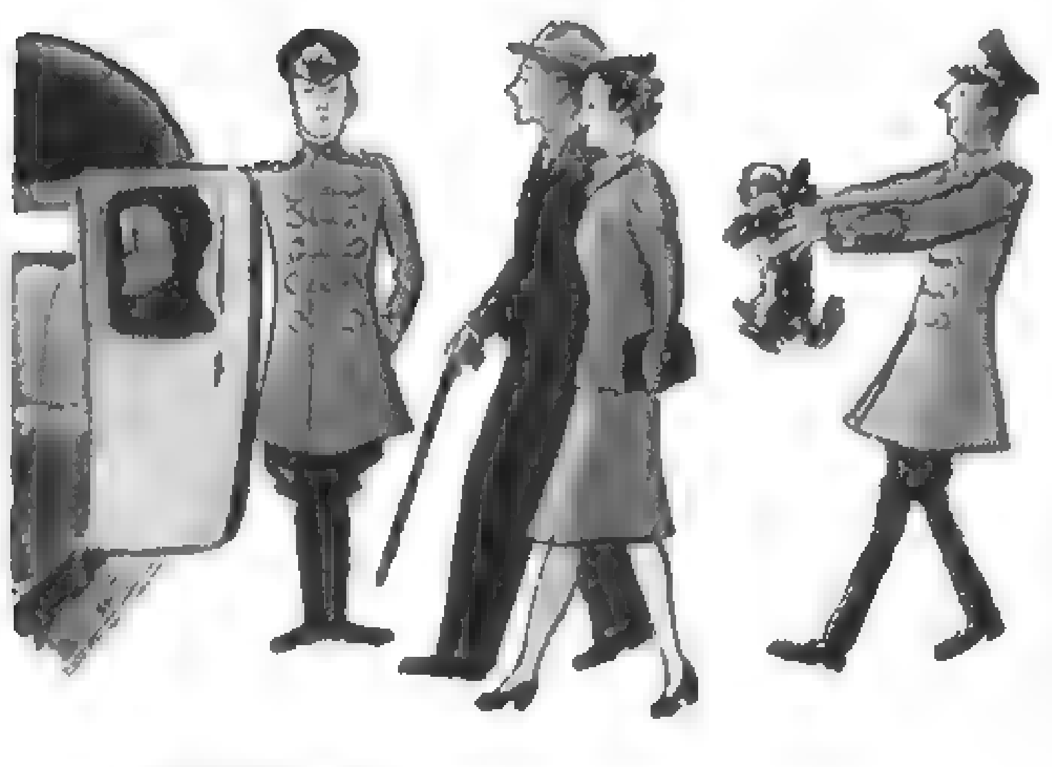
A Beverage of Moderation

TRADE MARK OF
ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

Budweiser
Budweiser Lager Beer

COPR. 1940 ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST LOUIS, MO.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



Travel SMART

carry

BANK *of* AMERICA
TRAVELERS
CHEQUES

Backed by the resources
of a billion dollar bank

Issued by Bank of America National Trust
and Savings Association, CALIFORNIA
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

London, England, Branch: 12 Nicholas Lane. London, E.C.4.

LE RESTAURANT
PAR EXCELLENCE
•
CUISINE FRANCAISE
•
LUNCHEON & DINNER

Champs-Elysées
N.Y.C.
25 EAST 40th ST.

Peerless Hors D'Oeuvres and Chicken Champs-Elysées • Finest Vintage Wines and Liquors • Air Conditioned.

COCKTAIL HOUR

The Favorite Beer
OF SMART CALIFORNIANS
brewed in OLD MEXICO
Takes NEW YORK
by storm...

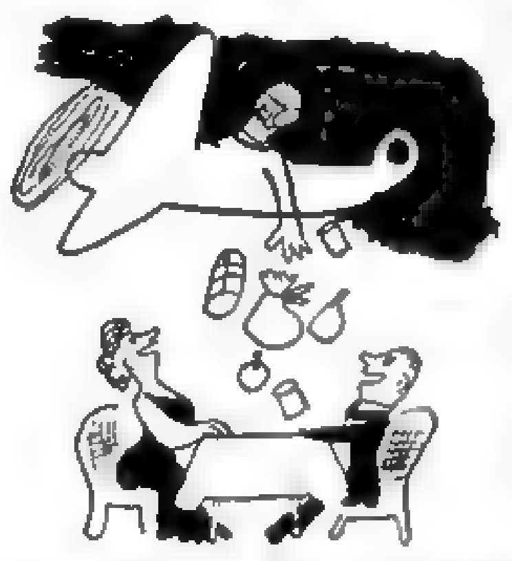
Properly aged in vats by one of the world's largest breweries.

It's delicious! A pilsener-type beer, smooth and creamy, delicate of flavor & bouquet.

CARTA BLANCA
"That famous BEER from old Mexico"

At all fine
Restaurants, hotels, nightclubs and grocers
Sole Agents: Monterrey Importing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Eastern Distributors: Briones & Co., Inc., New York

EVERYTHING'S
IN BLOOM IN THE
"APRIL-IN-PARIS" ROOM
WITH EDDIE DAVIS
N. Y's No 1 CAFE STAR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W 52 ST • NEW YORK



The classic sport of dinner-on-the-rove, each course at a different restaurant, was outdone by thousands of miles the other evening at the Courtenay Club (select nest of high-livers atop the Heckscher Building, Fifth Avenue & 57th) when plane-fetched foods were flown at without budging. The hot appetizer, consisting of river shrimplets in a mustardy sauce, had been prepared that morning in the kitchens of Arnaud's in New Orleans; and from the worshipful Antoine's of that city had come, in thermos, the Creole Gumbo Shushan. And from Florida the Smoked Sailfish Mornay (finnan haddie gone to heaven). And from the Mitla Restaurant in Mexico City the casserole of Wild Turkey. And from Havana the Coconut Glacé. Presumably if Homer's Troy were on the map today and you said the word to Air Shopping, Inc. which handles these little commissions, you could have Helen on Toast. Hot.

Troubled with table shortage for fourteen years, and finding that feeding cocktails to applicants only makes them hungrier, the proprietors of the Divan Parisien, 17 East 45th, have set up a counter attraction, the Champs Elysées, at 25 East 40. Just opened, this new place—larger—is quite a dish for the eye, schemed by Eugene and Lee Schoen. (They are the team that did the dining room of the Savoy-Plaza, the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room for Paul Whiteman's triumph there, and, to go back into history, the dining room of the *Leviathan* when that ship was modernized.) The dining room is burgundy-and-grayed with impressions of the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe and similar Parisiana, and ceiled in a glass textile of ecru gold upon which concealed lights play color changes. Walls are cozied with divans. The Bar, of strictly masculine mood, has confab seating arrangements under subdued light, with dramatic illumination upon the beverage counter itself, to remind you when you need a drink, in case you are that absent-minded.

Enthusiastic admirers of Jack White's shillalah-like wit are spared bodily harm when they dotingly come within range of his insults as dispensed in the wee hours at his "18 Club" on West 52nd Street, but that's about all the social security they can count on when he begins to lay about him, whanging one reputation and another, and even commenting on milady's hat and milord's paunch. It's a massacre, with Jack's two assistant and practically the entire *corps de service* joining in, and beauteous gal performers caught in the melee. By the time you are thrust out onto the sidewalk at 4:00 A.M., you are weak with madness and mirth.

Swiss cuisine of the finest, prepared by chef Hermann Rusch who ruled the pots at the Swiss Pavilion at the Fair, and served under the administration of Harry G. Pestalozzi who managed that restaurant, is now the good fortune of patrons in what used to be the Mandalay Room at Delmonico's. And Swiss wines such as red Dole de Sion. The *Délices* (creamy croquettes) of *Gruyère Cheese* are no misnomer.

Up Canada way in Quebec is one of the most original restaurants in North America—Au Lutin qui Bouffe ("The droll Imp that eats and drinks to his heart's content"), 753 rue Saint Gregoire. French-Irish-Canadian proprietor-chef McAbbie has four staples—frog's legs, filet mignon, steak, chicken. Small hors d'oeuvre, lest you blunt your appetite. Noble apple pie à la mode with rum flambé. Splendid cellar of wines. Walls adorned with paintings by waiters, for sale. McAbbie on furloughs from the stove entertains at the piano in his chef's regalia, while small white pig trots around as pet, destined for practical use.

The most expensive Cork in the world

This is a photograph of the most expensive Champagne cork that is manufactured. Its tight little core of compressed rubber is the best protection that has ever been devised against leaky bottles and flat wine. You will find this cork only in Ernest Irroy . . . just one more proof of the meticulous care for detail, the interest in perfection, which have given Ernest Irroy its high place among the great Champagne houses of France. . . . We think the 1928 Brut is unbeatable. The Carte d'Or Brut (non vintage) is excellent and less expensive than you probably think.

•

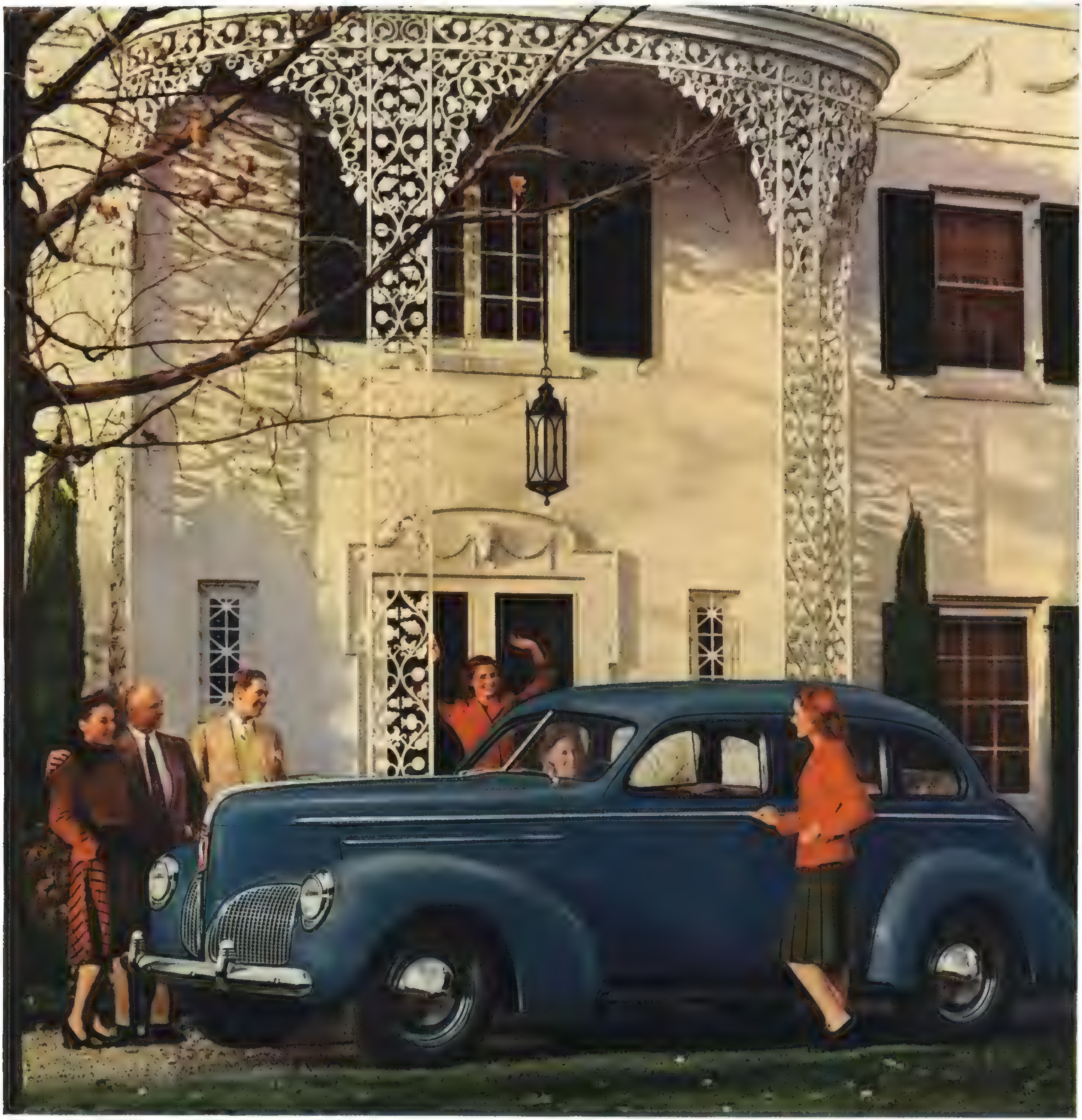
Champagne
Ernest IRROY
•
FRANK
SCHOONMAKER
& CO., INC.

New York • *Chicago* • *Detroit*

• Every comfort cleverly contrived to make your visit a success. The Savoy-Plaza is in the heart of the city. Theatres and fine Shops and Subway nearby.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVE., 58th to 59th STS., NEW YORK



Illustrated: Studebaker Commander Cruising Sedan, $965, delivered at factory

It's just as money-saving as it's handsome

YOUR pride in this distinctive new Studebaker Commander only begins with the envious looks it receives. You find you are actually paying less per mile for your Commander's safe, restful, luxurious transportation than many of your friends who own lowest price cars.

Yet, you enjoy this Commander's gas economy and low upkeep for little more a month than a Studebaker Champion, on which prices begin at $660, delivered at the factory, South Bend, Indiana. This Commander, with Studebaker's low-extra-cost overdrive, finished first, ahead of all cars, in this year's Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Sweepstakes. It averaged 24.72 miles per gallon of gasoline—winning not only the Sweepstakes trophy, but also first place in its price class.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and learn how easy it is for you to become a thrilled Commander owner, with your present car as part payment, on liberal C.I.T. terms.

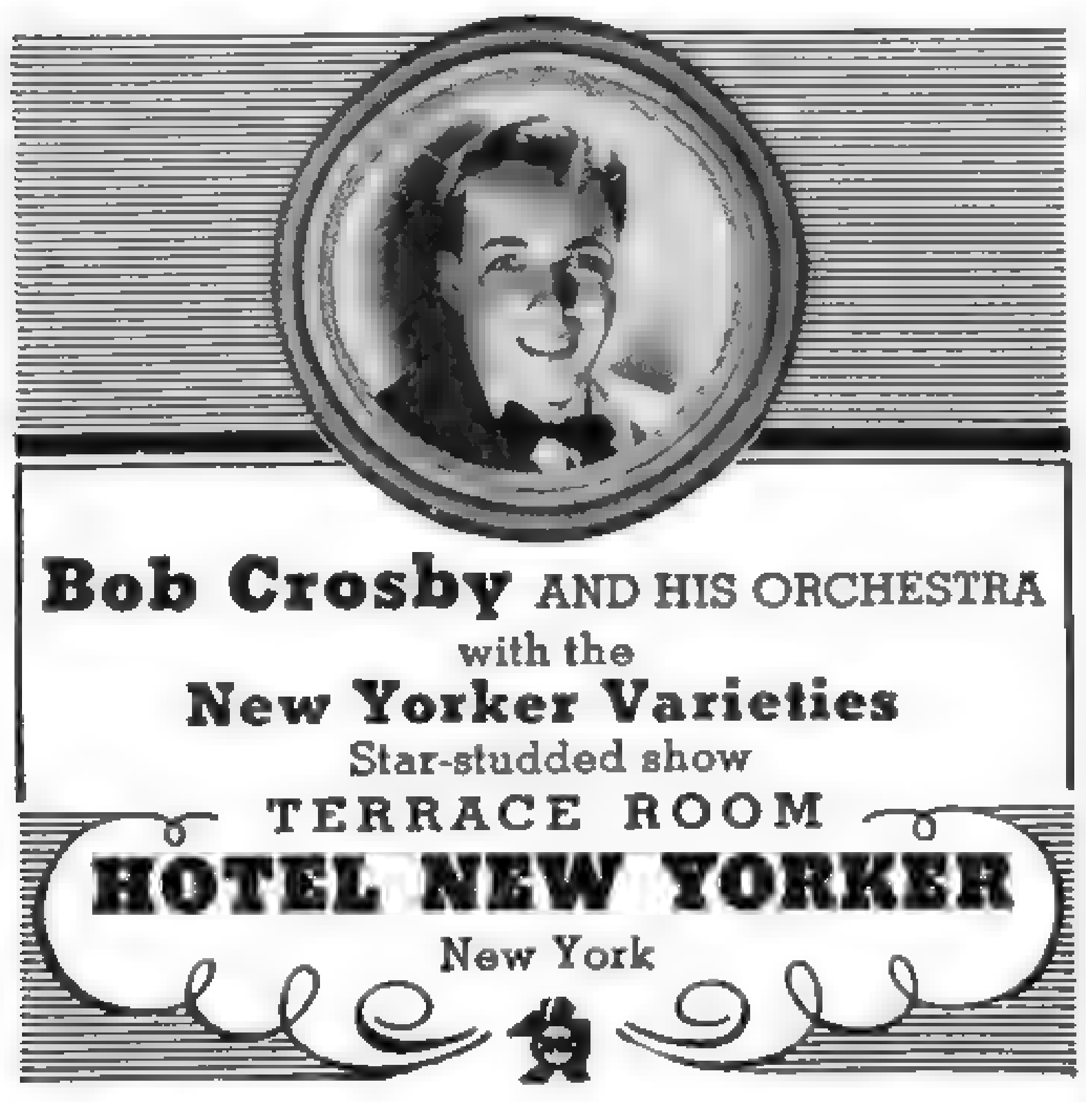
NEW 1940

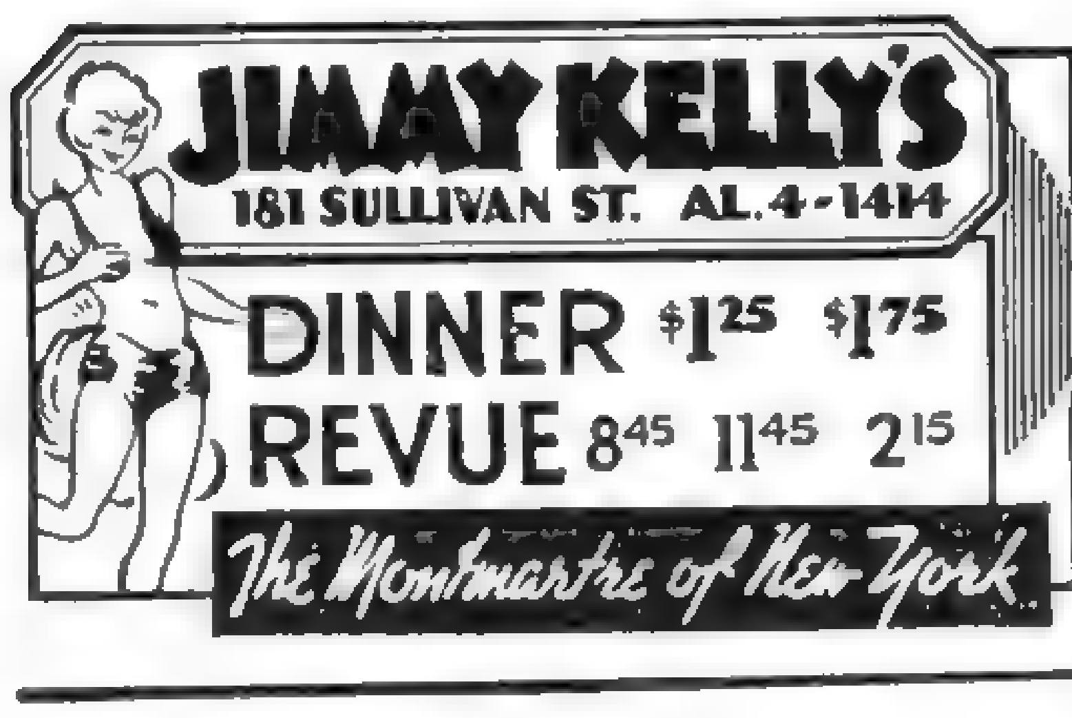
STUDEBAKER COMMANDER

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

BY APPOINTMENT
This mellow, golden gin makes the world's finest Martinis
Imported from England
BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS Distilled Dry Gin
100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS . . . 86 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD
FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
17 EAST 45th STREET • • MU 2-9223


Bob Crosby AND HIS ORCHESTRA
with the
New Yorker Varieties
Star-studded show
TERRACE ROOM
HOTEL NEW YORKER
New York


JIMMY KELLY'S
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL. 4-1414
DINNER $1.25 $1.75
REVUE 8.45 11.45 2.15
The Montmartre of New York

If he could spare the time, patriot Paul Revere, muraled in his room at the Hotel Lexington (Lex & 48th), would do well to drop belowdecks for a peek at the seemingly unstoppable Hawaiian charm-stuff that has been going on ever since the first cocoanut was rolled into this hostelry nearly three years ago. Lani McIntire and his string-twingers have been purveying the dance rhythms of late, with honey-complected Hawaiian bare-footies weaving hands and hips hither and yon. And now manager Charley Rochester, just back from the Islands, is about to stage a fresh batch of exotical, maestroed by Ray Kinney who started it all.

S. Gregory Taylor's sky-poaching St. Moritz, whose front yard is Central Park, continues the theme of its Round-the-World Bar by having as its orchestra leader Eddie Varzos, possessed of a round-the-world musical style. If you're craving primitive Congas, he's got them. Ditto sophisticated fox-trots. And Viennese waltzes. On top of which, he's a bang-up violinist, giving out gypsy romance and pyrotechnics while you toy with the viands of maitre Nino. Consequently the Café de la Paix is no social error for any pleasuregoer. On the score of niceties a Hollywoodsman would give it four bells.

Murray Hillbillies on the trail of Daiquiris and suchlike have discovered that No. 10 Park Avenue has a little bar around the corner through which the main dining room can be sneaked up on unhurriedly. Hence certain neighborhood rites at luncheon time and around sunset. The eating salle itself is an attractive affair spotted with framed feathered friends of Mr. Audubon—possibly the inspiration for the Boned Spring Chicken Maryland (breaded and fried) with bacon and corn fritter, but no clue as to the equally satisfactory Filet Mignon. Music and entertainment are solely of the chin variety.

The Old English way of making ends meet is demonstrated, and put to customer use, nightly at Leon and Eddie's under the title of "Boops-a-Daisy." It's a dance which has real impact, almost as corporal as Mr. Davis's ditties . . . Five o'clock datemen in the Grand Central zone seem to have pretty well adopted the timepiece in the Biltmore cocktail lounge as their lodestar. Presiding violinist Joska de Barbary, who for five years has fiddled while they fingered glasses, deserves a medal for the amount of romance he has fostered. And you don't have to go to Washington to meet your Congressman: he's right in the Men's Bar . . . Maria Lopez, the whistling comedienne from Guadalojara, Mexico, is held over and held over at El Chico by general clamor of the customers. She's got looks, she's got sauciness, she's got everything . . . Glitter gaiety at the Belmont Plaza's Glass Hat proceeds apace with music dispensed by accordion-dithering Basil Fomeen and his hombres, with a varied program of entertainers . . . Free coaching in chopstick technique, with swell materials to go at, is available, on the 20th of each month, at the special dinners held at the Port Arthur Restaurant in Chinatown under the auspices of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China . . . Friday noon is bouillabaisse time at the McAlpin, Broadway and 34th . . . Fred Armour's Nine O'Clock Club has been inveigled into playing false to its name. Now opens at seven for dinner . . . Rockefeller Center now has twenty-seven different restaurants in it, the big glutton . . . The Barclay Bar, Forty-ninth just West of Lex, doesn't seem to have shed any of its lure and snugness, judging by the late afternoon and late-ish evening flockage toward it by persons with heart or business problems to discuss in its soft coppery glow. Genteel quiet, but nary a doldrum.

AH-HE'S DISCOVERED THAT AROMATIC LONDON DOCK TOBACCO!
The biggest fish you ever caught won't give you near the thrill that you'll get from your first pipeful of London Dock. America's finest *aromatic* tobacco is in a class by itself for real smoking pleasure. It's a sportsman's blend that gives you a bowlful of satisfaction — and pleases the fair sex, too. At your tobacconist — or send 10c for a liberal sample to . . .
128 Delmar Bl.
St. Louis, Mo.
London Dock
Aromatic
SMOKING MIXTURE
Export Foil Package 40¢
POUND PACKAGE $3.00
Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

MIKE FRITZEL & JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
CHICAGO
SMART ENTERTAINMENT
SUPERB DINNERS
DELIGHTFUL DANCING

MYERS'S RUM
"Planters' Punch" BRAND
100% Fine Old Jamaica
All 8 Years Old
—97 Proof
Free Recipe book from
U. S. A. Agents
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
New York
Dept. F4

AN OLD FASHIONED APPLEJACK
You'll Enjoy
OLD SPEAS
BRAND
APPLE BRANDY
90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
SPEAS COMPANY
SEBASTOPOL • CALIF.
ESTABLISHED 1888
AT ALL LIQUOR STORES

Exclusive new Knox fashion color

In all Spring styles $5 • $6 • $7⁵⁰ • $10

KNOX HATS

Knox The Hatter • 452 Fifth Avenue • New York

"Ming Jade" is now being featured by the Knox hatter in your community

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Alexander Laing

Alexander Laing attended Dartmouth College with the Class of 1925, but a change in basic interest from electrical engineering to poetry and rebellion made the technicality of graduation seem an unworthy compromise at the time. He worked in Wall Street, then became a seaman. Jobs in advertising were punctuated by more seafaring. In 1928 Doubleday published a book of his poems, *Fool's Errand.* And two years later came a first novel, *End of Roaming.* Laing returned to Dartmouth as a tutorial adviser in the English department, made up for past sins and completed work for a degree. In 1933 appeared *The Sea Witch.* During the following two years a Guggenheim Fellowship took him to London, Singapore and Honolulu to work on a book concerning the migrations of Polynesians. He returned to Dartmouth as Assistant Librarian and wrote several mystery books, including *The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck* and the *Dr. Scarlett* yarns. He is twice married, has no children. He browses in first sources of the life of other periods, such as produced materials for *Struggle Over Starko-Barko.*

•

Len Zinberg did a stretch for Columbia pictures last fall, which, he said, "was very interesting and enjoyable as far as I was concerned—although I don't think I can say the same for Columbia." His stories have run in many magazines, including this one (*A Peaceful Death*, January, '38). His current contribution is *The Flat-footed Angel*, page 63.

Len Zinberg

•

Roderick Lull (*The Birthday Party*, page 78) is editor of an industrial magazine, has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Story*, *The American Mercury* and many little magazines.

•

William F. McDermott, author of *First Aid to Motorists* was once police reporter for the *Kansas City Star*. After covering murders, etc., for a year, he decided to enter the ministry. He came to Chicago, and, already having his A. B. degree, took three years' theological training and two years' post-graduate sociology. He has since combined newspaper reporting and promotion with church work, mostly in institutional centers and foreign-speaking neighborhoods. He writes on public welfare and sociological topics, also serves as religious editor of *The Daily News*. He says he keeps his nose to the grindstone and likes it. He believes every preacher should serve at least one year as a newspaper reporter.

William F. McDermott

•

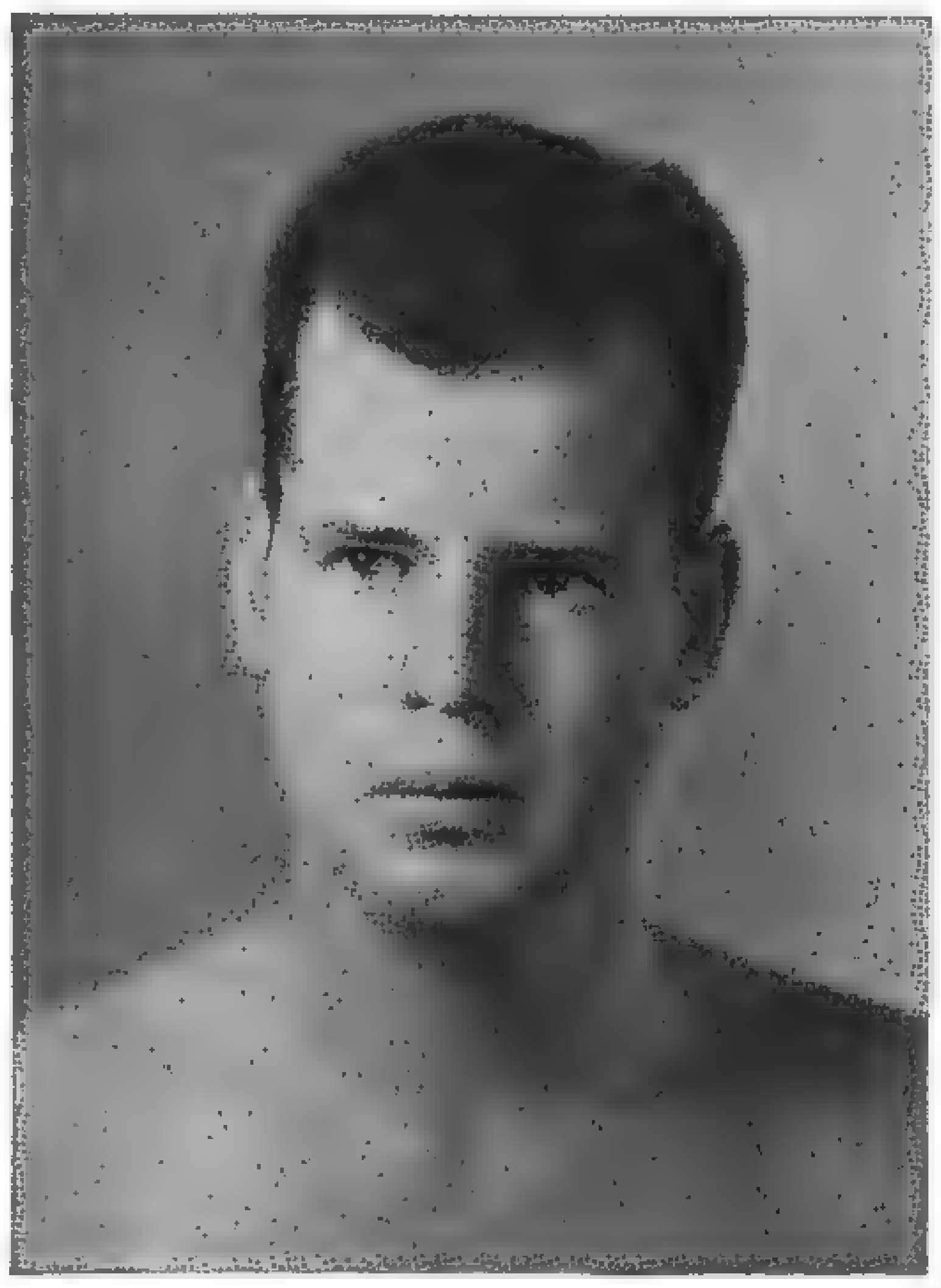
Most of William McFee's earlier works were written in the stateroom of a banana liner somewhere between New York and the Spanish Main. McFee was Chief Engineer of the ship. English to the core, McFee claims to know more about the American Constitution than most Americans. So far *Aliens* is his closest approach to an American novel. His most outstanding book is *The Harbourmaster*, his most recent, *The Beachcomber* and *Derelicts*. His contribution to this issue is *Donald McKay of the Clippers.*

•

William Stephens (*What Makes an American Beauty?* page 35) was born in Utah in 1896 and has lived in various parts of the United States, Mexico and Europe. After serving on the Boxcar Front with the A. E. F. (*40 Hommes ou 8 Chevaux*) he remained for awhile in Europe. Returning to the United States, he went into newspaper work, was reporter or editor for various newspapers, including the Gary, Ind., *Post-Tribune* and the East Chicago, Ind., *Calumet News.* He lives in Chicago, is married and the father of three children. Mr. Stephens has contributed poems, stories and articles to *Coronet*, *Poetry*, *Common Sense*, *The Forum*, *The New Republic* and other magazines, and to Selden Rodman's *A New Anthology of Modern Poetry.* He joined the editorial staff of Esquire in 1937, is head manuscript reader and poetry editor for Esquire and Coronet.

•

Writing from Tortola, in the British Virgin Islands, Robb White says: "The most interesting event of my first thirty years was a girl named Rodie Mason who had courage enough to give up the life of Reilly and go off with a guy who had four hundred dollars and some ideas. These two landed in the Virgin Islands, the proud owners of one uninhabited island complete with palms, beaches and eight acres of land, for which they paid the round sum of $60.00. There, in an open shed ten feet from the sea, they set up housekeeping and began working out some of the ideas. When these paid off, Rodie and this guy began building a concrete (for hurricanes) house on top of their island. When the house was finished they remembered that they were married and should be dealing with the gloomy problems of newlyweds but they had to eat first which meant Rodie in the garden or off in the sailboat with this fellow to fish, trap goats, collect gull eggs, and catch lobsters. By the time they got on their feet they had been married too long to be bothered with it and so set to work to build a boat." All this is the basis of Robb White's article, page 38, entitled *Found: One Paradise for Two.*



Robb White

Robert Henderson

Robert Henderson grew up in Chicago, went to the University of Illinois, and when he graduated, in 1928, returned to take a Master's degree and to teach. He taught English, and later, speech and dramatics. He began to do some writing, and had several short stories and a novel published. In 1936 he went to New York, where, he says, he "had a few harrowing but instructive experiences trying to get along by means of odd bits of tutoring, ghost writing, and so on." At the moment he is on the staff of the *New Yorker.*

•

Some question on sport suggested *For the Love of Speed* to Harold Hart. Apart from a lusty curiosity as to the facts, he was intensely intrigued by the research problem involved. He had to rewrite the story several times—every time Eyston broke another record. He is thirty-five, got his B. A. at Columbia, Ll. B. at St. John's School of Law, Brooklyn, N. Y., and practiced law three years before getting into writing as a profession. He works for the New York Post and Publishers Service Company as puzzle expert and contest creator, supplying puzzles for newspaper campaigns. *Invitation to Fun*, a collection of his puzzles, was published by Frederick Stokes last October.

Harold Hart

Try a wee bit o' the whisky that's "Gentle as a Lamb"

A NOBLE SCOTCH
"Gentle as a Lamb"
A NOBLE SCOTCH
GENTLE AS A LAMB
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
EIGHT YEARS OLD

Just a wee bit o' Old Angus is sufficient to prove to you its superior taste and smooth liqueur quality. Try it tonight and see how whole-heartedly you agree with those canny thousands, at home and abroad, who regularly call for this great Scotch whisky!

OLD ANGUS

Liqueur

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

COPYRIGHT 1939 • *NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION* • *NEW YORK, N. Y.* 86 Proof

Your Guide To NATIONAL DISTILLERS **Good Liquors**

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

INSIST ON

PIPER-HEIDSIECK

Champagne

"NOTHING LESS WILL DO"

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.

CAFÉ Louis XIV

NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON PRIX FIXE $1.50
PRE-THEATRE DINNER $2.00
15 WEST 49th STREET, IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

The Lovely

Hildegarde

International Chanteuse

AFTER THE THEATRE in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

BOB GRANT

and his Orchestra

THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DANCING Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday

SAVOY-PLAZA

FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th Streets, NEW YORK

For a small spot, the Club Gaucho (our taxi man insisted on calling it the "Club Groucho"), down Village way at 245 Sullivan, manages to crowd a lot of popularity into itself, thanks largely to the personality of host Pedro who seems to be running a continuous party rather than a dance restaurant. Guests hail the waiters by name, the bartender doesn't need to be told, and the musicians of the small but good orchestra, entitled Los Gauchos, swap nods with the dancers. The entertainers do their colorful stuff right in the family circle

Smörgasbord ritual as performed in its purity at the Kungsholm (142 East 55th) involves two forays and three drinks. First a cocktail, such as the mysteriously insidious "Scarlet O'Hara," in honor of the unfolding of your napkin. Then a raiding expedition devoted to fish items exclusively — washed down with Aquavit. Second raid: pressed and jellied meats, salads, hot meat-balls, and other goodies and notions — washed down with Scandinavian beer. For subsequent events you're on your own, but if you're canny you'll not overlook the Roast Duckling with prunes which arrives like a carnival float and is wonderfully unharmed by a bottle of Chateau Margaux 1924 (grand year); nor the Swedish Crepes Suzette, jam-filled. Indeed, the 20-year-old brandy you finish up with finds itself in excellent company.

Broadway is still astonished at the suavity and out-and-out graciousness that prevail at the Beachcomber (Winter Garden Theatre Building), with Park Avenue coming over to learn something. These soft-spoken, silent-moving Oriental waiters act as though your heart's desire were their breath of life, and the chefs in the kitchen seem to administer a fond touch to anything they concoct. But the Bar is the chief source of wizardry, doing things with rum that your earnest reporter's lips never smacked the like of before. Certainly you don't find Demerara Swizzles equal to the ones prepared here anywhere else short of British Guiana. As for the eerie-flaming Kona Coffee Grog, it's the prize topper-offer, consisting of Hawaiian coffee in matting-sheathed glasses, doused with a blue bonfire of assorted rums and lemon peels — putting the Congarumba Band to some trouble to outdo it in heat.

Offhand, one would suppose that an appetizer consisting of cold sliced *paté* of Canadian Hare (zounds, how good!) called for Sherry as its escort. But our captain at the Restaurant Crillon (277 Park Ave.) was a man of ideas, as is apt to be the case with the personnel of this establishment. "May I suggest White Port?" he murmured. And what a suggestion *that* proved to be!—the wine golden and well chilled. After which, a flavorful Consommé Xavier ushered us to Scotch Ham Steak encased in piecrust, with a bottle of red Hermitage 1929 whose bouquet seemed to glow; followed by a cool *macedoine* (cut-up medley) of fruits, baptized with Kirsch. Truly they put knowledge into you in their deferential way, these Crillon people.

Lamenters of the fact that there won't be any Roumanian Pavilion at the Fair this year, can take quite a crumb of comfort in knowing that the star attraction of that exhibit, the demon Pan-pipe player, Georges ("Satan") Stefanescu, is now to be heard and seen at the Casino Russe, 157 West 56th. A wooden edition of spare-ribs, this archaic instrument he performs on is one of three in use in the world today, and he's some user of it, giving us a notion of how ye goat-limbed satyrs of old did business. In addition, the Casino has a full-fledged Russian revue, with camp-fire scenes and everything. And authentic Russian food of the pre-Lenin sort.

CALL FOR THIS

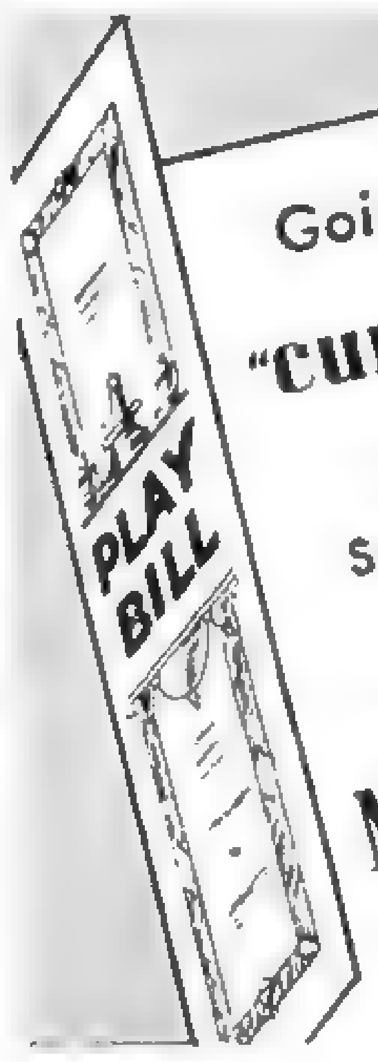
"Tropical Treat from Puerto Rico!"

Try Don Q Rum in your Daiquiri, Rum and Soda, Rum and Ginger Ale, Cuba Libre, or any other rum drink!
WHITE LABEL *for cocktails*
GOLD LABEL *for tall drinks*

PRODUCT OF DESTILERIA SERRALLES INC. PONCE, PUERTO RICO

Don Q PUERTO RICAN Rum

86 PROOF
National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.



Going to Theatre?
Enjoy a
"CURTAIN DINNER"
from $1.75
7 to 8:30 nightly
Served to get you there on time
The SHERRY NETHERLAND
Fifth Avenue at 59th St.
"Where the Park Begins"

JACQUES
French Restaurant
WHEN IN CHICAGO
Try Our Tasty Dishes
900 N. MICHIGAN

Ocean-Clear LOBSTERS

World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

RIVER HOUSE

THE PONTIAC

"Torpedo" Coupe

Owned by

MRS. WILLIAM
RHINELANDER STEWART
of NEW YORK CITY

WHO SAYS THERE'S *Nothing* new under the sun?

PHOTOGRAPH BY MURAY AT THE STEWART RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK

*Illustrating the "Torpedo" Eight Sport Coupe $1016**

NOTHING NEW under the sun? *There is* in motor cars! A new car and a new style—a striking new departure from staid design that adds a wealth of charm and a world of individuality to your motoring!

If you've already seen it, you already know . . . it's the Pontiac "Torpedo," the car in which the best of the past meets the best of the future. It's the kind of a car that makes motoring a gay, thrilling adventure again. It makes you feel better *all over* to handle this big, handsome, smartly-finished, power-packed thoroughbred.

Don't let anything keep you from seeing and driving a "Torpedo" before making your 1940 motor car purchase. Judging from sales so far—*and who the people are that are buying* "*Torpedoes*"—there was a big and important waiting list for a stunning new luxury-patterned *fine car of low price* like this!

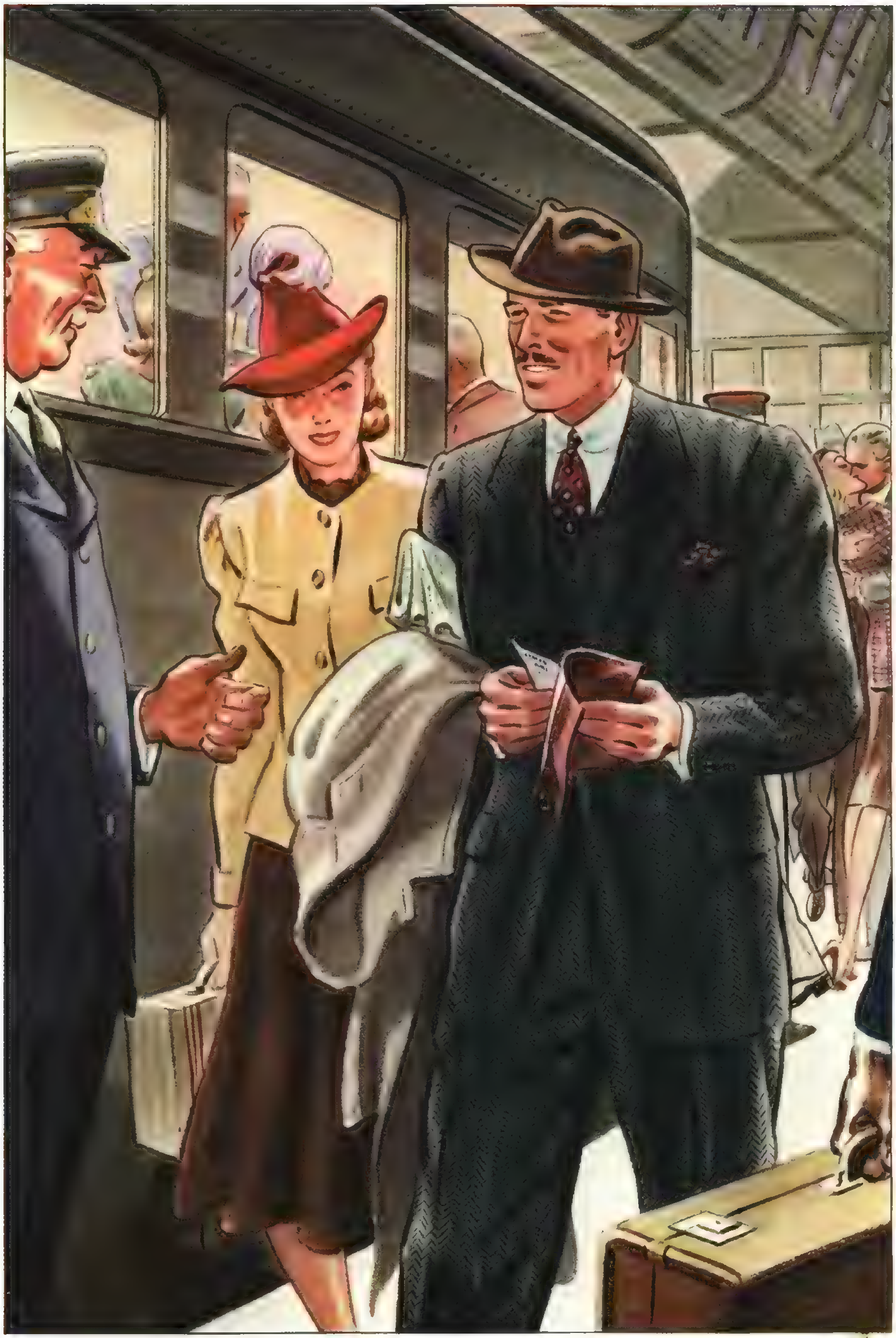
$1016 *and up for "Torpedo" models *delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Other Pontiac prices start as low as $783. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white sidewall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors terms to suit your purse.*

Pontiac

"TORPEDO" EIGHT

PONTIAC FOR PRIDE AND PERFORMANCE

Go places WITH CLOTHES THAT DO THINGS FOR YOU!



Triple Test Worsteds

—by Hart Schaffner & Marx, *do* do things for you because they look like clothes that cost a lot more.

Keeping somewhat in the mood of the railroad scene above, we might say that, whatever your station in life, being well-dressed is an express way to improve it. To men who are training themselves for better things, and particularly to those who operate on a limited budget, we recommend a suit of Triple Test Worsted.

This great suit was engineered to meet the three most important tests most men apply to any suit before they ultimately decide to buy it—is it styled right, is its quality top-notch, is it a good value?

Made of fine all-wool fabrics, tailored by expert craftsmen, Triple Test is truly a quality suit by any standard of comparison—and a sensational suit by the standard of price. See it today—at the store in your town that features

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look For ... *A Big Thing to Find*

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

What Makes an American Beauty?

And/or are the prettiest girls more often found in Montana or Texas or where have you been?

by WILLIAM STEPHENS

• ARTICLE •

After extensive and enthusiastic observation and subsequent soul-searchings (on account of my wife), I want to direct attention to a remarkable feature of the American landscape: In proportion to population, at a rough estimate, there are more pretty and even beautiful girls and women in these United States than in any other environment where men and women foregather and indulge in presumably mutual admiration.

Don't get me wrong. This is not community cheer leading for Clean-Up and Paint-Up Week. The American woman, with her misguided passion for buttermilk baths and complicated facial tortures, takes care of that angle. I am not Broadwayishly glorifying the American Girl. Nor am I, on her behalf, succumbing to the hothouse glamour and the magnavox mentality of Hollywood or reverting to ancestral Yankee bumptiousness.

I state what I consider to be a fact, and offer my incontrovertible evidence:

Use your eyes.

Not only are there more pretty women in America—there is a definitely American type. We'll go into that presently.

Statistics are not available to prove, to the confusion of patriotic doubts northward, southward and overseas, my contention that beautiful women are proportionately more numerous in the United States than elsewhere. Beauty, as Keats asserted and as sculptors and painters from the Greeks to Maillol have demonstrated, may be a joy forever. But it also resides in the eye of the beholder—conceptions of what is or is not beautiful may differ as much as the individual or fashionable preferences they express. But, given its wide variety of types, practically all of which are represented in this country, Western civilization has reached pretty generally accepted standards of feminine loveliness.

It is in this branch of aesthetics, in fact, that appreciation is most usual and most nearly unanimous—as Randolph Bourne indicated in 1915 when, reviewing Theodore Dreiser's "*The Genius*," he remarked that in the American hinterland of that time almost the only beauty young Eugene Witla could find to study was the beauty of women. Even then, and out in the sticks, America was doing its level best for what our grandfathers used to call "female pulchritude." Pertinent (or impertinent) use of one's eyes today should convince everyone but confirmed skeptics or the occasional Strindberg or Schopenhauer misogynist that numerically, at least, American lovelies would win easily in any really bang-up international beauty contest.

That is practically what American beauties were doing at the *Folies-Bergère* before France found it necessary to man the Maginot Line and plunge Paris into blackouts. At a certain climactic point in that pleasant institution's performances a "beauty parade of nations" was exhibited in which each carefully chosen showgirl represented her different country of origin. The last, because most impressive, place in the lineup was reserved (out of typically Gallic patriotic motives, I suppose) for—mademoiselle representing La Belle France.

But no matter what the disposition of other nationalities, the next-to-last place, just before the beautiful *Parisienne's* grand finale, was invariably allotted to a stunning American girl representing the undoubted beauty of the women of the United States, which Paris was pleased to celebrate.

From the *Folies-Bergère*, that was an accolade.

Making due allowance for international courtesy, note, too, that visiting Europeans are more apt to express a lively enthusiasm for the beauty of American women than they are to become excited about our familiar skyscrapers or our streamlined production processes. Or they were before war reduced transatlantic travel, even when they were also voicing uncomplimentary notions about our women's supposed domination of American men or their libelously reputed lack of sophistication in love.

What is less true, then, of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Berlin, Moscow, Copenhagen, Oslo, Ottawa, Mexico City, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, is more true of Boston, New York, Washington, New Orleans, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle. In the central districts of any large American city and many small ones you will find it difficult to walk farther than a block in any direction without encountering several unusually pretty women and at least one beautiful one.

From the above European "minus-list" I omit Stockholm, Vienna and, with less assurance, Bucharest (I do not personally care for the lush and, to me, rather insipid charm of Roumanian beauties). Swedish and Austrian women are noted for their cool or vivacious loveliness. But I beg leave to doubt that pretty women are as common in Stockholm as they are on Park Avenue, Manhattan. And I wonder whether Viennese beauty can have survived the rigors of totalitarian subjection?

To the American "plus-list" I add, with a certain active skepticism, Helena, Montana; Dallas, Texas, and the plaster and stucco purlieus of Hollywood, California. Texas generally and Dallas in particular claim to have furnished Hollywood with so many Lone-Starred lovelies that if Mexico were suddenly to reconquer its lost territory the West Coast producers would have to fall back in desperation on newer and probably lesser

Continued in center of page 142

"She says there's a gentleman on his way up—do we know a gentleman?"

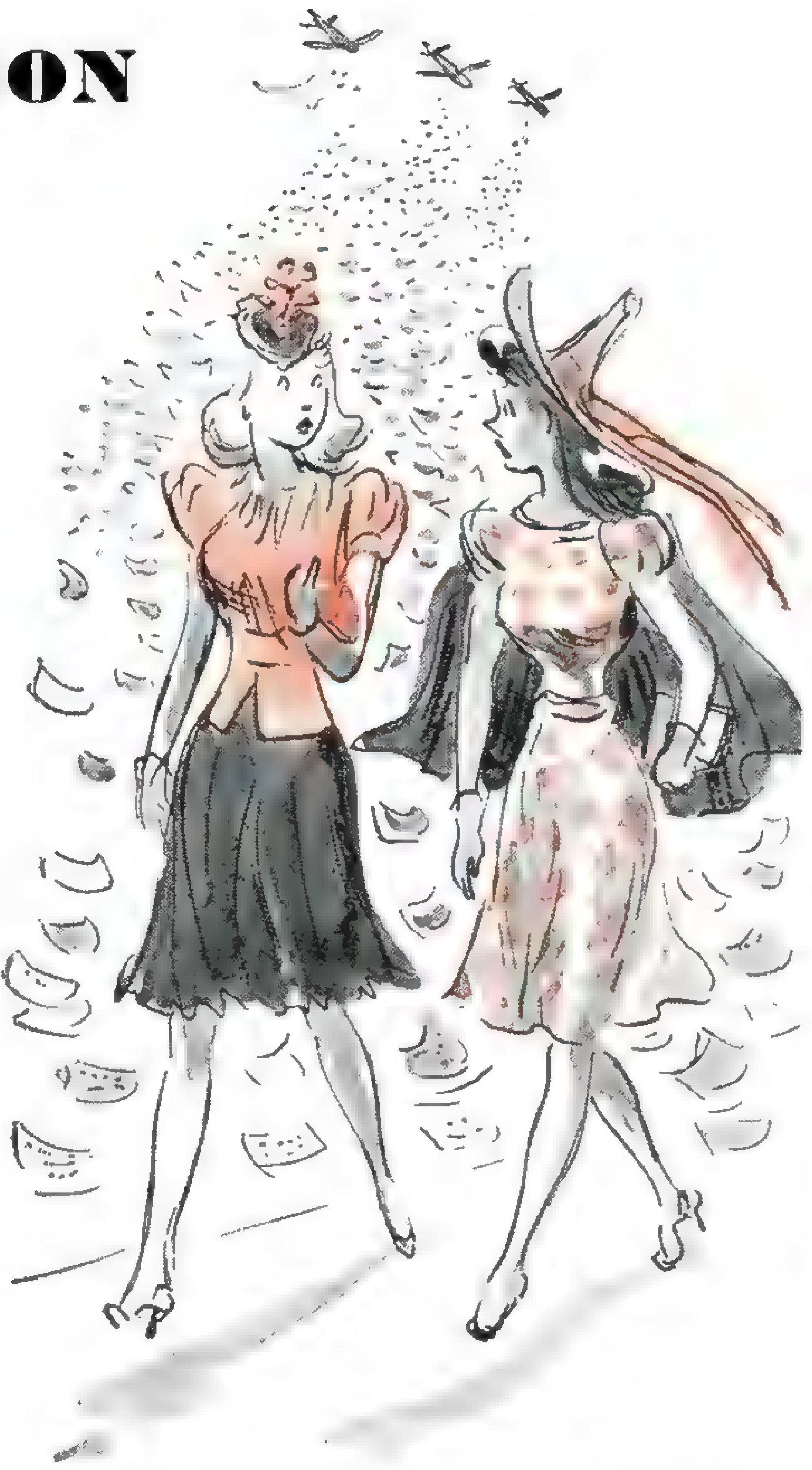
The Pre-Occupation of New York

Nobody reads handbills anyhow and who could expect blasé New Yorkers to get wrought up about a parade?

by ROBERT HENDERSON

• SATIRE •

℞



It has since been conclusively established that, early in the summer of 1940, New York City was attacked, captured, and abandoned by a coalition of foreign powers, but at the time hardly anybody knew it. The radicals insisted even then that it was so, the Left press printing headlined accounts of the occupation of the city by fascists. The Dies Committee discovered it, too, and the conservative papers featured each day the overthrow of the government by Reds. But the people just took quick glances at the headlines and, secure in the thought that everything was in its normal state, went about their business.

In mid-May the Army had been flying menacingly up and down Brooklyn and dropping bombs on patches of water far out at sea, on the theory that the coast was being harried by an imaginary fleet representing three imaginary Powers. Thus, when the forces of the Three Powers really did arrive a few weeks later, the Army was in practice but exhausted, and most of the population was in the midst of sitting out a heat wave in air-cooled picture houses.

At first the Powers merely sent a fleet of planes to reconnoiter and perhaps provoke incidents. Office workers later recalled having heard them come over the city, but since they just sounded like other planes, no one paid any attention to them except to grumble and shut the windows, or to gaze at them and say, "It must be cool up there."

The planes came over again on the following day, dropping leaflets urging the city to get rid of its oppressors and threatening it with wholesale desolation in the event of its keeping them. On the whole, these merely served to litter the streets. One stenographer, a Miss Fairbanks, seeing a handful of them fluttering down on lower Broadway asked, "Where's the parade?"

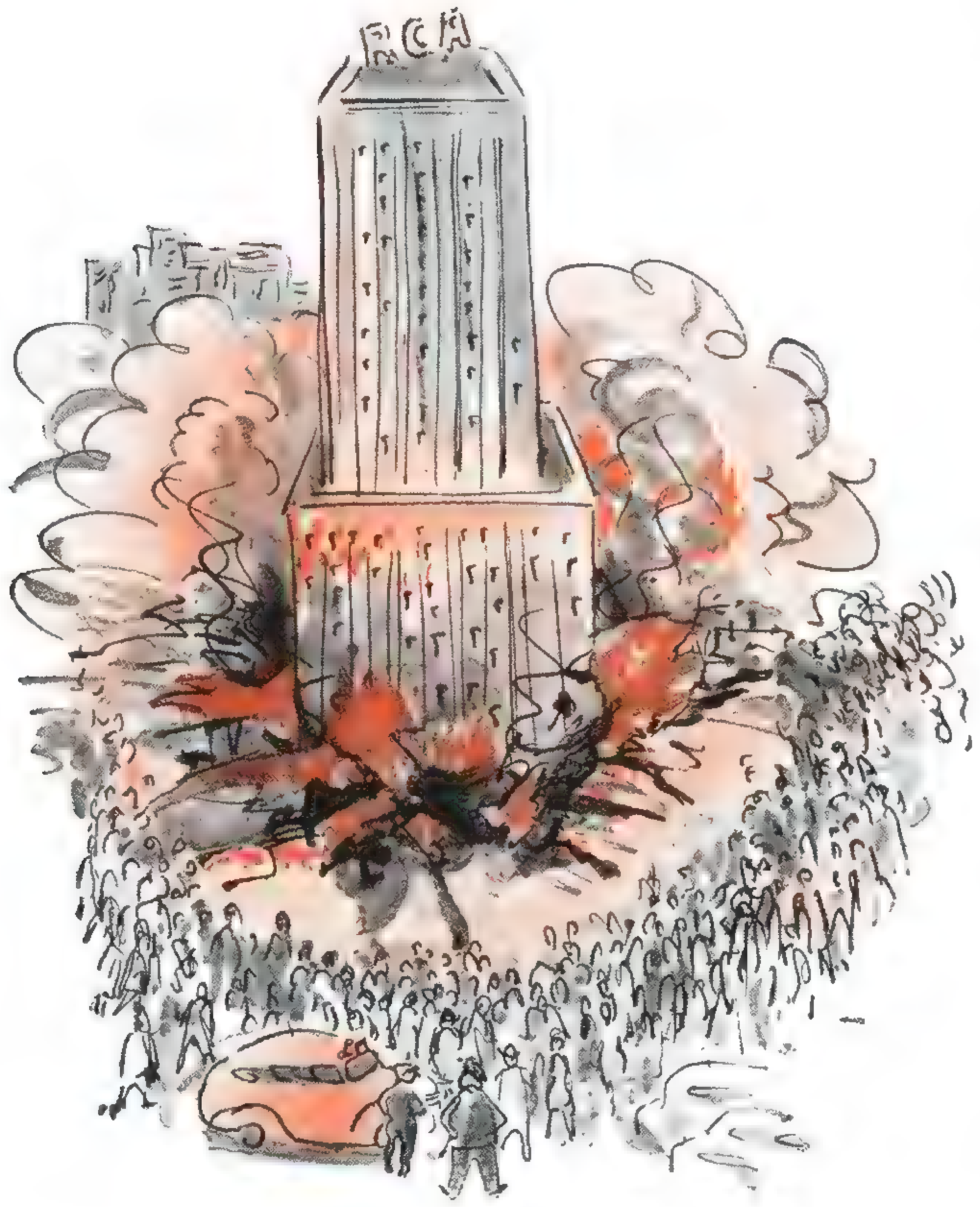
And her girl companion replied, "I don't hear any band, do you?"

In the midtown district a man picked up one of the leaflets, and his wife said, "What's that Arthur?"

He answered, "A handbill, I guess."

His wife said, "Well, throw it *away*, then, Arthur."

The evening papers reported that handbills had been distributed by planes that afternoon, and rejoiced editorially in the freedom of the press enjoyed by America, pointing that such a thing could not have happened in Rome or Moscow—or in Berlin if it weren't for the British Royal Air Force.



Bombing began that night, the raiders using delayed-fuse bombs of extraordinary power. When the R. C. A. Building suddenly and noisily swelled and burst at the bottom, the upper fifty stories dropping sheer and true into ruin, passersby paused to stare, halting traffic for over an hour. A taxi driver commented, "Always tearing stuff down!"

The cop he was talking to said, "They ought to watch what they're doing."

There were other direct hits, but none so spectacular. At the seventh detonation, a salesgirl sitting quietly in her room on West Twenty-first Street, looked up from the day's society pages and remarked, "My God, you can't hear yourself think around here!"

The Army's planes went up the following morning to investigate, and were at once attacked by the invaders. The battle raged for several hours, just east of the city. Because it was Saturday, most of the city's inhabitants had left for the country or for Coney Island, but the remainder were in Central Park. An elderly gentleman taking a constitutional with a sheep dog, was approached by a nursemaid who was watching the battle and had become curious. "What's it all about?" she asked.

"Something about the Fair," the man said.

Two of the planes went down in flames, trailing spirals of smoke. The child in the nurse's charge remarked to his playmate, "Pepsi-Cola is better."

That night the Army's searchlights played back and forth across the sky. Broadway was thrown into a mild turmoil, as it was generally supposed that a great new motion picture must be having its world première; and autograph collectors poured into Times Square from all parts of the five boroughs, many casual theatre-goers being trampled to death.

Meanwhile troops were being landed at the Battery, preparatory to the occupation of the city, which was to take place the next morning. At eight a.m., the First Army entered the city and invited the Powers to follow, check the work of subversive agencies, liberate and pacify the island, and make arrangements for the enlightenment of its citizens.

At eleven a.m., the Second Army lined lower Broadway and Fifth Avenue. At noon, the Third Army escorted the Three Dictators up these thoroughfares to the deafening shouts of the First and Second Armies. There were a number of bands.

The stenographer, Miss Fairbanks, said to her girl friend, "Look, that must be that parade," and began throwing ticker-tape out the window while her girl friend tore up telephone books.

"That was Friday," the other girl said.

"I don't know, was it?" said Miss Fairbanks. "Well, parades—!"

The pageantry of the Occupation lasted throughout the day. People in the downtown offices spent the first hours at the windows waving happily, and at about three o'clock most of the offices closed. Everybody started to go home, but it was impossible to cross Fifth Avenue, so most of the people went to bars instead, shaking their heads and chuckling tolerantly. One man said, "You would have thought those Legionnaires would have got tired by now."

The bartender replied, "Did you hear where one of them rode a horse into City Hall and said he was the Mayor? Probly drunk."

The Occupation continued for several weeks. Martial law was declared and troops took over the duties of the police, causing many traffic complications by constantly raising their hands in salute. Otherwise the new conditions went unnoticed, except for a decree closing places of amusement at ten p.m., which resulted in a brisk boom for the night spots. When the doors of one club were closed at the required hour—thereafter to be opened only to customers—one business man set his drink down and remarked, "My God, you would think we had Prohibition again!"

To which a bystander replied hotly, "Well, what was wrong with Prohibition?"

The ballots of the plebiscite, which was held early in July, required a simple "yes" or "no" to the question of *anschluss*. The voters trooped obediently to the polls, some only complaining that it was hot for November, and some complaining about other things.

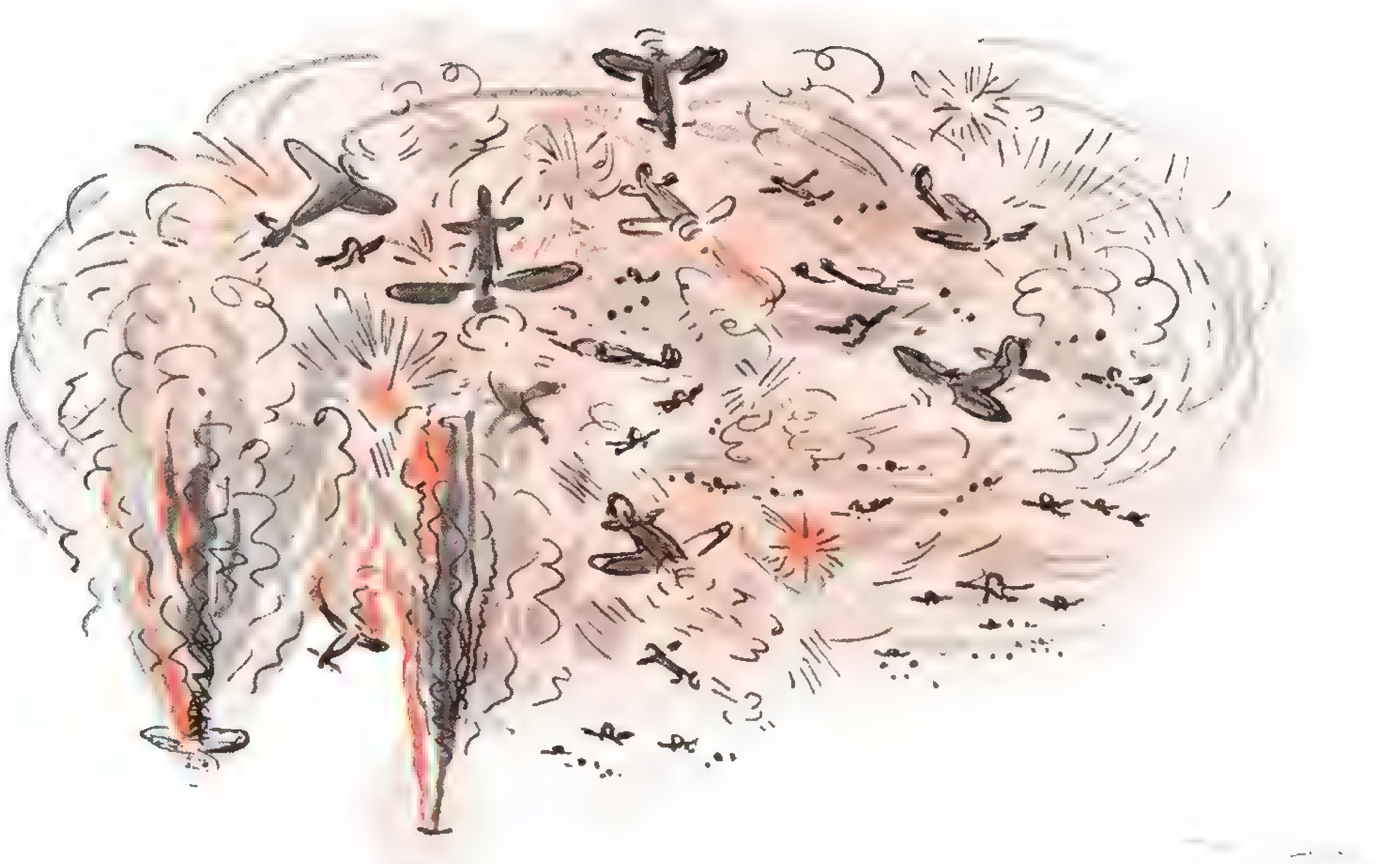
As one couple approached an East Side polling place, the woman said, "Arthur, how do you know what these bond issues are *about?*"

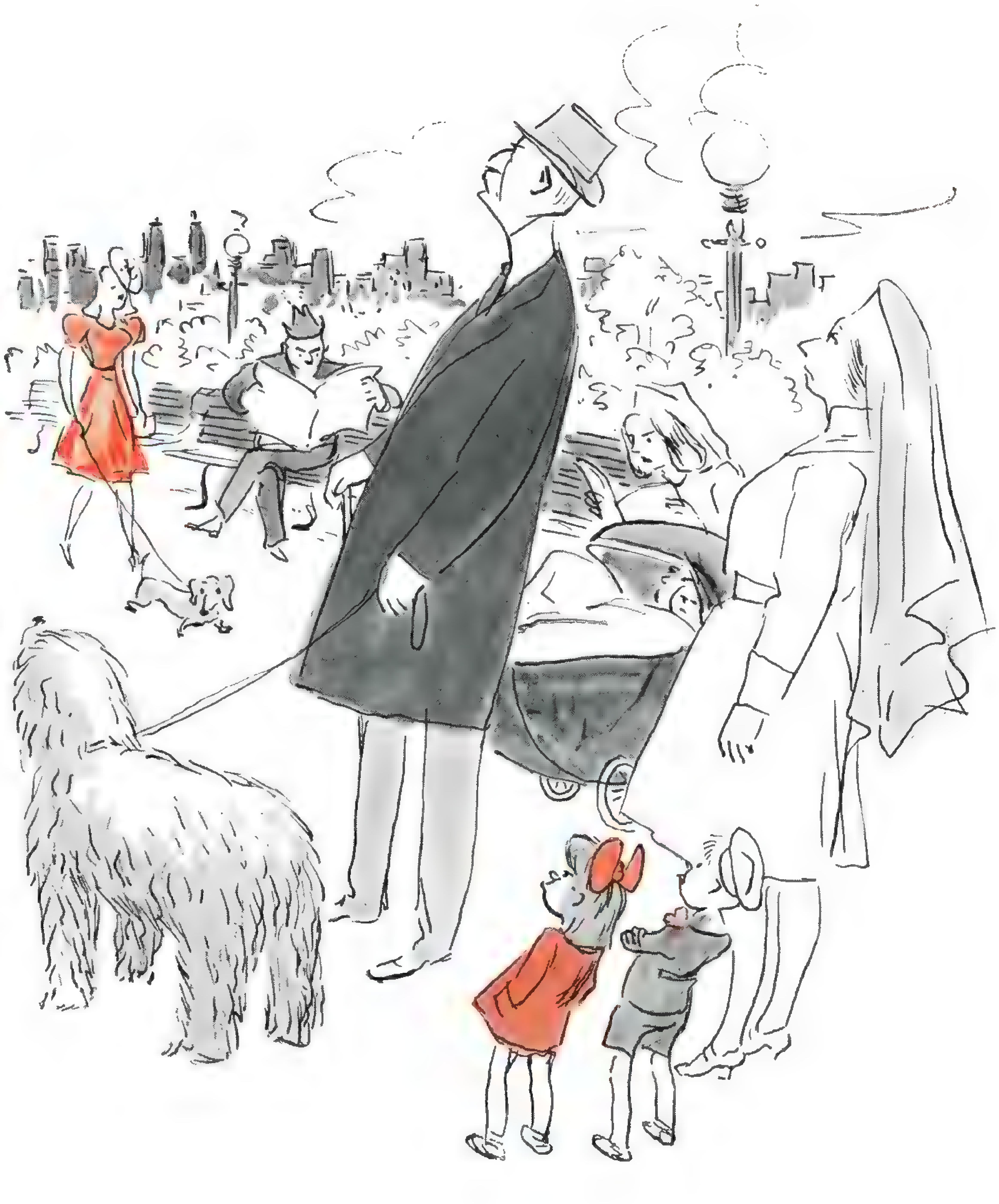
Her husband answered, "What's the difference? It's just a new way to waste the taxpayers' money. Some third party is behind it."

"Republicans?" his wife asked.

But it was generally felt, what with the sick voters being brought from the hospitals and the dead ones from the record-books, that clean government must be saved and Tammany crushed once and for all. As a Mr. Borchard of Central Park West put it, "This is what comes of having those fellows in Washington. Who does he think he is, Mussolini?"

It was an enormously successful election, the results being heavily in favor of Mr. Roosevelt, with Benny Goodman, Joe DiMaggio, and Raymond Gram Swing dividing the minorities evenly among them. The question of *anschluss* was ignored completely. There was a jubilant crowd in Times Square, cheering everything, and while the enthusiasm was at its height the invaders crept, shuddering, to their ships. ⌗





Found: One Paradise for Two

In Tortola, in the British Virgins, two people can live very pleasantly for about seventy dollars a month

by ROBB WHITE

• ARTICLE •

℞

At one place only half a mile separates Paradise from the beaten path. Across this narrow band of the Caribbean lie some of the very few Tropical islands untouched by the hurrying world. They are named, appropriately enough, the British Virgin Islands. Here there are no tourist ships, not even small freighters call. Passage is by water in the native sailboats in which an auxiliary engine is unknown. The closest contact with the outside world is the sight, on clear days, of a ship far off passing Paradise while her passengers look forward to landing on islands to the south where official guides will grab them and pile them into American taxis and take them, for six shillings, to see the Sights. If they notice Paradise their Cruise Director can tell them only the name of the group, and assure them that no one ever goes there.

The British Virgin Islands consist of some thirty islands and cays scattered in a necklace some sixty miles below Puerto Rico. Twenty of these still remain uninhabited, the bulk of the population being concentrated on Tortola, the largest of the group. Here four thousand Negro peasants live in an almost communistic state, the ones on the seaside furnishing fish in exchange for vegetables and meats grown by the ones in the hills. Life for them is simple and utterly sane, and goes on year after sunny year unruffled by the turmoil in the world outside. With these four thousand Negroes live a dozen or so whites—preachers, Government and Agricultural people, and the few lucky souls who have found Tortola and given up the rest of the world.

This paradise is discovered nearly every year by one or two adventuring yachtsmen who find, within a day's sailing, a hundred white beaches, a dozen islands inviting exploration. Any number of fine harbors offer shelter, where fruit, water and some food can be gotten from the peasants. Officially, however, Tortola was discovered by Columbus and the islands named for St. Ursala and her eleven thousand virgins. With his flair for naming things he called Tortola the Land of the Turtle Dove. The next visitors were not as poetic for they were buccaneers and chose to call the channel between the islands The Virgin's Gangway; here they left for Stevenson *Dead Man's Chest* and *Rum Island. The Fat Virgin* intrigued them and a particularly rocky cay was labeled *Fallen Jerusalem.* The buccaneers, under no flag, took over the place as a hideout and to lie in wait for ships bound to the flourishing islands to the south. Today the forts of these old boys still stand to remind us of Tortola's more violent past. For, in the centuries gone, ships did stop here—seven hundred in one year—frigates, brigs, barks from all over the world lay under the protection of the fort on the hill and brought a commerce amounting to a million a year to the bustling little islands. Every available bit of ground was planted in cotton or cane, there were twenty thousand slaves, and more than a thousand white people. On Tortola's high hills, overlooking the most beautiful sea in the world, Great Houses went up—houses with three foot thick walls to withstand the occasional hurricanes—houses with Carrara marble brought in ballast from Europe, with tapestries from the East and furniture from Chippendale's little shop. The finest wines helped the Masters pass the sunny days, an immense staff of house servants cared for them hand and foot, they were carried about in four-man litters, while the slaves worked the cane from dawn to dark.

In the midst of all this wealth and slothful luxury a strange blossom of Quakerism grew and died. In 1730 a group of Friends formed in Fat Hog Bay and tried valiantly for forty years to show The Way to their neighbors. But Tortola continued for another century to grow richer, its white owners more degenerate until, with the collapse of the sugar market, and the emancipation of slaves, Tortola ended an era in one day. The slaves, homeless, landless, without money or fields to work, revolted in 1853 and, in eleven hours, not a white man or woman was left alive, not a Great House was intact. Of the hundreds of white people at the time legend has it that only four escaped. The apocryphal tale goes on to tell that these four, rowing for their lives away from the flaming island, broke one of the thole pins against which the oars were balanced. Having no other pin a man jammed his finger in the hole and cried, "Here, pull against that!"

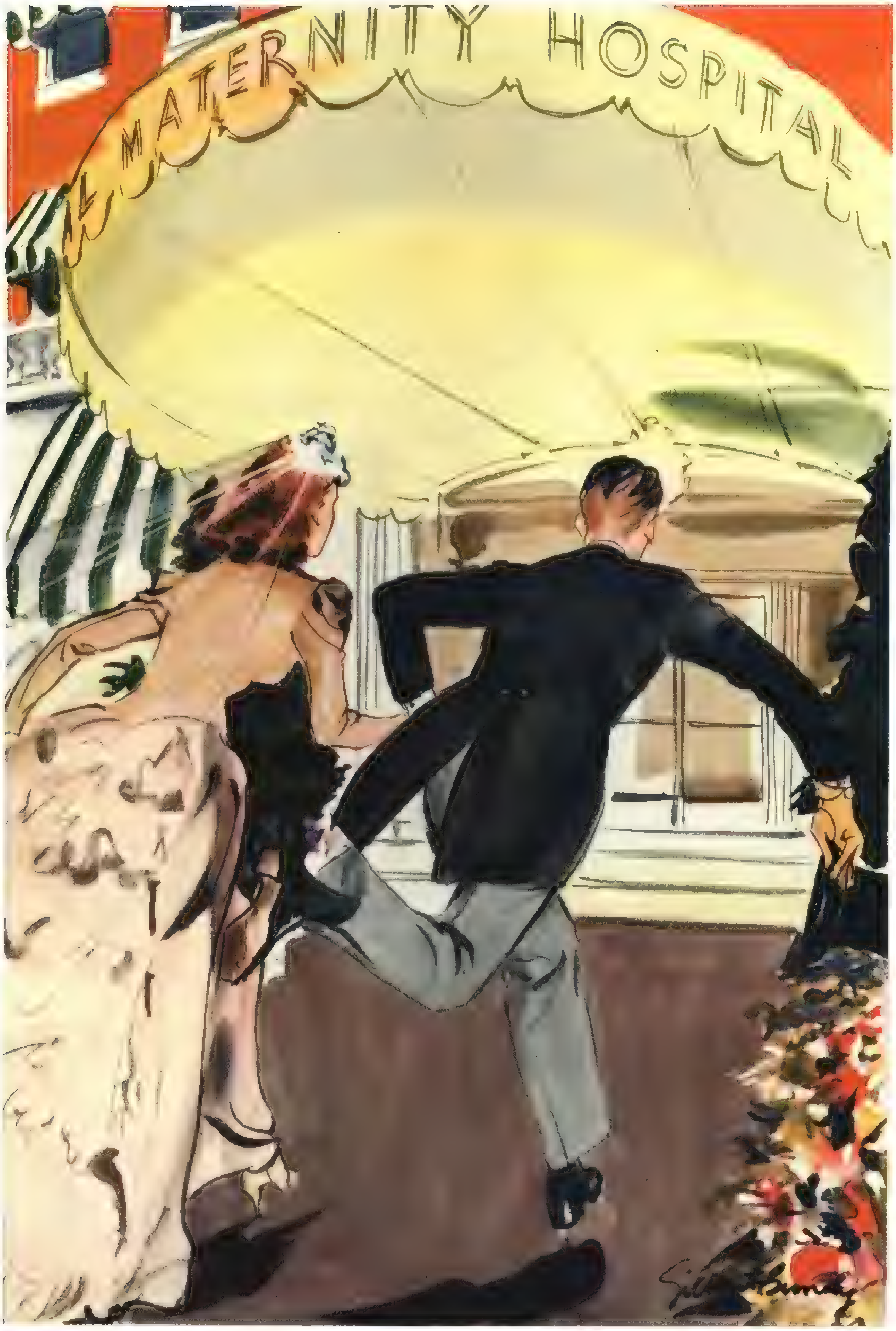
Tortola began then the era of calm and peace which will, apparently, never end. The Great Houses stand in ruins, mute evidence of Tortola's participation in the world's tumult and violence long ago, while in the native villages life today goes oblivious of war and ideologies and mad men.

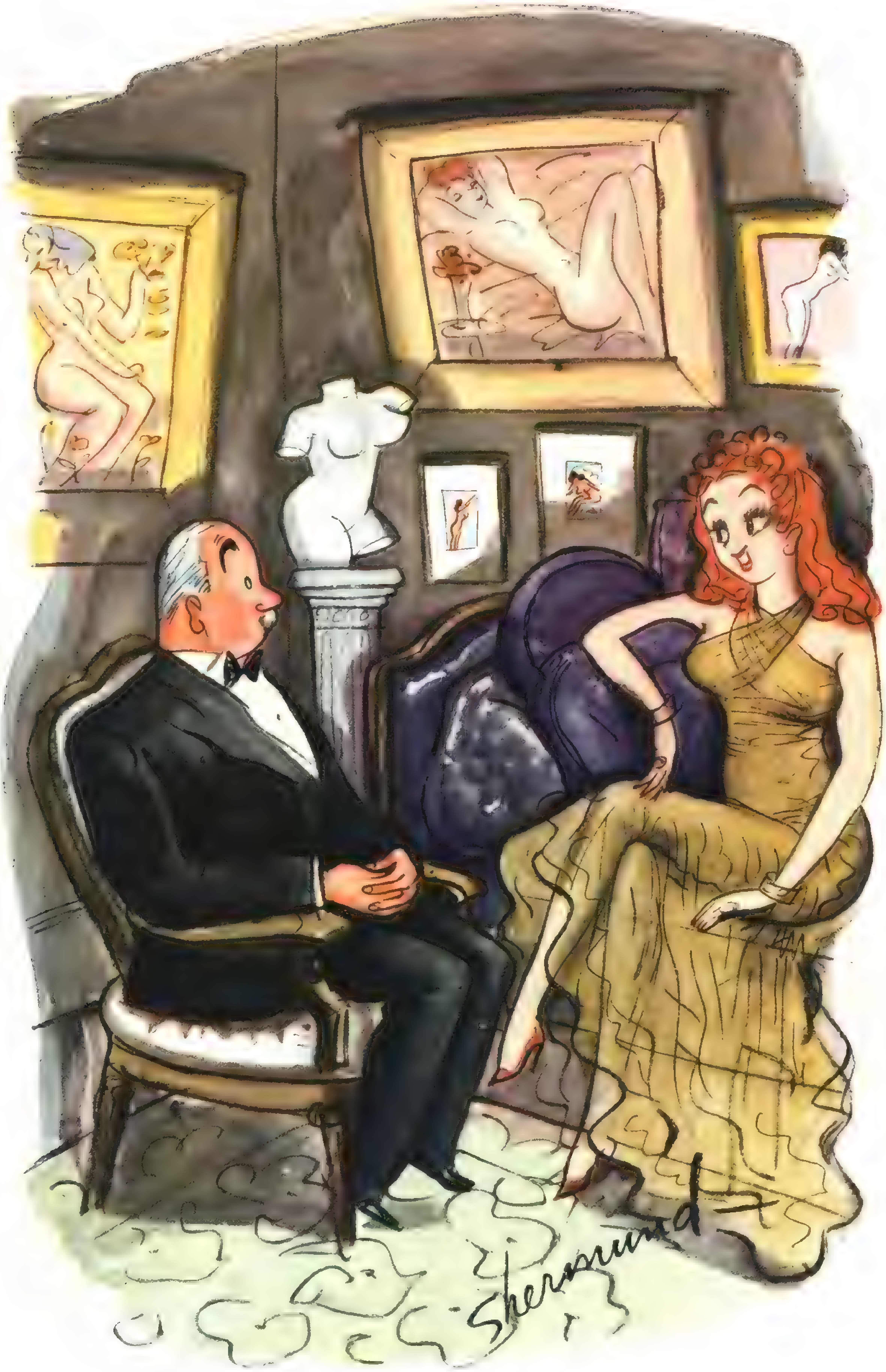
So no ships, no planes stop; no automobiles roar along the island's footpaths, no electric lights blaspheme the tropic nights. Telephones don't jangle, there are no movies, no cables, the mail—if weather permits—comes once a week. The only hotel in the islands is the Social Inn which can provide bed and board for at most six people, while the Anglican minister's wife can care for three more. Tortola offers practically nothing to the casual tourist, but to one coming to stay it offers everything.

Food is amazingly cheap—meat eight to twelve cents a pound, vegetables, if not grown yourself, are almost free, as is a large variety of tropical fruit—bananas, pawpaws, mangoes, coconuts, limes and oranges. Staples, such as flour, lard, meal, butter, etc., compare favorably with prices in the States

Continued in center of page 191

"Would you care to step inside and wait?"


MATERNITY HOSPITAL



"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Caldwell"

Back to the Two B's

Ability to overcome bad luck and interference proves a horse great, and Bimelech did it in the Hopeful

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

SPORTS

COL. EDWARD RILEY BRADLEY, owner of Idle Hour Stock Farm in Kentucky, always gives his horses names beginning with B and nearly always comes up with a strong hand for the Derby, run early in May, in the shape of some home-bred colt or filly. Already he has won the race four times—in 1921 with Behave Yourself, in 1926 with Bubbling Over, in 1932 with Burgoo King and in 1933 with Broker's Tip. And this year he has the unbeaten and undisputed champion two-year-old of 1939, the bay colt Bimelech, to strive for premier honors in 1940 as a three-year-old. In view of Bradley's proved Derby luck and Bimelech's equally proved quality, it will take a hardy spirit to bet cold cash against the chances of the pair unless some misfortune overtakes the colt before he gets to the post.

Bimelech was sired by Bradley's famous stallion Black Toney, now dead, and is the last of the produce of that sire. There will be no more of Black Toney's get. Black Toney himself was by Peter Pan out of Belgravia and Peter Pan was by Commando (by Domino) out of Cinderella (by Hermit). Black Toney's dam Belgravia was by Ben Brush (by Bramble) out of Bonnie Gal (by Galopin).

In Bimelech through Black Toney are combined the tremendous speed of the Dominos (that horse himself was known as "the black whirlwind") and the durability and ruggedness that were possessed by the Ben Brushes.

Bimelech's dam, La Troienne, was imported from France. She was by Teddy, out of Helene de Troie. Teddy was by Ajax (by-Flying Scot) out of Rondeau (by Bay Ronald). La Troienne's dam, Helene de Troie, was by Helicon (by Cyllene) out of Lady of Pedigree (by St. Denis). If through his sire Black Toney, Bimelech combines two of the best blood-strains of America, through his dam he also combines some of the best strains of England and France. In particular, through his dam's sire Teddy, sire also of Sir Galahad III, he shares in a bloodstrain which over here has produced horses like Gallant Fox and Omaha. Incidentally Sir Galahad III sired La France, dam of Johnstown, which won the Derby in 1939 and was the early season three-year-old champion of that year until he developed a wind-infirmity and Challedon displaced him.

Bimelech indeed was bred in the purple and his performances last year as a two-year-old certify that he measures up to his heritage. He was never beaten. He won all his starts at sprinting distances, including the winner-take-all Saratoga Special, the six and a half furlong Hopeful Stakes and the Belmont Futurity at the same distance. And he climaxed his two-year-old campaign by winning the Pimlico Futurity at a mile and a sixteenth under 122 pounds in time of $1.45\frac{1}{5}$—a brilliant effort for an immature colt under the weight over that particular track. He easily collared the pacemaking Straight Lead when ready to make his move, then began to loaf a little, but, when Rough Pass challenged, went away from there to win easily after being struck with the whip twice by Jockey F. A. Smith. His Hopeful Stakes effort was tremendous and off that race alone I would be willing to take him to beat the colts he must meet in the Derby even if he had not demonstrated ability to get a distance by winning the Pimlico Futurity.

In the Hopeful he broke last and at the quarter was at least eight lengths off the leader and apparently hopelessly beaten. He used his tremendous speed through the next two furlongs to get into contention, but met with interference coming into the stretch. Yet Bimelech would not give up. He got into stride again, gave every ounce he had, and in the last few yards snatched victory by a narrow margin from the speedy Andy K. It is the ability to make more than one move, to suffer interference and bad luck and overcome both, that stamps a horse as truly great. Bimelech did it in the Hopeful and there is no earthly reason why he should not do it in the Derby this coming May if he meets with no physical misfortune in training for the race.

This sketch is written before the future books begin to quote odds against Derby eligibles about the first of March, but Bimelech certainly will be the early favorite at a relatively short price. And he will be a solid favorite in that it is impossible for a sound handicapper to pick against him off last year's record of all possible or probable starters. The unfortunate El Chico, now dead, winter-book favorite for the Derby of 1939, also had been unbeaten in sprints as a two-year-old in 1938, but he had shown no race at all comparable with Bimelech's Hopeful Stakes effort nor had he been tried over routes. At three he amounted to little, even over sprinting distances.

In backing Bimelech a player will be backing the Bradley Derby luck but he also will be bucking a jinx. Bimelech won the Belmont Futurity and as yet no winner of that race ever has been successful in the Kentucky Derby. From its inception in 1888, when Proctor Knott beat Salvator, the Futurity has attracted fine horses, but frequently, indeed usually, it is won by a horse of the tremendous sprinting speed that cannot be carried over a distance of ground. Jamestown, sire of Johnstown, which beat Equipoise and Mate in the Futurity of 1930, was a horse of that type. He did little over distances at three the next year and was disgracefully thrashed in the Belmont Stakes of 1931 at a mile and a half by Twenty Grand and Sun Meadow both. Last year after

Continued on page 201

"I don't know how it happened—I said 'bingo' and the man handed her to me"

Donald McKay of the Clippers

He was not a business man but an artist in lines and canvas, born half a century too late

by WILLIAM McFEE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

℞

THE history of the American clipper ship, the fast sailing, finely modeled craft of the third, fourth and fifth decades of the last century, is a study in paradoxes. It is an extraordinary phenomenon in national development. It is also unique among national illusions. It was a glory that became a tragedy, not only for America and American shipping, but for the man whose genius was largely instrumental in achieving that glory.

Most historians of the great days of sail indulge in flowery phrases and reveal a nostalgia for those days. It was said by a post-bellum speaker that America's two great arts were oratory and ship building. The two arts were often combined, and we have a tradition of romantic hyperbole and patriotic allusions to the time when America was supreme on the Seven Seas. It is often difficult to clear away the rose-tinted mists of fiction and near-fact, to see the clipper ships and their builders in their true proportions. It has become a convention to use over-heated prose, to emphasize the spectacular speed of individual voyages, and to retire to the background the economic side of ship owning. A diary kept by some counting house clerk in Enoch Train's shipping office, or the cost sheets of Donald McKay's yard in East Boston, would add enormously to a realistic knowledge of New England maritime history.

When Donald McKay was born in 1810 the East Indiamen were still lumbering from London to the Bay of Bengal, but on the western ocean the heavy, bluff-bowed three decker was being displaced by the packet ship. These were frigate-built vessels, very full in their lines and bilge. They were weatherly, as sailors say, and dry on deck in a gale. But they were not fast. The British shipowner was more concerned with a cargo safely transported in good condition, and a ship that would serve many voyages unspent, than with spectacular speed. It used to be said, probably by some sardonic New England shipmaster, that British ships in those days would knock their heads three times against a wave and then fall off to leeward and sail around it. It took the competition of the Baltimore Clippers to jolt the smug London merchants out of their comfortable conviction that five knots was fast enough.

Young's *Dictionary of Marine Terms* defines a clipper as "a sharp-built vessel, whereof the stern and stern-post have a great rake, the planking of the bow being carried forward to step into a rabbet (or groove) in the outwater. This kind of bow is termed a clipper-bow, and a vessel so built a clipper."

The clipper which has come down to us in song and story, however, was the product of the brain of a young New York naval architect, John W. Griffeths, who was chief draftsman for Smith and Dimon. The Baltimore type was all right for pilot schooners and slavers, but for vessels of large tonnage something else was needed. A certain Captain Bob Waterman had brought back a model of a Malay sampan with sharp ends, vee-shaped mid-ship section and concave bow. Griffeths designed the *Rainbow*, 750 tons, along these lines, in 1845, and set the fashion, for the *Rainbow* was fast. But the man who took the clipper idea and made it the vehicle for his own superb artistry, was Donald McKay, born in Nova Scotia of the great MacKay Clan, and a shipyard apprentice at the age of sixteen and a half in the yard of Isaac Webb of New York.

It would be easy to say, in the conventional fashion, that the sea was in Donald McKay's blood. On the contrary, he seems never to have gone to sea save as a passenger. We have his indentures in the record and they are as rigorous as a modern sentence to a concentration camp, as was customary in the 1820's. He and his brother each worked fifteen hours a day, and even as journeymen received only $1.15 a day.

Who or what gave him the idea to leave Nova Scotia and travel hundreds of miles to a foreign seaport we can only guess. American shipbuilding received much of its early impetus from Canada. Henry Eckford, the father of naval architecture in America, came from Scotland to Quebec in 1791. In 1796 he moved to New York. He introduced the custom of building large ships from the model instead of from working drawings. He built a ship for John Jacob Astor, the *Beaver*, 427 tons. Isaac Webb, who trained the McKays, served his time with Henry Eckford.

McKay had always haunted the boat yards at Shelburne, his native port, and had even built himself a sailboat with his brother Lauchlan McKay, who was destined to become one of America's great shipmasters of the clipper era.

McKay had no gift of expressing himself save in the design of a great ship. Of his inner life, his ideas—if he had any—of the world, we have no record. And in truth he was an artist and made his record in his own medium, the wind-ships he created and sent forth to gallop across the fenceless meadows of the sea.

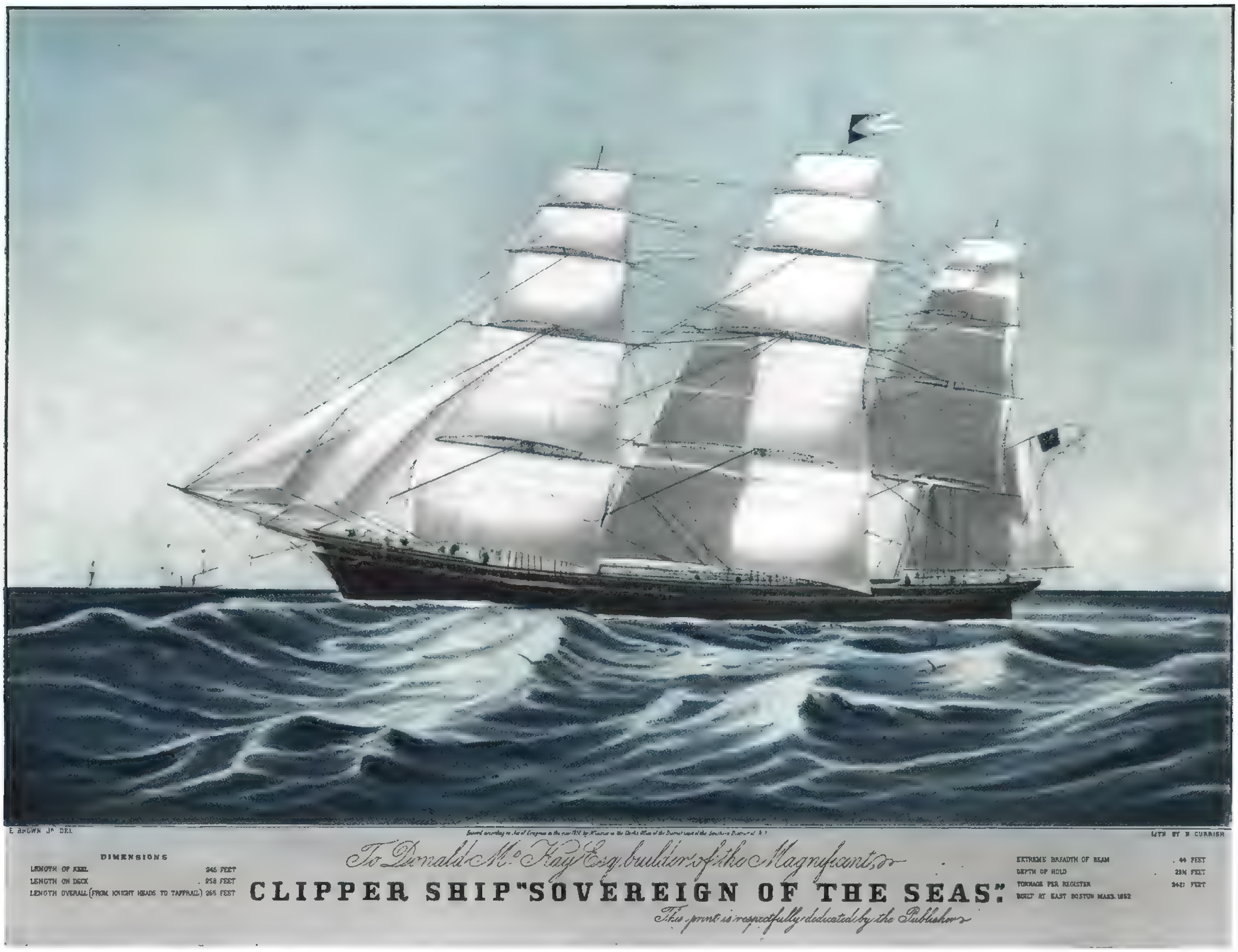
This, in fact, is the secret. McKay was one of America's supreme artists, as was Gilbert Stuart in portraiture and Samuel MacIntyre in architecture. It was because he was an artist, born too late, that his career has been misinterpreted. He has been pitied as an unfortunate industrialist ruined by various cosmic forces, such as the collapse of the Californian and Australian gold booms, and the Civil War. But he was fundamentally a great artist in naval architecture. It is always to be regretted that he left such meagre records and that he never assembled his ideas in a treatise on the *Theory And Practise of Naval Architecture* of which a London publisher, in 1859, urged him to issue a Prospectus. It was to have been a large octavo volume of three hundred pages, with sixty plates of drawings.

We would have had McKay's views on many controversial subjects connected with wooden ships. We would have learned how he stood with regard to scarphing, the trick of splicing the ends of the huge fore-and-aft timbers—the keel, keelson and the horizontal strake just below the main deck. The stern school of Bluenose builders dovetailed the splice, and the two ends were so married they held without bolts. Others merely laid them together and trusted to the bolts and tree-nails—long dowels of hard wood driven in and split at the ends and wedged, like the haft of a modern hammer.

We should have learned, also, McKay's ideas about metal work, whether iron or copper bolts were best. These matters often run in cycles and are controlled by fashion. Many old shipowners believed a good iron bolt, that rusted itself in tight, was better than a smooth, soft, copper bolt which often worked loose and leaked. The argument was, you could drive in a wrought iron bolt with a big hammer, drive it hard home, whereas the copper buckled under the impact, and had to have a larger hole.

All these details McKay could have discussed in that lost classic of maritime literature.

But mark the date—1859. By that time it was all over. It was an extraordinary misfortune that Donald McKay had not arrived on the scene half a century earlier. It was an even more extraordinary piece of bad luck for American shipping that the very event which set the pace for the clipper ships around the Horn—Sutter's gold—eventually deflected American energy, enterprise, capital, and genius inland, westward, away from the sea. Six years before McKay was born John Stevens of Hoboken had designed a propeller for steam boats, and while the McKay boys were absorbed with boat building in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, a steamer crossed the English Channel from England to France. The *Savannah*, a sailing-ship with a small paddle engine, used her paddles part of the way across the Atlantic. The year Donald McKay completed his apprenticeship in Isaac Webb's yard, the *Royal William* steamed all the way from Canada to England. A year later *H.M.S. Rhadamathus* steamed from Plymouth to Barbados. Commercial steamers were already moving to and fro across the Atlantic when McKay began business in


E. BROWN Jr. DEL.
LITH. BY N. CURRIER
DIMENSIONS
LENGTH OF KEEL 245 FEET
LENGTH ON DECK 258 FEET
LENGTH OVERALL (FROM KNIGHT HEADS TO TAFFRAIL) 265 FEET
To Donald McKay Esq. builder of the Magnificent, &c.
CLIPPER SHIP "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS."
This print is respectfully dedicated by the Publisher
EXTREME BREADTH OF BEAM 44 FEET
DEPTH OF HOLD 23½ FEET
TONNAGE PER REGISTER 2421 FEET
BUILT AT EAST BOSTON MASS. 1852

COURTESY HARRY NEWMAN, THE OLD PRINT SHOP, NEW YORK

Newburyport. The steamer *Tweed* was lost off Yucatan in 1846.

It is even more staggering to reflect that before McKay was born John Stevens had built a water-tube boiler and was experimenting with high pressure steam. As the *Flying Cloud* went down the ways in 1851 the Atlantic steam ferry was beginning. And at the very time that Enoch Train, the great Boston packet owner, was persuading McKay to move to East Boston, to design beautiful clippers for the maritime world, mail was being carried across the Atlantic in steamships.

More than that, one can almost believe that a malignant fate was at work. The refusal of the American shipping men to see the handwriting on the wall savors of blindness or a species of commercial enchantment. In 1838 Samuel Cunard, a Nova Scotia shipmaster who had been carrying mails to Bermuda in small sailing vessels, founded a steamship line to carry mails across the Atlantic. He had failed utterly to find any capitalist in Canada or the United States to take any interest in his scheme. McKay was then twenty-eight years old.

And of what avail was it to make those marvelous passages "with hempen bridle and horse of tree"? McKay's first original conception, the coffee trader *Courier*, 380 tons, was built in 1842. She made fast passages and gave McKay the needed publicity to bring his name before the shipping public as a designer with valuable ideas. But two years earlier an iron screw steamer was grinding out a steady ten knots, stertorously defying the great Dionysius Lardner, who had declared a transatlantic steam passage as fantastic as a voyage to the moon. The Cunard steamer *Unicorn*, 700 tons, tied up in Halifax, N. S. from Liverpool in 1835 and the *Sirius* began service in 1840, thirteen years before the *Great Republic*, the largest sailing ship of her day, slid down the ways. By that time the American Collins Line was receiving a mail subsidy of $33,000 a voyage from the Postmaster General and competing shrewdly with Cunard. Earlier even than the Cunard the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company had started their service as far as Egypt. Before the *Courier* was launched the 1800 ton steamer *Hindoostan* had gone around Africa to Suez and was carrying the P and O mails to and from India.

Reading the records of the great clippers ten knots of course seems a pitiful achievement. The wind-ships made extraordinary time, though many of the captains' logs need expert reading and analysis by impartial critics. Sea captains were not above certain tricks of the trade. One gentleman with a strong desire to excel, the master of the Baltimore clipper *Sea Serpent*, homeward bound with tea from Shanghai to London, hove to for a pilot off the Isle of Wight. Leaving his ship in charge of pilot and mate, he took the train to London and entered the *Sea Serpent* at the Custom House as "arrived," when she was actually rounding the North Foreland. And the habit of counting the full sixty miles to a degree in the Roaring Forties, where a degree is about forty-five miles, became too common to call for comment. The human passion for records, for romance, and for patriotic supremacy, combined to establish a great deal of fiction as fact. But one fact remained immovable as the years passed. It was the fact on which the ship-building industry of New England was eventually wrecked. That fact was that while the clippers made time, the steamers kept it.

The history of this period, as revealed in the books of specialists, prove that enthusiasm and patriotism are not enough. The influence of Canada is ignored, the data is not invariably dependable and the records of Scottish built clippers written in small type. National pride has evolved out of the clipper ship period a mythological era, during which hard-case mates and ruthless skippers of the Captain Ahab type drove American ships manned by lusty New England sailors until the masts bent like fishing rods and the moon-sails swept the low clouds, and the ships reeled off fabulous miles a day.

As a matter of historical fact the sea was international then as it always will be, apart from government-owned vessels. A law of 1817 required two-thirds of an American

Continued in center of page 165

Teamed with Genius

When it seemed Pat was finished on that picture assignment, fear gave him his first really original idea

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

“I took a chance in sending for you,” said Jack Berners. “But there’s a job that you just *may* be able to help out with.”

Though Pat Hobby was not offended, either as man or writer, a formal protest was called for.

“I been in the industry fifteen years, Jack. I’ve got more screen credits than a dog has got fleas.”

“Maybe I chose the wrong word,” said Jack. “What I mean is, that was a long time ago. About money we’ll pay you just what Republic paid you last month—three-fifty a week. Now—did you ever hear of a writer named René Wilcox?”

The name was unfamiliar. Pat had scarcely opened a book in a decade.

“She’s pretty good,” he ventured.

“It’s a man, an English playwright. He’s only here in L. A. for his health. Well—we’ve had a Russian Ballet picture kicking around for a year—three bad scripts on it. So last week we signed up René Wilcox—he seemed just the person.”

Pat considered.

“You mean he’s—”

“I don’t know and I don’t care,” interrupted Berners sharply. “We think we can borrow Zorina, so we want to hurry things up—do a shooting script instead of just a treatment. Wilcox is inexperienced and that’s where you come in. You used to be a good man for structure.”

“*Used* to be!’

“All right, maybe you still are.” Jack beamed with momentary encouragement, “Find yourself an office and get together with René Wilcox.” As Pat started out he called him back and put a bill in his hand. “First of all, get a new hat. You used to be quite a boy around the secretaries in the old days. Don’t give up at forty-nine!”

Over in the Writer’s Building Pat glanced at the directory in the hall and knocked at the door of 216. No answer, but he went in to discover a blond, willowy youth of twenty-five staring moodily out the window.

“Hello, René!” Pat said. “I’m your partner.”

Wilcox’s regard questioned even his existence, but Pat continued heartily, “I hear we’re going to lick some stuff into shape. Ever collaborate before?”

“I have never written for the cinema before.’

While this increased Pat’s chance for a screen credit he badly needed, it meant that he might have to do some work. The very thought made him thirsty.

“This is different from playwriting,” he suggested, with suitable gravity.

“Yes—I read a book about it.”

Pat wanted to laugh. In 1928 he and another man had concocted such a sucker-trap, *Secrets of Film Writing.* It would have made money if pictures hadn’t started to talk.

SMOKING
Louis Jamme

“Hey look, Butch—Daniel Boone!”

“It all seems simple enough,” said Wilcox. Suddenly he took his hat from the rack, “I’ll be running along now.”

“Don’t you want to talk about the script?” demanded Pat. “What have you done so far?”

“I’ve not done anything,” said Wilcox deliberately. “That idiot, Berners, gave me some trash and told me to go on from there. But it’s too dismal.” His blue eyes narrowed, “I say, what’s a boom shot?”

“A boom shot? Why, that’s when the camera’s on a crane.”

Pat leaned over the desk and picked up a blue-jacketed “Treatment.” On the cover he read:

BALLET SHOES
A Treatment
by
Consuela Martin
An Original from an idea by Consuela Martin

Pat glanced at the beginning and then at the end.

“I’d like it better if we could get the war in somewhere,” he said frowning. “Have the dancer go as a Red Cross nurse and then she could get regenerated. See what I mean?”

There was no answer. Pat turned and saw the door softly closing.

What is this? he exclaimed. What kind of collaborating can a man do if he walks out? Wilcox had not even given the legitimate excuse—the races at Santa Anita!

The door opened again, a pretty girl’s face, rather frightened, showed itself momentarily, said “Oh,” and disappeared. Then it returned.

“Why it’s Mr. Hobby!” she exclaimed. “I was looking for Mr. Wilcox.”

He fumbled for her name but she supplied it.

“Katherine Hodge. I was your secretary when I worked here three years ago.”

Pat knew she had once worked with him, but for the moment could not remember whether there had been a deeper relation. It did not seem to him that it had been love—but looking at her now, that appeared rather too bad

“Sit down,” said Pat. “You assigned to Wilcox?”

“I thought so—but he hasn’t given me any work yet.”

“I think he’s nuts,” Pat said gloomily. “He asked me what a boom shot was. Maybe he’s sick—that’s why he’s out here. He’ll probably start throwing up all over the office.”

“He’s well now,” Katherine ventured.

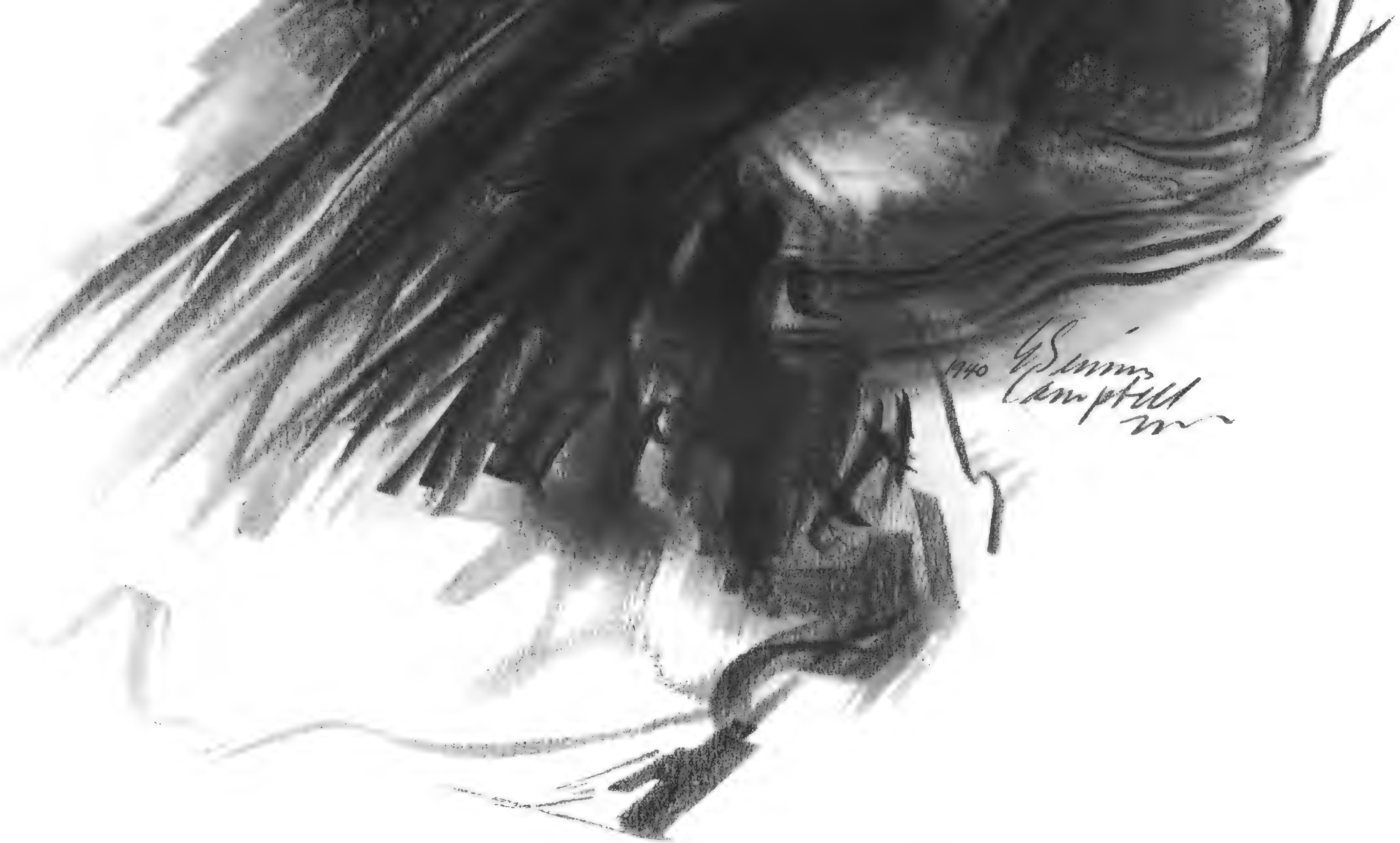
“He doesn’t look like it to me. Come on in my office. You can work for *me* this afternoon.”

Pat lay on his couch while Miss Katherine Hodge read the script of *Ballet Shoes* aloud to him. About midway in the second sequence

Continued on page 195

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birt

thday, dear Mr. Scravelli, happy birthday to you"



"G-G-Gosh I'm sorry Mrs. Waverly — for having made such a beast of myself"

Broadway Bad Boy

Jackie Osterman could give an impresario his money's worth until that awful moment came

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

On the day Jackie Osterman died, and on the day after he died, the newspapers had several other things to talk about. They were rare days in June, 1939. The King and Queen of England were in New York, Brenda Frazier had a birthday, Katharine Hepburn chased a burglar out of her bedroom, and 100 Czechs fled from Bohemia into Poland in order to escape the Nazis. In spite of all this competition, Jackie made the front pages.

Insofar as his final exit put him on the same bill as George VI, Osterman would have called it a sensational curtain.

While he lay in the oxygen tent in an Atlantic City Hospital his wife applied powder to his face to kill the odor of disinfectant. Jackie managed to gasp a fast one to suit the situation. "As long as you're applying the make-up," he said, "when do I go on?" Final proof, it was, that no situation ever found Osterman at a loss for words. Once, in healthier days, he passed out on the sidewalk. When he came to he looked up at the Broadway crowd that had gathered around him, and he blinked. "This is the first crowd I've played to," he said, "in five years." And he staggered off to the nearest bar.

Though spontaneous talk was his great gift, Jackie also liked to write. He had a talent for columnizing, but *Variety* was the only periodical which made any constant use of it. Once, in a mad moment, the editor of *Variety* betrayed a great trust. He received two tickets to the opening of the Metropolitan Opera and he assigned the seats—worth approximately their weight in radium—to Jackie Osterman. *Variety* is no respecter of operatics; in the same spirit of irreverence which inspired its editor to send Jackie to the opera, he might have asked Gatti-Cassaza to catch the flea circus. The editor's faith in Jackie, however, was justified, for Jackie's comments on the opera were short and to the point. "We spent the first few acts looking at ermine," he wrote, "and then we let our eyes slum a bit." As for the performance itself, said Jackie, "it was some of the best bracelets we ever heard."

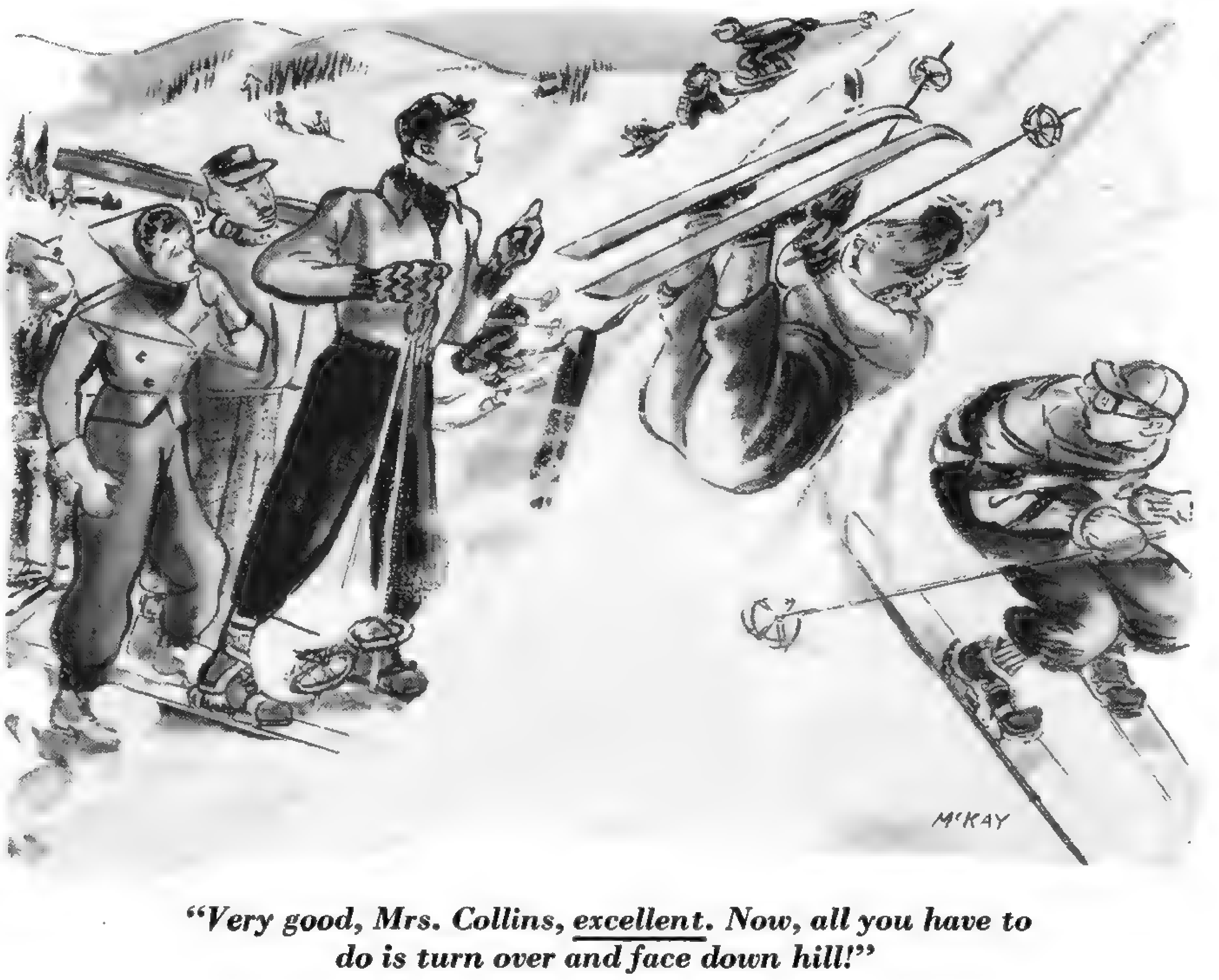
Jackie started to write for *Variety* in 1932, when his star was already beginning to bounce. Though his talent for coining gags remained as fresh as ever he was finding it hard to get jobs on the stage or in the night clubs. *Variety* opened its columns to him whenever he felt in his literary mood, and Jackie threw away some of his best stuff when he sat down to a typewriter. "Threw away," we say, because no actor considers his stuff well used unless it is used on the stage. On Broadway the printed word is only *ersatz*; the spoken *mot* is the only McCoy. Jackie's column appeared at peculiar intervals, sometimes every week, sometimes not for months at a time. Of course he wrote incessantly about Broadway, but he did not confine himself to the theatre. For one thing, Jackie was a self-styled authority on pickets. He was the first to tell about the picket walking up and down the street with a blank sign, looking for a sponsor. He also described the picket on a pogo stick—picketing a second floor. And there was the picket who was parading in front of a vacant store. When asked to explain himself, he put his fingers to his lips. "S-s-s-s-h," he whispered, "I've gotta scoop!"

A week after Jackie died *Variety* printed a full column of what it called "Ostermanisms," or particularly bright sayings from his column. Included was his remark about Billy Rose. ("We got down on our knees and shook hands with Billy Rose.") There was Jackie's prophecy to the effect that "Hitler will die on a Jewish holiday. If it doesn't happen to be one, they'll make it one." Although there were many others, although the Ostermanisms were a column long, they were but drops out of a brimming bucket. They did, however, give something of the philosophy of a man who had just one home and knew only one language. Jackie removed from Broadway was completely miserable, and if he couldn't talk the lingo of the side streets up and down Seventh Avenue, he was tongue-tied. For that reason much of his written humor has no general appeal. It is intelligible only to an actor, or to a *Variety* mugg. One of the funniest and most frequently quoted of his remarks—that the three worst weeks in show business are Holy Week, Christmas week, and Toledo—is funny only to one who has been through it all. But he could talk plain talk. In one of those lucid intervals he wrote about Sidney Skolsky, who is undoubtedly the most diminutive columnist in the world. Jackie advised Sidney to set up light housekeeping in a lily cup.

The tale of Jackie and the fire chief is another one the boys like to console themselves with when they start remembering him. When he was the toast of New York he was invited to perform at a fireman's ball in Schenectady. The great Osterman consented. But when he showed up in Schenectady the fire chief asked him to give a preview performance, to show how good he was. Jackie started to walk out. "Where are you going?" asked the chief. "To start a fire," said Jackie, "I want to see how good *you* are!"

The obituaries were fair enough to Jackie. Though they called him the old names—"Broadway's Bad Boy," and "The Broadway Playboy"—they also mentioned the fact that when he came out of Toledo he was called "The Young Toledo Blade" and that he grew up to be known as "The Banter King of Broadway." Among those four honorary titles can be found the best and worst of Jackie Oster-

Continued on page 117



"Very good, Mrs. Collins, excellent. Now, all you have to do is turn over and face down hill!"

Little Miss Whisk

It was pretty trying for a school teacher from Ponca City to awaken in such unconventional situations

by HANNIBAL TOWLE

FANTASY

A MOVING picture studio commissary (dining room among normal people) is like no other place on earth. It isn't seeing actors eat, for they are generally assumed to be addicted to the practice whenever possible, nor watching world-famous names tuck into the fifty-five cent specials; it is the weird conglomeration of costumes on the feeders to which one never really becomes accustomed. At a table for four one may be joined by a red-headed minnesinger in evening gown, a Chinese coolie and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Depending upon the pictures shooting at the moment, the next table may hold a Russian General, a football player, a sergeant of marines and Betsy Ross, while within earshot may be cowboys and chorus girls, Persians and policemen, potentates and prophets, houris and hottentots, a fantasy of every race, creed, color, country, era and occupation. So it did not surprise me a bit one noonday to find myself seated beside a charming young blonde in lace pajamas.

It is frequently difficult to trace back to the well spring of any particular conversation, and I don't know how we got onto the transmigration of souls. Perhaps she brought it up, or perhaps it was something relative to the hardness of the peas. I am normally enthusiastic over the occult and the eerie; it helps so much to relieve the ennui inspired by constant association with reality. I have made quite a study of the subject, and have frequently employed it to advantage in impressing charming young blondes—in pajamas and out of them. I launched into my usual well-documented discourse. "You know, of course," I said, "that there have been cases reported not only of simple transmigration of souls, but of whole bodies as well. People have disappeared from one place and been discovered in another without having the slightest inkling of how the transfer took place. It might be a simple matter of amnesia, if there were not cases for which such an explanation cannot possibly account. There was, for instance, the case of the two young boys in the rowboat. You've heard of that case, perhaps?"

"No," she said. She had a rather nice voice, small like herself, but not reedy.

"It was very interesting," I explained. "These two young boys were in a rowboat, off Asbury Park, I believe. The next they knew they were in Spain, without any idea of how they got there. It was very embarrassing for them. Particularly since, when interested parties checked up, it was found that between the time of their disappearance off Asbury Park and their reappearance in Spain, they could not have traveled the distance by any known means of transportation. The only explanation was transmigration of bodies, the possibility of which Man has begun to suspect, but of which he really knows nothing. A fascinating subject on which to speculate, is it not, those two young boys in the rowboat off Asbury Park?"

"I can sympathize with them," said my blonde with a sad little sigh.

"You don't say?" I said. I find it profitable to allow blondes to enter slightly into conversations now and then.

"Yes," she explained. "You see, I am troubled that way myself."

"Really?"

"Indeed, yes."

"Do tell."

"You won't think I'm nuts?"

"My dear girl, I am in the moving picture business."

"Well," she said, "one day I was taking a bath—"

"A noble practice." My witty comments are famous throughout Hollywood.

She ignored me. "I was, of course, in the nude," she continued.

"I can imagine," I leered. I am not ordinarily the leering sort, but this blonde aroused the beast in me.

"I had come home from work and was getting washed and polished for dinner. I was a school teacher in Ponca City, Oklahoma."

"Where?"

"Look here," she protested, "am I going to tell you this story, or are you going to discourage me with interruptions?"

"Pardon me," I said, "I have a slight tendency to rollick. Proceed."

Well—she pressed on—as I said, I was in the midst of taking a bath in Ponca City, when I got some soap in my eyes, as one will, you know. I closed them tight and reached for a towel on the wall rack. I couldn't find the towel. I couldn't find the rack. I couldn't find the wall. I couldn't, in fact, even find the tub. It made me rather panicky. I blinked furiously several times, and finally got so I could open my eyes a bit.

I looked about, and to my utter horror found myself in a perfectly strange bed in a perfectly strange room. The shock, of course, momentarily paralyzed me. When I could, I jumped up, ran to a window and looked out, my heart in my throat. I was not in Ponca City. I was in no place I had ever seen before. I learned later that I was in London.

When confronted by such a situation, she continued, there are several lines of action which first present themselves: one can scream, one can sob hysterically, or one can simply faint away. I did none of them; I just remained with my mouth wide open, staring out the window, my senses reeling. My line of action was soon determined for me, independent of my will, when I heard a door open behind me and then a startled voice said "Gad!"

I whirled about, gulping, and saw a rather bulbous, pop-eyed, old gentleman in a flannel night shirt. I was still too distracted to start the conversational ball rolling, but he saved me the need. "Now, look here, Priscilla—" he began in a horrified tone.

"I am not Priscilla," I countered, grasping at straws.

He raised his fingers to his lips for quiet, glanced nervously over his shoulder and shut

the door. He passed a worried hand across his brow. "Well, Betty—"

"I am not—"

"Becky, then—"

"Nor am I Becky!" I protested firmly.

"Blast it, wench!" he exploded. "I can't see well without my glasses, but whoever you are—"

"I am Rosemary Bunce of Ponca City," I volunteered.

"Well, whatever the case may be, my dear young lady, it's hardly cricket to go invading my conjugal chamber wearing nothing but a startled attitude."

I glanced down the length and breadth of me. For the first time I fully realized that I was in the exact state which I had adopted for taking my bath. I let out one short, anguished squawk, and popped into the bed.

"Now, look here, ah—"

"Rosemary," I offered, my mind working blindly.

"Look here, old thing—" it was obvious that his normal dignity was being hamstrung by some dreadful terror—"what, may I ask, are you doing wandering about my bedroom in the ah—ah—" Suddenly he jerked. "Is this some diabolical plot by my political enemies?"

"No," I said, "I don't even know your political enemies. I haven't the slightest desire to know them."

"Well—" he glanced worriedly towards the door, then ogled, "if it is just a matter of the heart, my dear, you might leave your address, and—"

"It isn't a matter of the heart. It is no such thing, you repulsive old ape!"

"Then what on earth are you doing here?" he demanded hotly, piqued.

"I haven't the vaguest idea," I confessed truthfully. "I only wish I knew."

"Well, whatever the game may be, it puts me in a most uncomfortable spot. Will you kindly put your clothes back on and—"

"But I haven't any clothes," I cried, recovering sufficiently by this time to be tearful.

"Oh, my God!"

At that point a shrill, unpleasant voice penetrated the door. "Hillary, Hillary," it shouted.

The nightshirt raised a finger to its lips and looked imploringly at me. He went to the door and opened it a crack. "Yes, my love," he answered.

"What on earth is going on in there, a riot?"

"Not yet, my dear. I was just running over the speech I'm to deliver tomorrow before the House of Lords."

"Well, do stop, Hillary. You know how worked up you get over those things. You'll toss and turn and mumble and keep me awake all night."

"Yes, my pet," he said, and closed the door once more. He tiptoed over to the bed and whispered hoarsely. "I beg of you," he pleaded miserably, "my wife, she'll be in here any minute. There's no telling what ghastly things will happen if she finds you in our bed."

"But what shall I do?" I moaned. This was all very upsetting.

"Go back where you came from."

"I can't; it's too far away."

"Well, then hide, do anything, do something, just pop out the way you popped in."

"But I don't know how I popped in."

"Are you mad?"

"I don't know. I think so."

"Aaaaaah ooooooh," he groaned. The door behind him had opened, and there stood a large lady in a purple dressing gown, breathing fire. "Lord Pothlethwaite," she rumbled, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Dashed if I know, my dear," he said, quavering. I could understand his emotions, but at the moment I could feel no sympathy for him. He was not half as embarrassed as I, for, after all, he hadn't just been snatched mysteriously out of a tub, and the Ponca City Board of Education frowns upon its employees nipping in and out of the beds of English Lords.

I pulled the covers as far up over me as I could. The large lady strode militantly to the bed, grabbed the covers and yanked them down, revealing me from top to toe in toto. I squealed. She squealed. He squealed. We all squealed. With the rare presence of mind which characterizes English gentlewomen in crises of this sort, she threw the covers back up over me, and wheeled upon her husband. "Hillary," she boomed, "I gather this young lady got her dates mixed—or you did. She believed it was today I was going away, not tomorrow."

"Nothing of the sort, cheechee," he said miserably. "I've never seen the young female before in my life. I haven't the noggiest where she came from."

She snorted unbelievingly and turned frigidly to me. "I assume," she said, "that you are one of my lecherous husband's innumerable mistresses."

"My dear Lady Pothlethwaite!" beetled the bulbous one, coloring.

"Silence, Hillary!" she commanded, and returned her dignity in my direction. "Who are you, woman, to be cluttering up my bed with your shameless nakedness?"

"I am Rosemary Bunce from Ponca City."

"A likely story! How in the world did

Continued on page 192

A Place with Loads of Charm

Pity the poor real estate agent when customers start demanding cozy little forts in case of war

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SATIRE ▪

Federal authorities still oppose the building of a huge bridge from New York's Battery to Brooklyn. One of the chief arguments against it is that, in the light of military happenings in Europe, a bridge would be too easy a target for airplanes in the event of war. Now I am not equipped to pass on the peacetime merits of a bridge as opposed to a tunnel, but what saddens me more than a little is that a structure which would be built primarily for peaceful pursuits has to be judged in terms of war—which, of course, is a purely negative point of view. What saddens me most of all is that this war-risk attitude will probably become more widespread as time goes on.

I cannot, to be specific, help pitying the poor real estate agents of the future. I visualize one now, trying to make a living out in this neck of the woods where I live—one hour from New York, plenty of nice country left, if you can find it. Our agent has a moderately wealthy New York couple in tow. He knows vaguely what they want, and he is showing them a lovely old homestead practically on the water's edge of Long Island Sound:

Agent: I think you'll agree with me, Mr. Smith, that this is one of the loveliest views you've seen in a long time, and I can get this for you at a mighty reasonable price. The owners want to clear out and move to Florida.

Mrs. Smith: It is beautiful, isn't it, Henry?

Mr. Smith: Yeah. It is, come to think of it. How much do they want for it?

Agent: Only fifteen thousand.

Mrs. Smith: Only fifteen thousand! My goodness, that's practically giving it away.

Agent: (Eagerly) And wait till you see the house! It's the most charming—

Mr. Smith: Just a minute. That water out there. That's Long Island Sound, isn't it?

Agent: That's right. Finest bathing you'd want, and if you're a sailing enthusiast—

Mr. Smith: That water out there's deep enough for a boat?

Agent: Well, I should hope so! You could pretty near get an ocean liner in there. The bottom goes off very rapidly from the shore at this point.

Mr. Smith: Hm. That's just what I was afraid of.

Agent: Afraid of? What do you mean?

Mr. Smith: Just the kind of a place where a submarine could come in without being seen.

Agent: A submarine!

Mr. Smith: You heard me. Some day we'd wake up, and find a submarine practically edging into our breakfast room. First it would torpedo my sailboat without our having a chance to defend it, and then it could shell our house to pieces.

Agent: But—

Mr. Smith: But! What do you mean, "but"? I've looked at estates for a long time, but I never yet saw one that was such a perfect setup for a submarine attack. Listen, I wouldn't be found dead in this place—or, to put it more accurately, I *would* be found dead. Now forget about this water nonsense, and take us back in the country where we'll be safe.

Agent: (cheerfully) In that case, I've got *just* what you want! Now if you'll just get in the car—

(He drives them twelve miles inland)

Agent: Well, here we are. Aren't going to find any submarines in your soup *here!* Ha ha. No sirree.

Mrs. Smith: Henry, isn't this divine? So sheltered and secluded.

Mr. Smith: It might not be so bad.

Agent: Look at all these fields that go with it.

Mrs. Smith: Yes. Hm. I'm not sure I like them so well. You know we want to have a large garden, and look at all the boulders. It's just studded with them. Huge ones.

Agent: But of course you can blast them out. It wouldn't cost so much.

Mr. Smith: Nonsense! We'd want to leave them in.

Agent: Good! I agree with you, Mr. Smith. There's something handsome, something majestic about a field of good old New England boulders.

Mr. Smith: Don't talk twaddle! They look like hell. Man alive, can't you see what they're good for? Use your head, use your head!

Agent: Well, I must say—

Mr. Smith: Tank traps, of course! Look at those things. One of 'em every four or five feet. No tank built could get through that barrier, and capture our house.

Agent: Why of course! I hadn't thought of that. Better not let the owner know you like it, or he might jack up the price. Ha.

Mr. Smith: (suddenly) My God! Is that the house?

Agent: Certainly. It's a beaut, isn't it?

Mr. Smith: Good heavens, man, look at it!

Agent: Why, I—

Mr. Smith: It's white! It's got a white roof.

Agent: Yes, the owners are very fond of Bermuda, and they decided to copy—

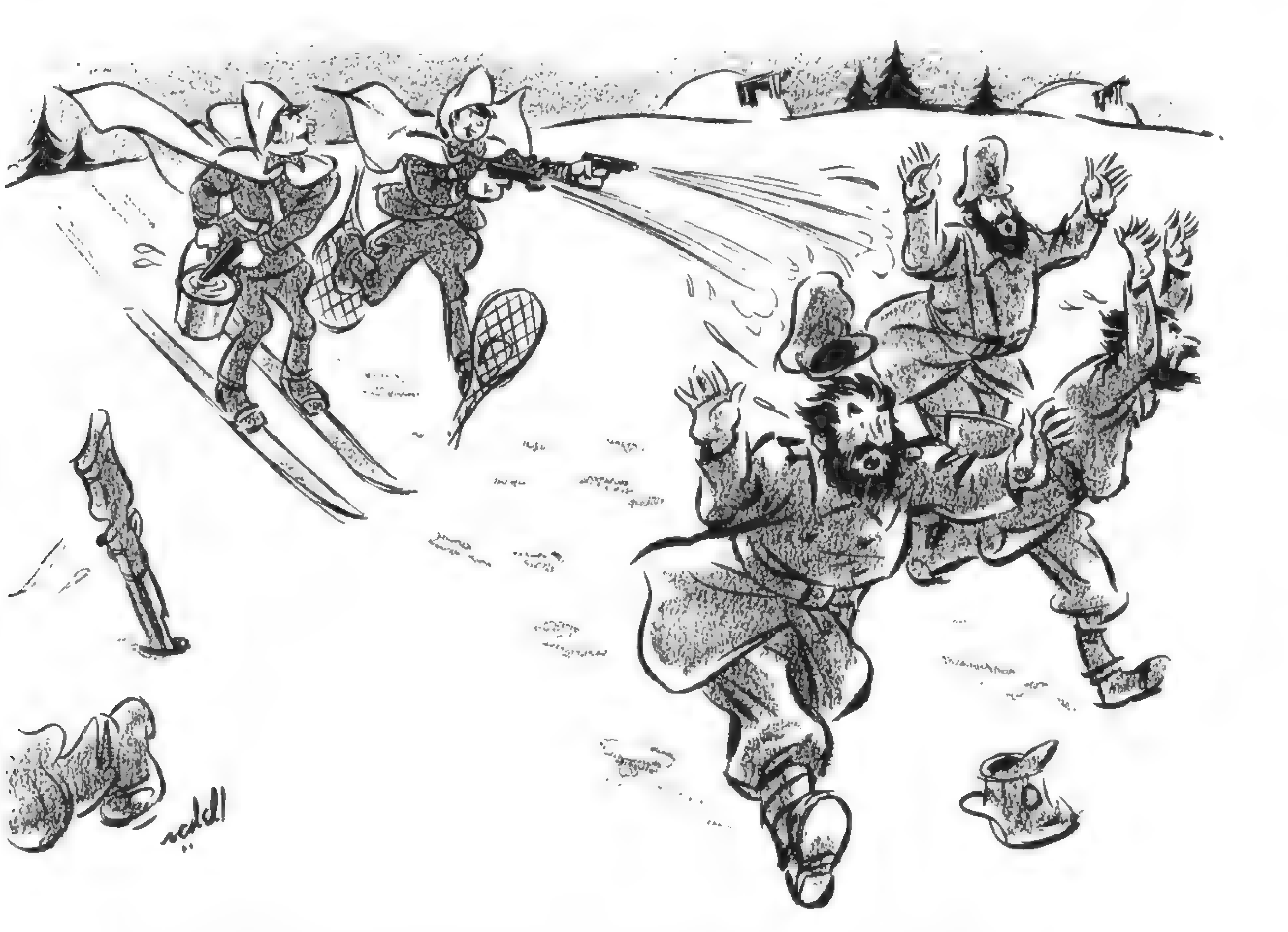
Mr. Smith: Listen, you, a white roof is the most perfect target for an air raid that anybody could devise!

Agent: Say, I hadn't thought of that. Ah! But you could paint it black.

Mr. Smith: Yep, that's a thought. Any bridges near here?

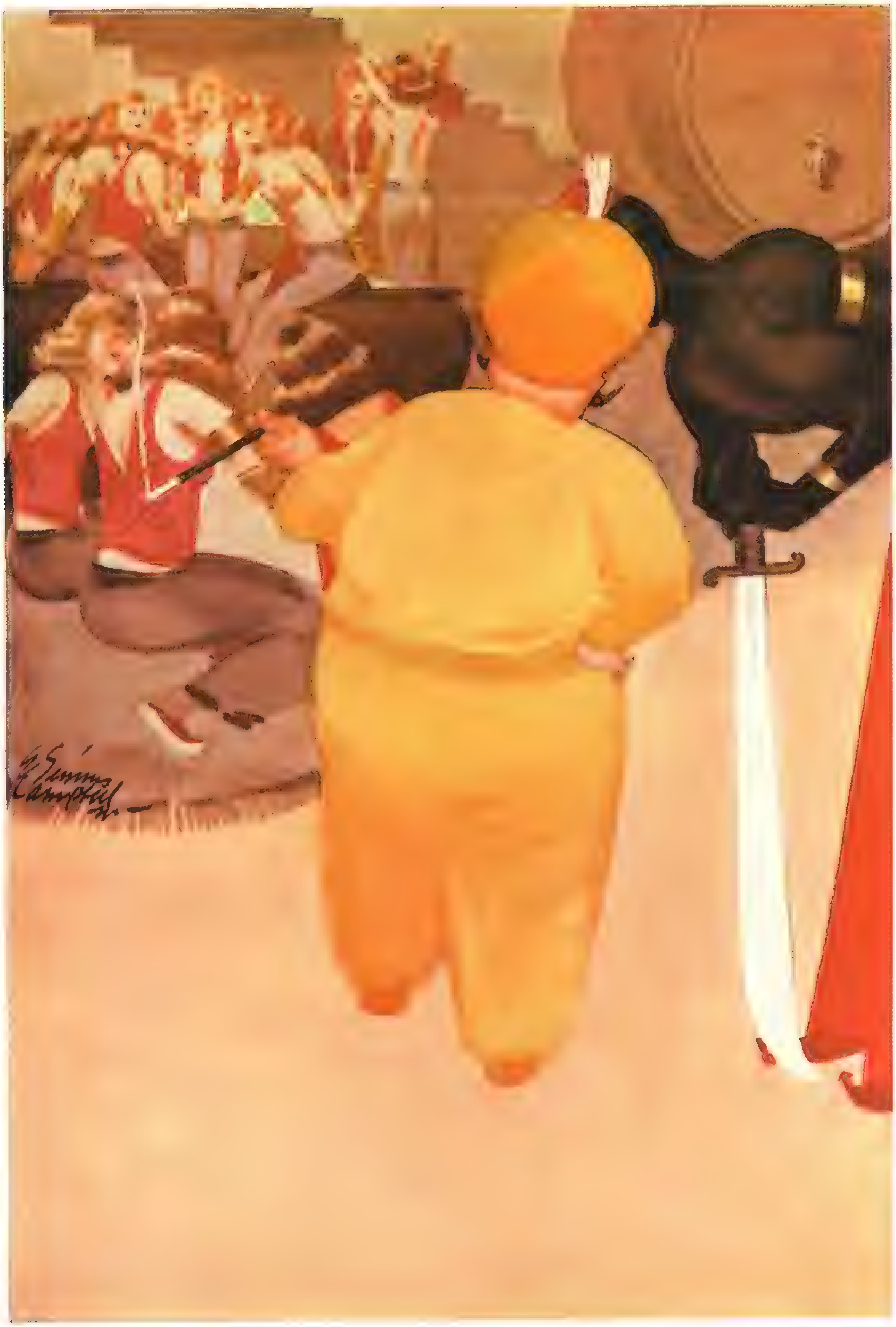
Agent: There's one about three miles down the road.

Mr. Smith: That settles it. That's too near. Lot of these aviators are bum shots. They can easily miss by three miles, and you know damn well they'd go for every bridge in the vicinity, the minute war started. Now,

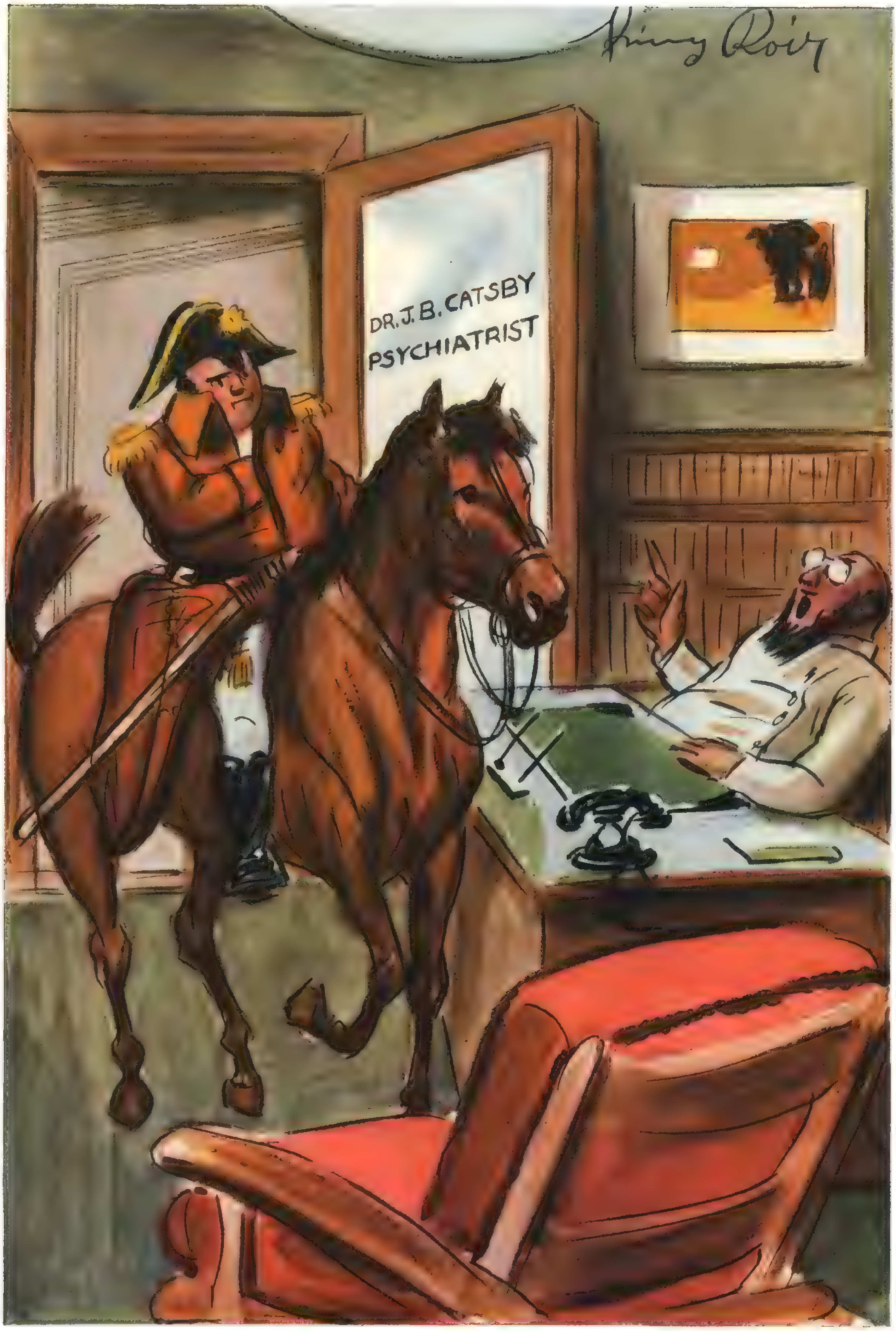


"I told you the dirty so-and-so's couldn't stand soap and water!"

Continued on page 148


E. Simms Campbell

"I'm expecting the Maharajah of Twodore—take these girls out and bring in the ones he gave me for my birthday"


DR. J. B. CATSBY
PSYCHIATRIST

"Hey! Just a minute—have you an appointment?"

A Triumph in Theory

As neither criminal nor pursuer could move far without making a target, it was a test of nerves

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ FICTION ▪

THE two shacks were perhaps fifty yards apart. Beyond ran the spur track, little used, which wound around the low range of hills to the seashore town of Santa Rosa. Moreley had trailed his man to the tiny seaport village below the border. George Engle, a lifer, had killed a guard in making good his escape from the penitentiary. As the situation now stood, Engle had immured himself in the near-by cabin. The fugitive was armed with rifle, pistol, and plenty of ammunition. Moreley's position was practically identical. There was no way for one to move off or approach the other without offering himself as a target to gunfire. It was quite obvious that Engle had thus adroitly contrived to provide a testing ground upon which to demonstrate his superiority. The possibility of outside interference was altogether remote.

Until twilight the Federal agent had sat barricaded beside the window, his automatic Winchester trained upon the opposite shack, waiting for the movement of a shadow, an indiscretion on the part of Engle—an indiscretion he knew Engle was too cunning to commit. Indeed, the killer was probably covering the doorway of Moreley's cabin, meanwhile perfecting some ruse to bring the policeman into his line of fire. Perhaps it would come to a test of how long one or the other of them could remain awake. Darkness finally enveloped the countryside. With maniac ingenuity the convict had maneuvered himself and his pursuer into the stalemate existing at present. William Moreley struggled with his annoyance, shrugging, as though it were possible to rid himself of the sensation physically. He wanted to light a cigarette, but all his years of training vetoed the impulse. The weakness of a personal desire was generally the cause of an opponent's defeat—some terrible hunger for a cup of coffee, a cigarette, a stick of chewing gum. Even as the impulse arose, he thrust it aside.

Agent Moreley could no longer see the outlines of Engle's shack. By an effort of will he sharpened his hearing, cataloguing the natural insect noises, concentrating on memorizing the pattern of sound so that the slightest rustle outside would echo in his ears like a shattering commotion. He doubted whether Engle would attempt an ambush. The fugitive had led him into this absurd cul-de-sac, apparently confident of demonstrating his superior resources in individual contest. Thus far Engle possessed the doubtful advantage of the initiative. The initiative, Moreley knew from long years of experience, was extremely wearing. It was a responsibility from which it was ofttimes impossible to extricate one's self. Criminals, especially, were inclined to emotional instability. They were shot through with silly little vanities. They were always trying to prove some inconsequential thing to somebody, principally to themselves. Moreley, though he was admittedly annoyed by the contest element which Engle had injected into this life and death affair, decided to allow the killer to maintain his advantage.

Without relaxing the fixity of his attention Agent Moreley readjusted the tension of his muscles. To conserve his stamina he put all speculation out of his mind, eased his nerves as an animal does. He made no plans, evolved no tricks, mentally gave over the entire initiative to his opponent. The time for thinking would come when the fugitive was tir— A heavy missile crashed through the thin pane of glass and landed heavily against the opposite wall. Moreley fired twice along the line of the trajectory, quickly withdrawing. The cabin still shook with the explosive shocks of the high-powered rifle. The thick silence descended once more. In a moment he heard the sharp laugh of the killer across the intervening space between the shacks. Moreley waited for perhaps an hour, relaxed but quite alert, until his intelligence gave him permission to grope for the object which Engle had thrown through the window. A second or two sufficed. It was a stone wrapped in paper. He peered at it closely, discerning the large letters and fluent handwriting of the fugitive, but he was unable to make out its contents in the darkness of the cabin's interior.

He was not particularly intrigued by the subject of the note. It was a good trick, worthy of Moreley's most complimentary opinion of his opponent. It was a device to keep him from relaxing. Any effort expended on contriving a method to discover the contents of the missive was so much invaluable energy wasted. Whatever the letter contained could wait until morning. He folded it up and thrust it into his pocket, adjusted his rifle at a more restful angle on the edge of the window ledge. He began timing minutes with the second hand of his watch, a game calculated to employ the least essential part of his mind while avoiding the nerve strain of boredom.

Endurance and unbreakable caution generally outweighed mere cunning. Perhaps a daring burst of fire, raking the length of the fugitive's cabin, might strike its target by chance. Chance was not the tactic to employ under the present conditions, however; the failure of such an attack would subject himself to the same form of barrage. After several hours of satisfactory relaxation, during which time he must assume that Engle was resting with the hope that his note had provided his pursuer with a sufficiently stimulating diversion, he decided to test the alertness of his quarry. Stretching his body and arms as far as he dared from the comparative security

Continued in center of page 157

"I sometimes wish I'd took up something less precarious"

A Pair of Bowlines

Jim said you must know how to handle hemp, for it saves your life, holds your ground tackle, trims your ship

by CHARLES RAWLINGS

• FICTION •

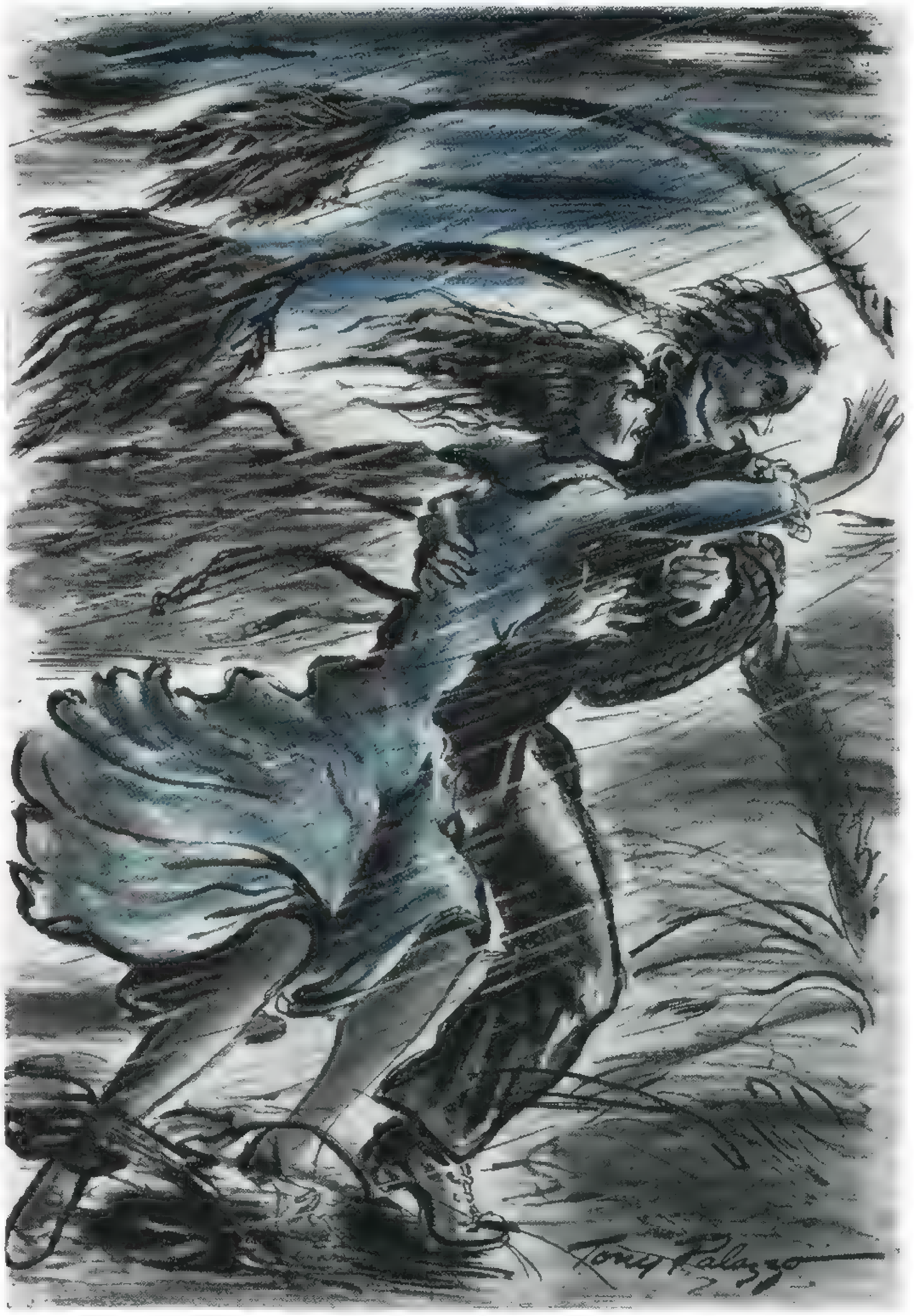
At four o'clock that afternoon Jim, my brother, decided the fair fall northeaster was not a piece of September luck. It was an approaching hurricane.

"Sparkie," he said, "as sure as if I could hear it roaring, it's a storm. A storm bearing this way. What do you think of that?"

I remember what I thought. It seems strange now, in a way. Here comes the pay-off, I thought. We'll pile up about six thousand dollars' worth of schooner and that will break Jim. Gainesville, good-bye! Who cares? I guess I said, who cares—to myself anyway.

It was the year I was trying to slip back to Gainesville, to the university, for another crack at my sophomore year and the pan handle had been put on brother James. I'd flunked out the year before but that didn't mean anything and I was up fifteen pounds, up to a pretty good hundred and eighty-five. I was dreaming about football.

"At right end for the 'Gators," I could hear the radio telling the world, say before the Georgia game, "at right end is Big Sparkie Sikes, a rangy fast boy from Fort Meyers. He weighs 185 . . ."



I cleared my throat and broke the news to Jim.

"I tell you Jim," I said, "I'm Sparkman Sikes, Florida '41, all-southern end sure as shootin'—if—You're the 'if.' I wanta go back to college. It's up to you to sweeten the kitty with just one hundred and twenty-five bucks a month."

This guy was tough. He took over our father's business when the old man died and because the depression had clipped it, he'd turned sourball. All he knew was work. He's got a tooth he sucks too.

"So-o-o-o," he sucked the tooth. "Is it worth a hundred and twenty-five to anybody, including the university?"

He studied me, and then reviewed the record.

"Five years up north at that prep school. You went to Gainesville, crying because it wasn't Princeton. Last year you flunked out of Gainesville. Now you offer me football."

"You say Andover—not prep school," I said. "Yeah, football. Three cheers for football."

"There's nothing the matter with football," he said, "but kid, when are you going to jell? Please, when are you going to fill away? Big Sparkie Sikes, 'Gator end—fine. But here's how I've got to look at it. Big Sparkie Sikes, 'Gator end, B.A., about three years from now. Because he's learned his Spanish and his economics and his foreign trade, he's representing Sikes and Son in Havana. Kid, I'd give my shoes for that. I'm trying to hold things together for us. It's worth fighting for. It's the oldest and best importing house south of Charleston. The whole Caribbean is waiting for us. I can't do it alone. What's the matter with you? You're worrying me gray-headed being a father and a mother . . ."

"If a little hundred and twenty-five dollars a month is that much worry," I said, "skip it. There's no question in my mind as to what dad would do if he was alive."

"I suppose," he sighed, "I suppose. I tell you," he knocked out his pipe, "I'm taking the schooner down to Key West for a cargo of palmetto mats. You come along. We'll see."

"See what?"

"I dono," said Jim.

"They'll be forming squads in ten days," I said. "They'll probably have some early scrimmage. It's best to go up and suck around the coach."

"Maybe we'll find some early scrimmage," he said. "You suck around me for a few days."

Oh, sweety-pie, what a trip! We drifted, crept, from squall to squall down the Florida west coast and over the bayway. We didn't get anywhere. It was very, very tiring.

About three days out he brought forth a book. Guess what? *Knots, Bends, and Hitches.*

"You're a granny tier," he said. "I can't turn my back on you. Learn 'em."

"What, boy-scout knots?" I said. "For why?"

"You're a granny tier," he says. "A granny's a knot that looks good from a distance but it won't hold. It's a bluff of a knot. That's how you are making this schooner's lines fast. I can't turn my back on you."

"Can I bear it?" I said. "Life's so hard and me nothing but a granny tier? So what?"

"Sparkie," now he was kind and earnest, "you want to play football. I don't know anything about it. Aren't there certain A.B.C.'s of the game they give kids to study, first off?"

"Sure! The fundamentals! A natural is born with them. A feeling for the ball. How to handle it. How to fall on it. How to catch it—"

"That's it! Now," he pinned the book to me with a long point, "there are the fundamentals of this game. A feeling for hemp, for lines. It's a thousand hands for you, hemp is. It saves your life, holds your ground tackle, trims your ship. Knots and hitches are how you begin to learn to handle hemp. You just don't know 'em. Learn 'em!"

Maybe you know how it is? Gold digging isn't all jake. You've got to give a little. You kid along. It was something to do at that, learn knots. We held knot drill on the after deck, swatting the gnats and mosquitoes as quickly as they came up from astern.

"Aw," I'd say, "once a granny tier, always a granny tier. I can't learn this stuff. Jim, you wouldn't let one of my hitches stand on a cleat anyway, no matter how well I made it. You'd do it over anyway."

"No, kid," he said. "Look!"

The bowlines! Moses, I couldn't get it. The loop! The end through! The end around! The end back through again! That's it! Then turn around and try it again and what does it come out? A granny!

"Let's skip it," I'd say.

"Nope," Jim grabbed my hands. "The bowline! You need it. It will never freeze. When you want it to stick, it sticks. In a gale, when you're in trouble, it's your friend."

"In a gale!" I gave a great big laugh. "The mosquitoes and I would like to see one of your gales."

"Maybe we'll get a fair northeaster," he said. "They're fine stout breezes. They cool the sweat on your chest."

My chest was willing. Moses, the world was calm and itchy and hot—and waiting. Then this day I mentioned caught up with us. There never was such a morning. We were breaking our hook out of a mooring on Middle Cape Sable. The big empty beach on the cape was white as movie coral sands and the fronds of the coconut trees shone in the sun. The air was so clear you looked toward Spain and expected to see it. I felt the day's first puff on my cheek.

"Feel it, Jim," I said. "Here she comes; our fair northeaster."

He looked up, sour-faced, and I yelled over to the black yawl yacht that had come with us from Key West.

"We'll have a good sail today," I yelled.

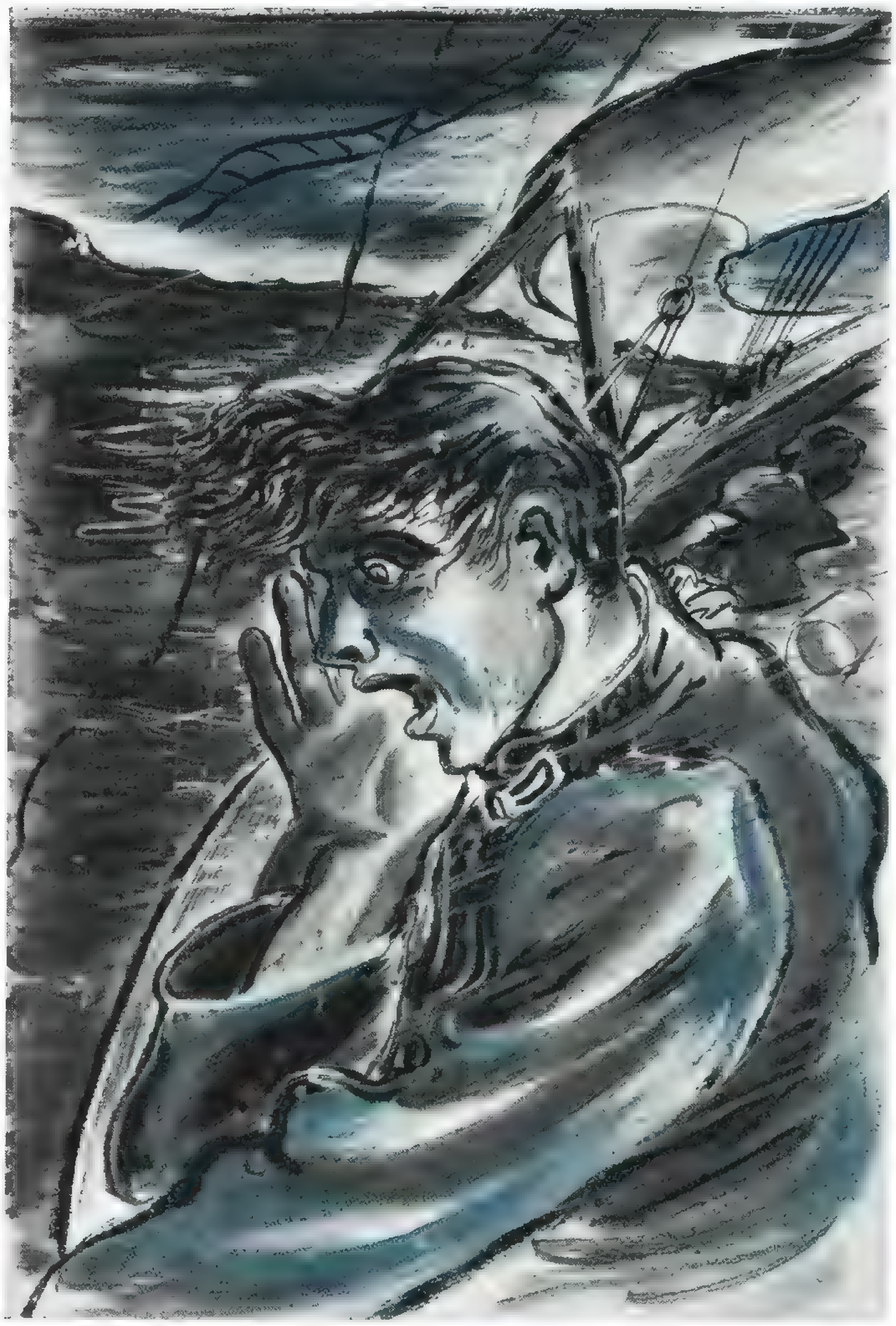
Little Oakum-top over there was waving to me as usual. I didn't know in the least what she looked like. She had a rick of yellow hair, bobbed like a Golden Glow floor mop and under that a pair of big, black, bull's-eye sun glasses. I'd guessed her for legs and a back and the rest of it but I'd never seen any. She was a little snip of the rich beyond question. The get-up, the yawl, the complete lack of appeal, all said that. She was the niece of the lean, elderly, Harvard club guy sailing the yawl. He had come to us in Key West and asked if we would be willing to sail in convoy as far as Miami. He didn't know the channel and it was narrow through Horse and Cow Reefs. Jim, as usual, was not keen but we said sure, come ahead.

"My brother thinks it's blowing up a fair northeaster," I called. "It's a piece of September luck, he says."

"Hey!" Jim hissed. "Pipe down! A piece of September luck! Never shoot your mouth down here about weather in September. Wait and see. Those people are greenhorns . . ."

I dono. There was something about the way he said it, kind of patient and long suffering and hopeless. I sat on the rail and the northeaster blew up but I couldn't feel it. Five days we'd been out and I didn't know how much longer I could suck around this guy, cooped up in forty-five feet of schooner. Sparkman Sikes, he's no good. A lunkhead and a shirker! A granny tier and a blatmouth fresh guy! That's what Jim thought of Sparkman Sikes. Sure! So what? Light a Murad and say, "Aw nuts, Joe!" and walk away. So what?

I sat on the rail and tried to fit Jim into "So what?" Gosh, it's tough when your own brother gives you a feeling like that—that he wonders seriously if you're no good. I looked up at him.



"Jim," I said, "forget about this college business and me being a changed woman and all that stuff . . ."

"What's the matter, got a mood?" he scratched his ear. "Here's a little mood for you. Your September luck doesn't put up the glass as it should. It puts down the glass. It's something beside luck."

"I picked it," I said, "why wouldn't it be something else. What is it?"

He decided a little later. The jib started a tear and we dropped the light hook under the lee of Lignum Vitae Key to put in a patch and waited for the yawl. He had the jib in his lap and the needle shoving off his palm.

"It's a storm," he said. "Plain as if I could hear it roaring, it's a storm to the southward. It's headed this way because the breeze has been true to a hair since six o'clock. Now, where can we go?"

He sat there, the sailor's palm never missing a stitch. Snake Creek wouldn't do, he said, because it's too short and too straight. There would not be room for the schooner and the yawl both, with all the fishing rigs that live there. The tide would likely come through to drown even the snake they named Snake Creek after because it was a straight shot through from the sea.

Damn that yawl, he said to the jib. Damn all yachts! It's got to be a twisty creek and big enough for two. We'll get that Yankee in a place and then he will have to look out for himself. Tavernier Creek! That's the only place! It will be dark before we get there. It's Tavernier though, or bust."

He stood shoving the palm and the needle case and the beeswax back into the ditty bag and looked astern at the yawl coming up.

"It's the works," he said to me, "the glass going down this way. It's a fast moving storm by the drop."

"Shall we try the wireless for warnings?" little Oakum-top's uncle said.

Jim held up his hand. We all listened. From far the other side of the key, where the Atlantic beats against the reefs, came a deep, low roar of surf. Jim still held his hand and there came another low growl and then, it seemed a long wait, another.

"There's a wireless," Jim said. "No more than five seas to the minute. It's normally twelve or fourteen even in a fresh breeze like this. Those are big swells, greater than any wind now blowing in this area. They're running before a hurricane.

"Look!" the girl pointed.

There was a sun dog aloft, smoky and dirty.

"That's Lord Hurricane's coat of arms," Jim yelled. "Come on! Crank up and drive as hard as you can, sail and engine. Tavernier's our post! We've got to make steamboat time for Tavernier."

We made steamboat time but we did not reach Tavernier. I'll never forget that sail. The color scheme was yellow. Yellow in the sky and the water and yellow in Sparkie. The sun went down sick as a poisoned Chinaman.

Overhead the sky was green, green I tell you, like drake mallard feathers. Then the moon took over and it was sick too. It gave plenty of light but there was a film across its face that made it look like fungus. It wore a big ring, dirty as smoke in sunlight, and torn chunks of cloud came booming out of the east like full rigged ships. Their shadows raced over us and the light seemed to snap on as they passed, they were going so fast. The little schooner had some courage. Jim

Continued on page 132

The Passing of the Last Playboy

Richard Halliburton was not a phony, he had an appetite for action, and made his living having a good time

by GEORGE WELLER

• ARTICLE •

A TYPHOON, already forgotten by the world, and recorded now only in dust-gathering barometric and meteorological charts, spurred the deeps of the South Pacific last spring and took with it the final word of Richard Halliburton. Probably no adventurer with such meagre personal pretensions to authorship ever excited so much dispute in American letters as this man. He entered life, like Thomas Wolfe, in the first year of the new century, and he died before forty. Few careers afford a better cartoon of their period.

In a sense, Halliburton's life, had it ended ten years earlier, would have ended gloriously. At least, it would have ended happily and successfully. He was a triumph of the 1920's; he had done, seen and sampled everything that he could think of. He was in the unique position of having no inhibitions left, and no exhibitions, either. His contempt for economic dialectic and his political cynicism not only caused his expulsion from Soviet Russia but unfitted him for taking part in the impotent decade of polemics and depression now drawn to a stalemate close.

But although he could change gear from the 1920's to the 30's, going from drink and dreams to drink and dialectic, Halliburton was made of too mercurial, too romantic stuff for a depression. He continued to live as though personal adventure were still the thing. He was an Ariel left over from the summer of the Jazz Age, but his wings weakened in the bleak blasts of finance capital's October.

If the ill-wishers of Halliburton could have had their way, his decline would have come sooner. The more popular he was among the masses, the less the intellectuals liked him. Among the young men of his own time, especially those who went with him to Princeton, few could be found to say a good word for him. To them he was worse than an adventurer, he was a poseur. Nobody wanted to believe he had done any of the exploits he claimed to do, swimming the Hellespont or crossing the Alps on an elephant. If Halliburton had done these stunts they must have been much easier than he had represented them. A playboy is always without honor in his own college.

The day that received so warmly Ernest Hemingway's adventures with men and women welcomed with equal ardor, at first, Halliburton's adventures in the body. To compare these two unlike Byrons of the nineteen twenties and thirties is more enlightening than it might first seem. Both began as tasters of sensation. Each had the omnivorous appetite of his time, the itching foot, the quick sympathy, the demand for the first-hand experience. Each knew a hunger that outran every new horizon, but to Hemingway his period was bitter and slow, while to Halliburton it seemed quick and sweet.

Even though the attitude of both as wanderer and storyteller was sincere in the realest sense, both grew to the appearance of insincerity because time, the betrayer, changed their period. In the end Halliburton dared more. In Spain in 1936 Hemingway never went so far in his halfback's Marxism as to cut himself off from the new spiritual gamble that would open with the 1940's. He could still, for example, become as good a Catholic as Heywood Broun. But Halliburton stubbornly crossing the Pacific in a clumsy Chinese junk, has paid for his obstinate anachronism with a mouth by now filled with seaweed, a body disintegrating in the clutch of waves and sand.

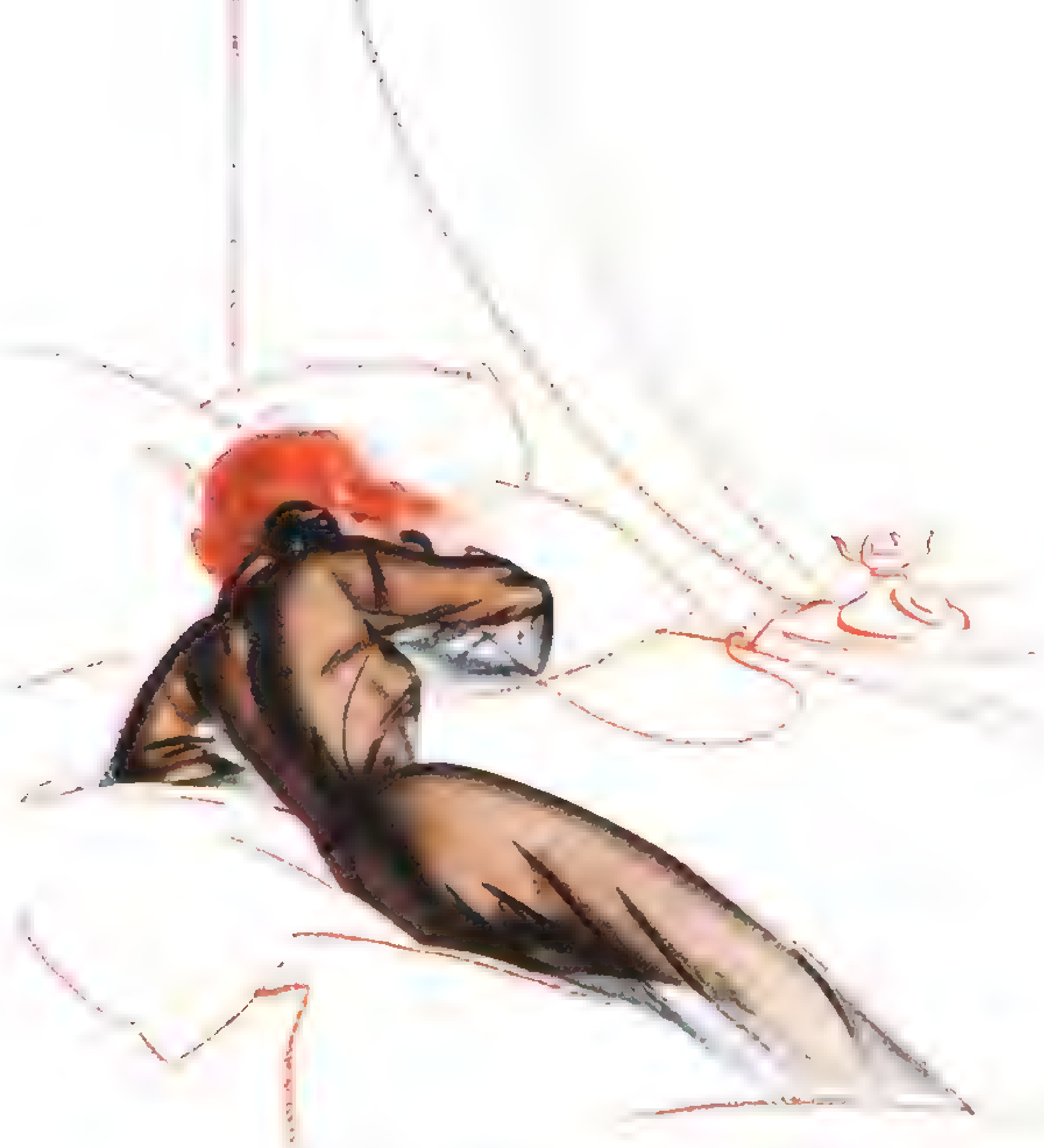
It was especially annoying to his critics that although Halliburton had a slight and unsubstantial physique, he insisted on the extremest athletic tests that a man could undertake alone. This appetite for action, together with a flair for the lyric and often the purple phrase, brought his books quickly up in circulation and down in esteem. He had to climb to the tens of thousands before the reviewers of the great New York newspapers would notice him. He early experienced this paradox: those who make a fetish of democracy, give it least value when the tastes of the mob flout their own, as they nearly always do. Halliburton, though, was already secure in the drugstore library before he was expelled from the shelves of the drawing room. He didn't care. Not at first, anyway.

It was a day when it was still possible for a college student to wangle passage on a cattle steamer to Europe and for anyone to thumb his way across America without fear of arrest. It was the day of headliners and champions that began with Gertrude Ederle and Joan Lowell and ended with Charles Lindbergh and Von Luckner. High feats of daring were being accomplished by what the college set already considered, and would later learn to call, mugs. And then came along an educated mug from whom all the life juice had not been squeezed out, a Lawrenceville mug with a Princeton degree who wanted to be a stunt man more than he wanted to be a bond salesman and join a penthouse luncheon club. Small wonder Halliburton set his classmates' teeth on edge. The world was the great restaurant of the Gin Age, and Hemingway was one waiter trying to sell the customers absinthe and cognac—while Halliburton was trying to get them to take nectar, liberally watered. He caught on like mad with the illusion-hungry mob. For the country club set, steeped in pocket-flask wisdom, he was too Byronic to be endured.

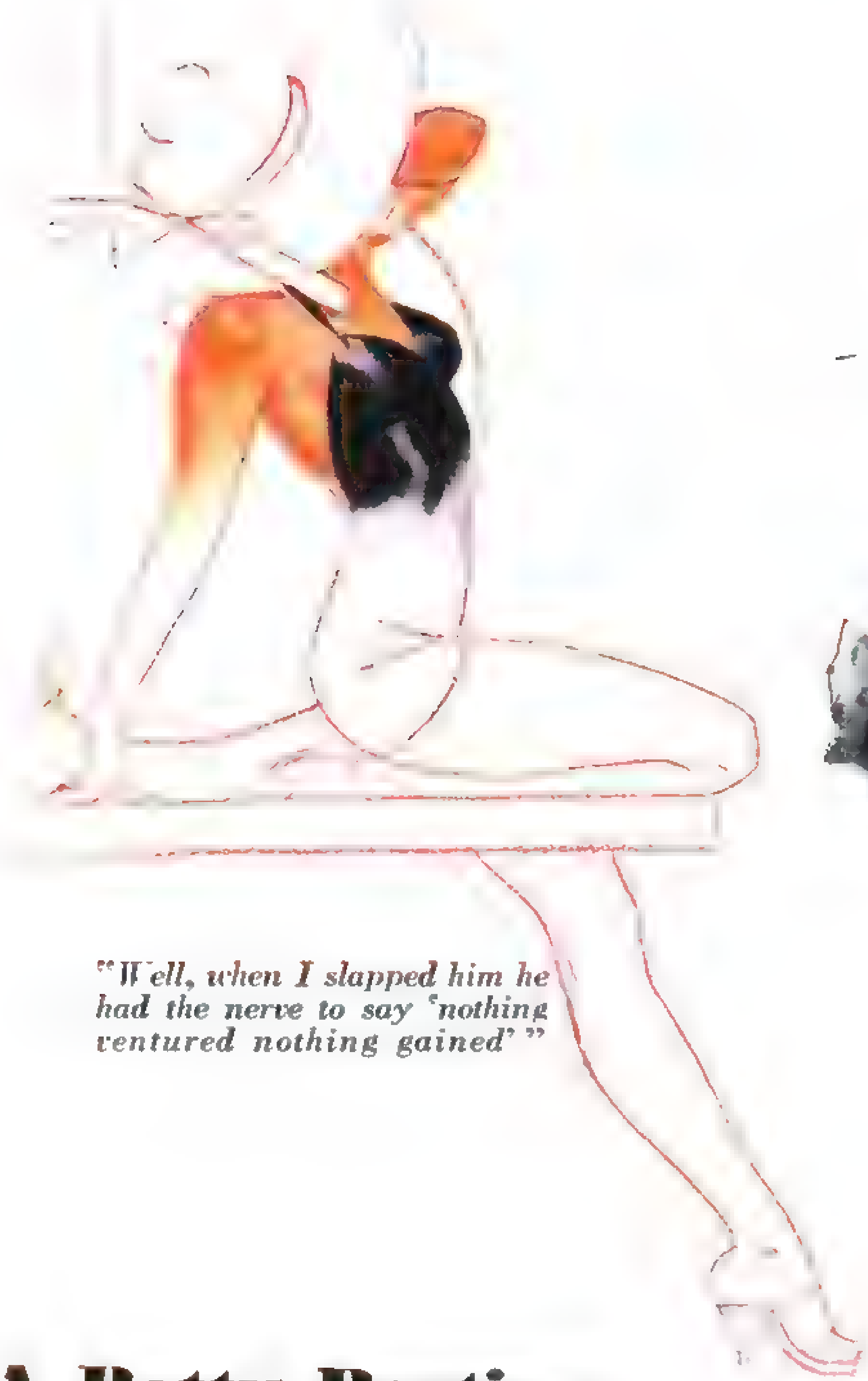
When Halliburton dove into the waters of the Well of Death at Chichen-Itza in Yucatan, a steep, back-breaking dive for any man, his enviers suggested he was simply celebrating

Continued on page 111

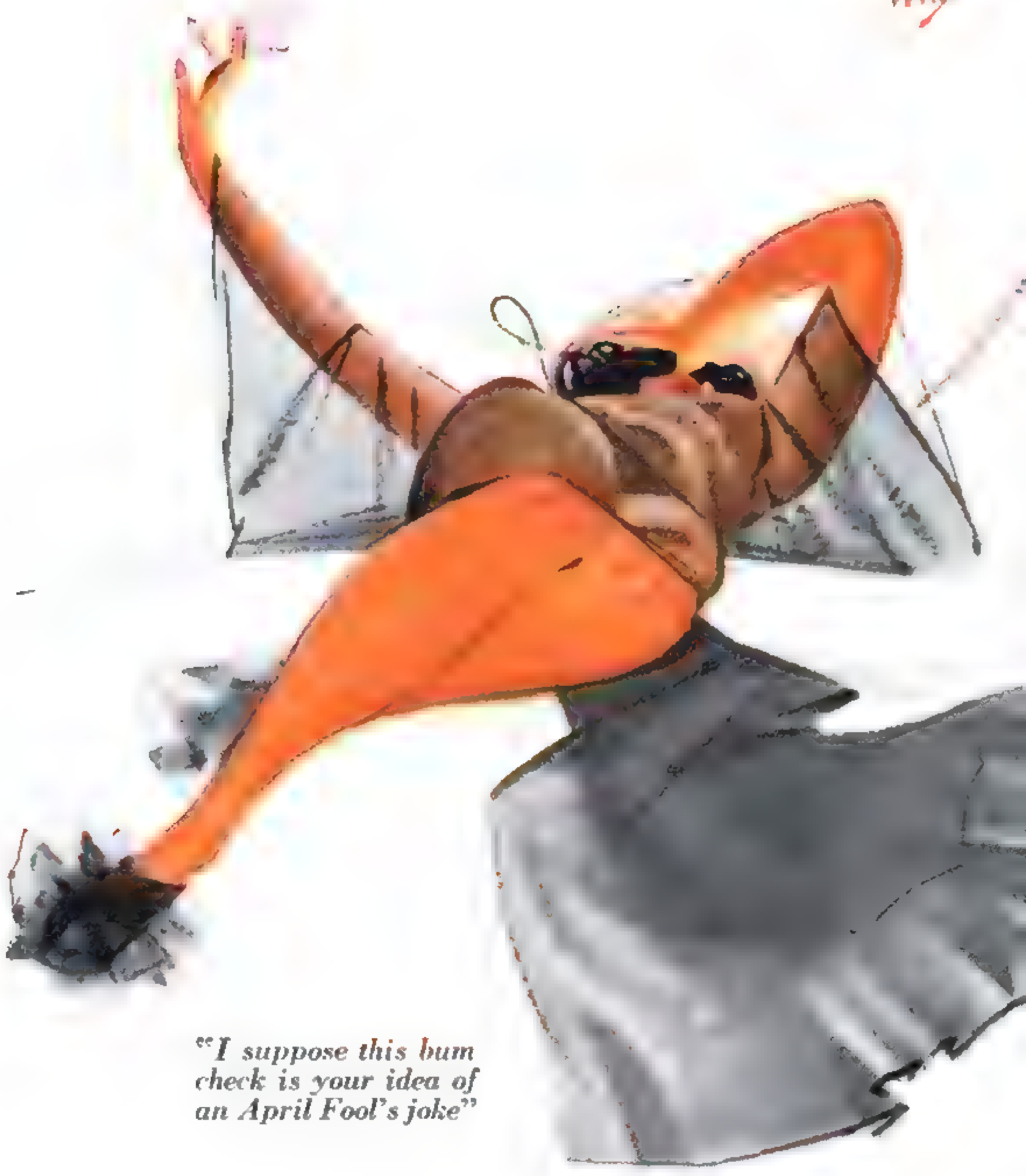
"I suppose that's what they mean when they say 'they grow old gracefully together'"



"I've been frightfully restless all day dear—bring home some celery"

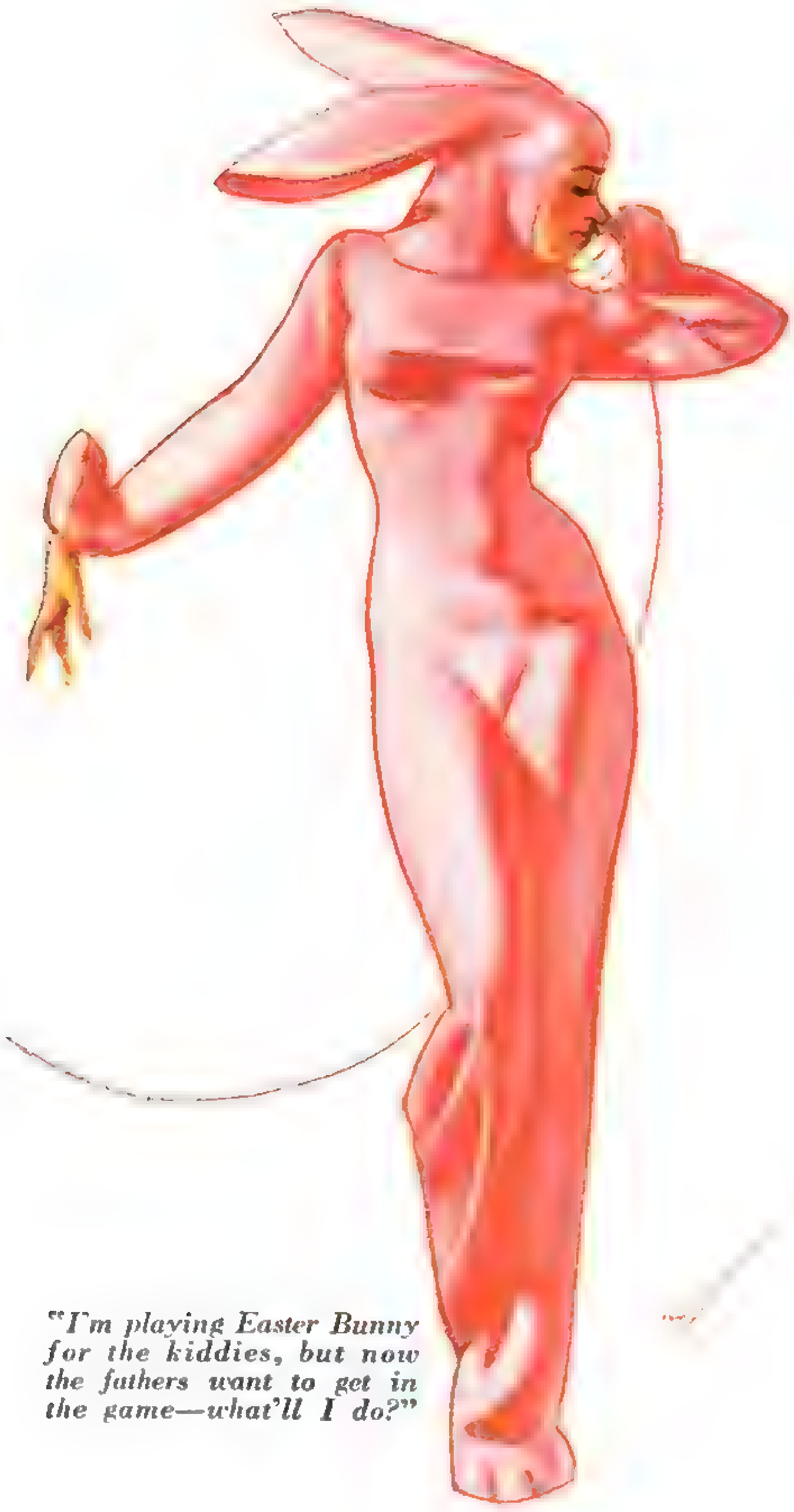


"Well, when I slapped him he had the nerve to say 'nothing ventured nothing gained'"

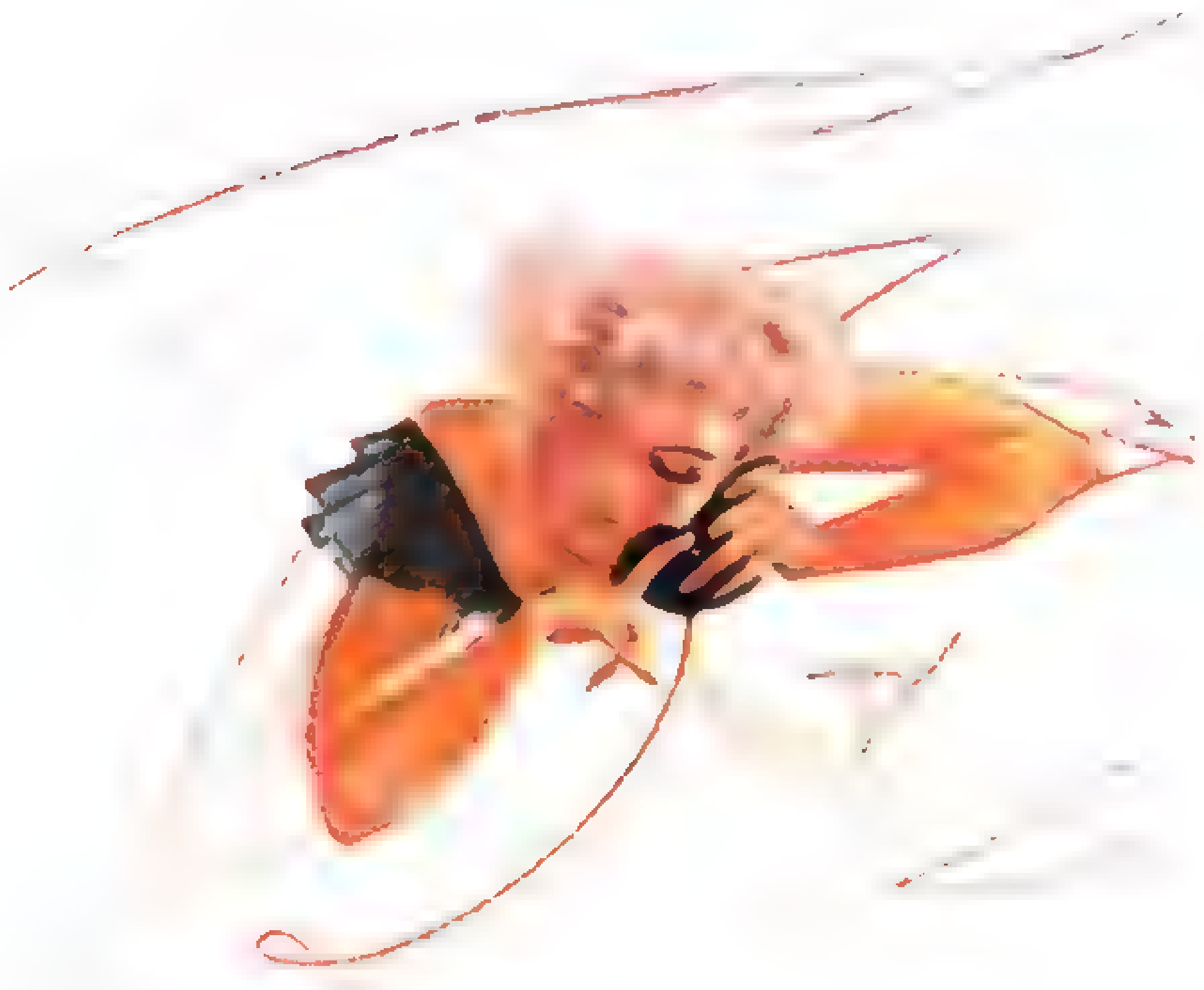


"I suppose this bum check is your idea of an April Fool's joke"

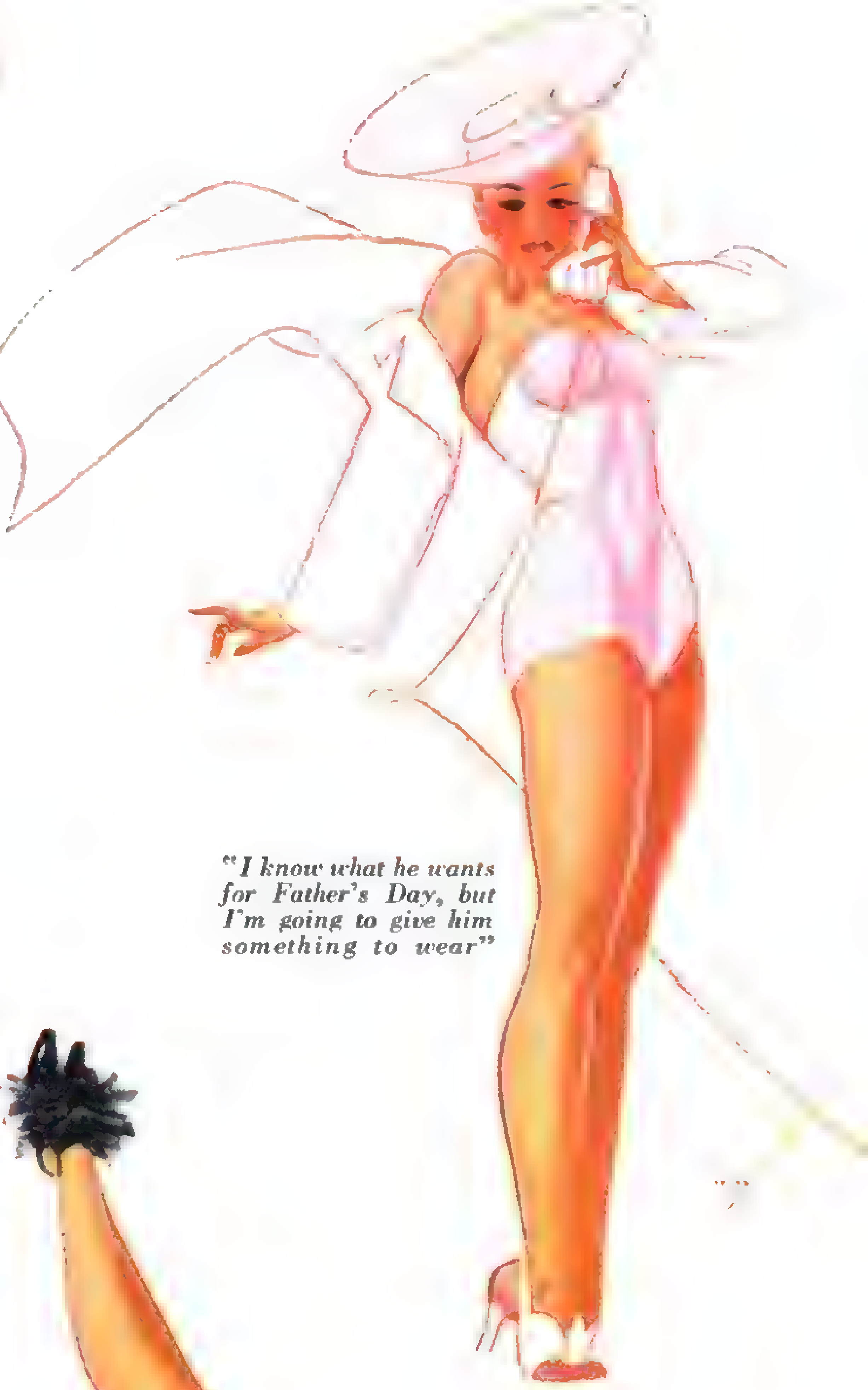
A Petty Portion
of
Memorable Cartoons
from
ESQUIRE 1933-1939
selected by reader requests



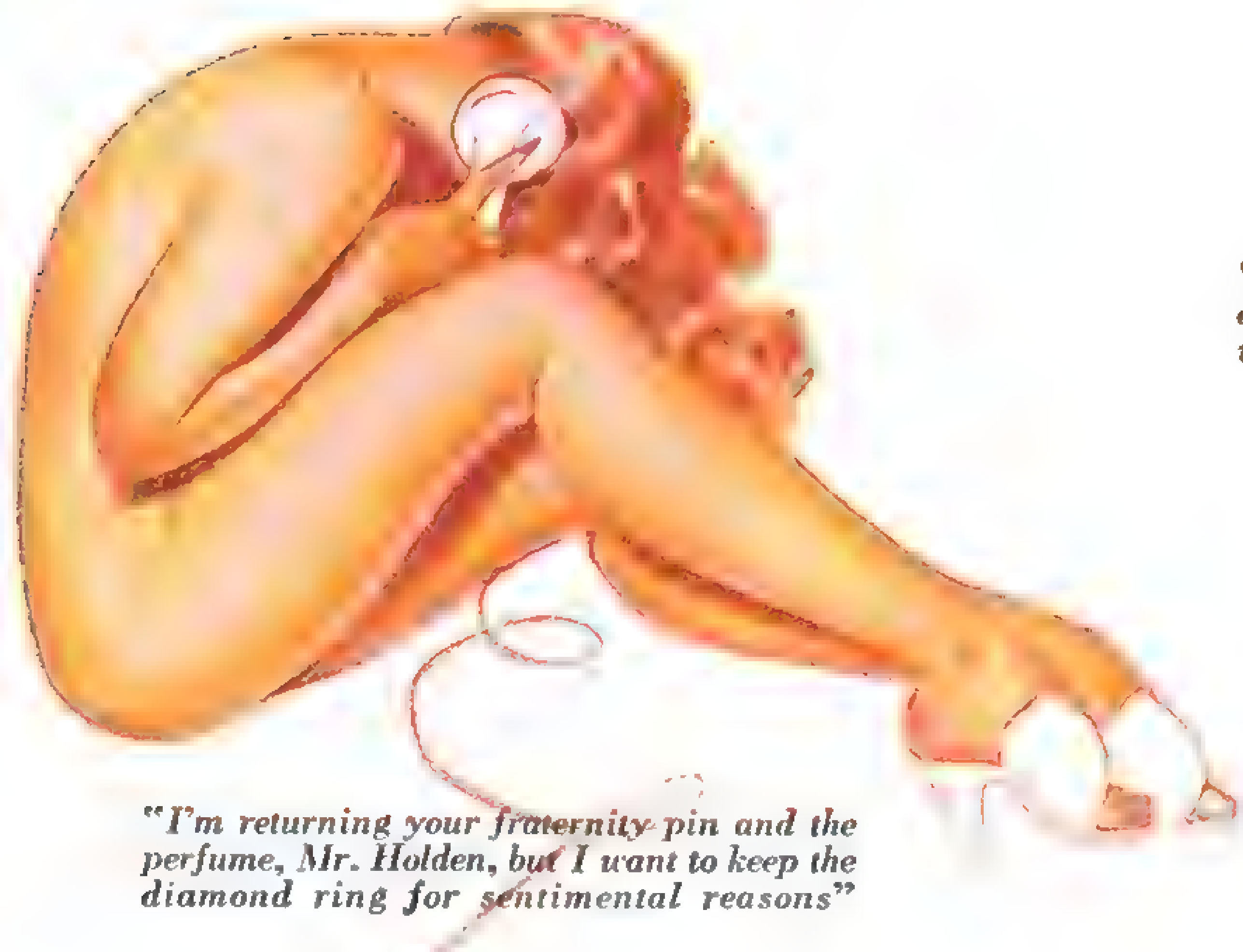
"I'm playing Easter Bunny for the kiddies, but now the fathers want to get in the game—what'll I do?"



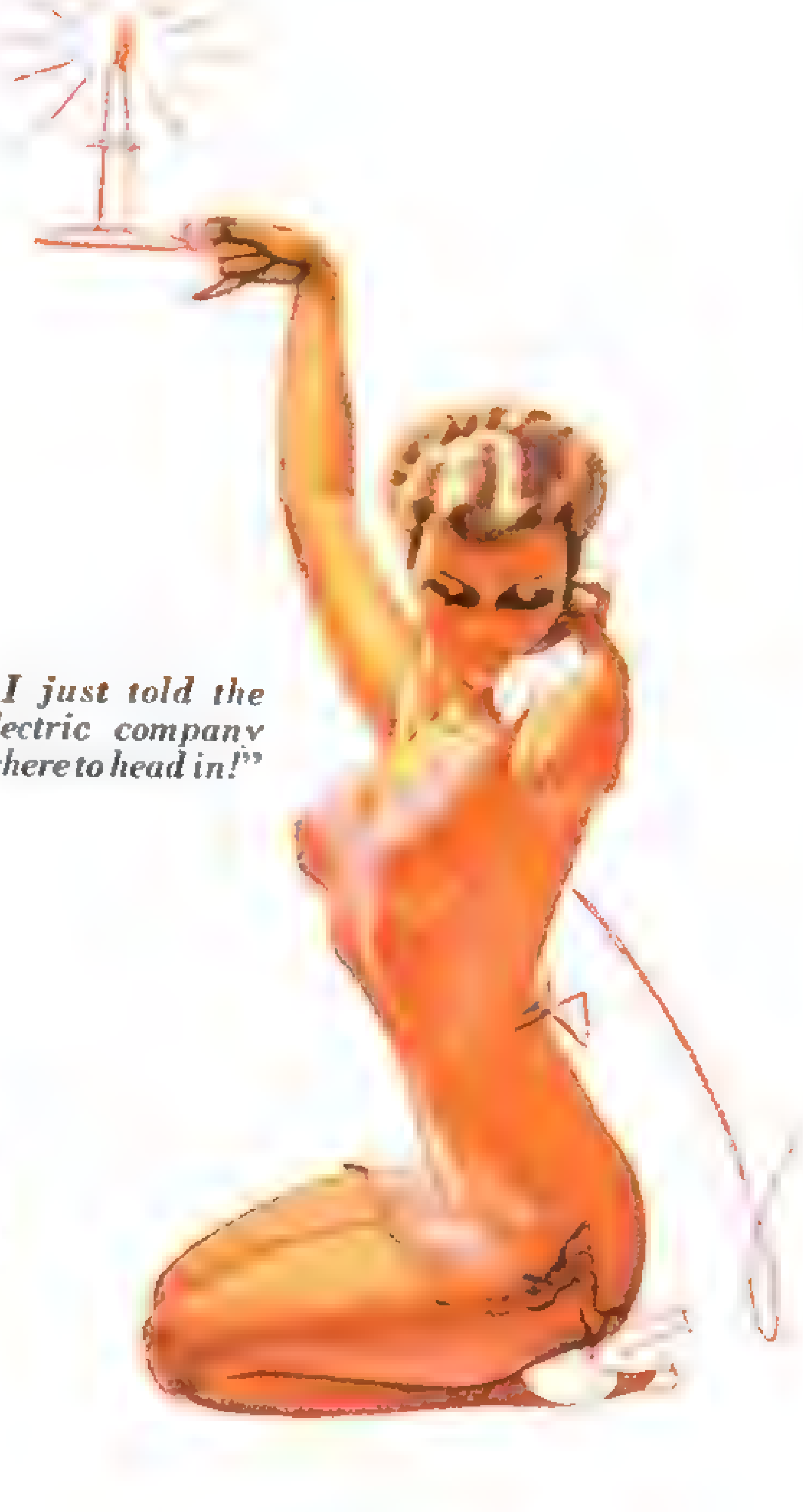
"How silly, darling—wealth means nothing to me. Say! you haven't gone bankrupt, have you?"



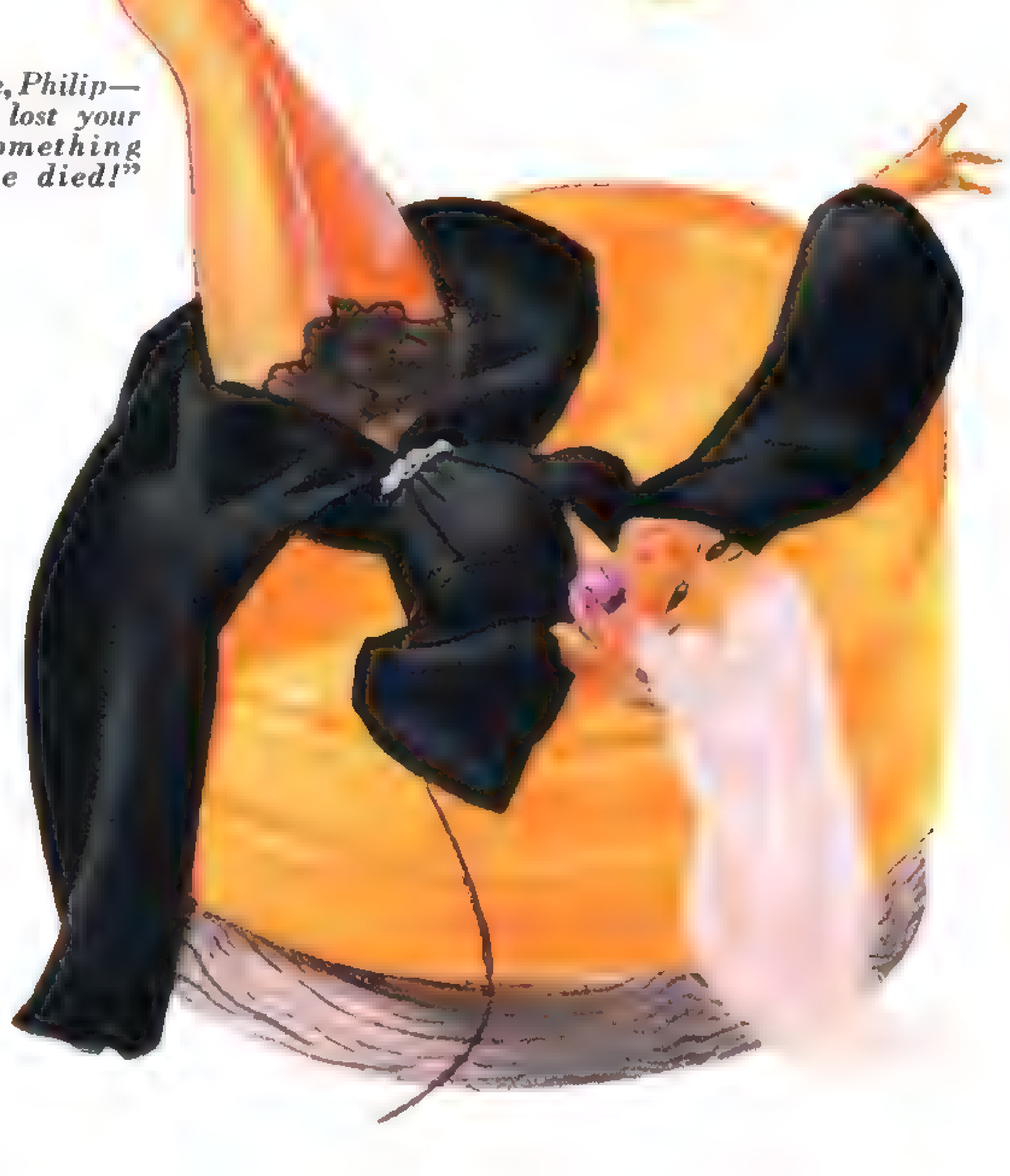
"I know what he wants for Father's Day, but I'm going to give him something to wear"



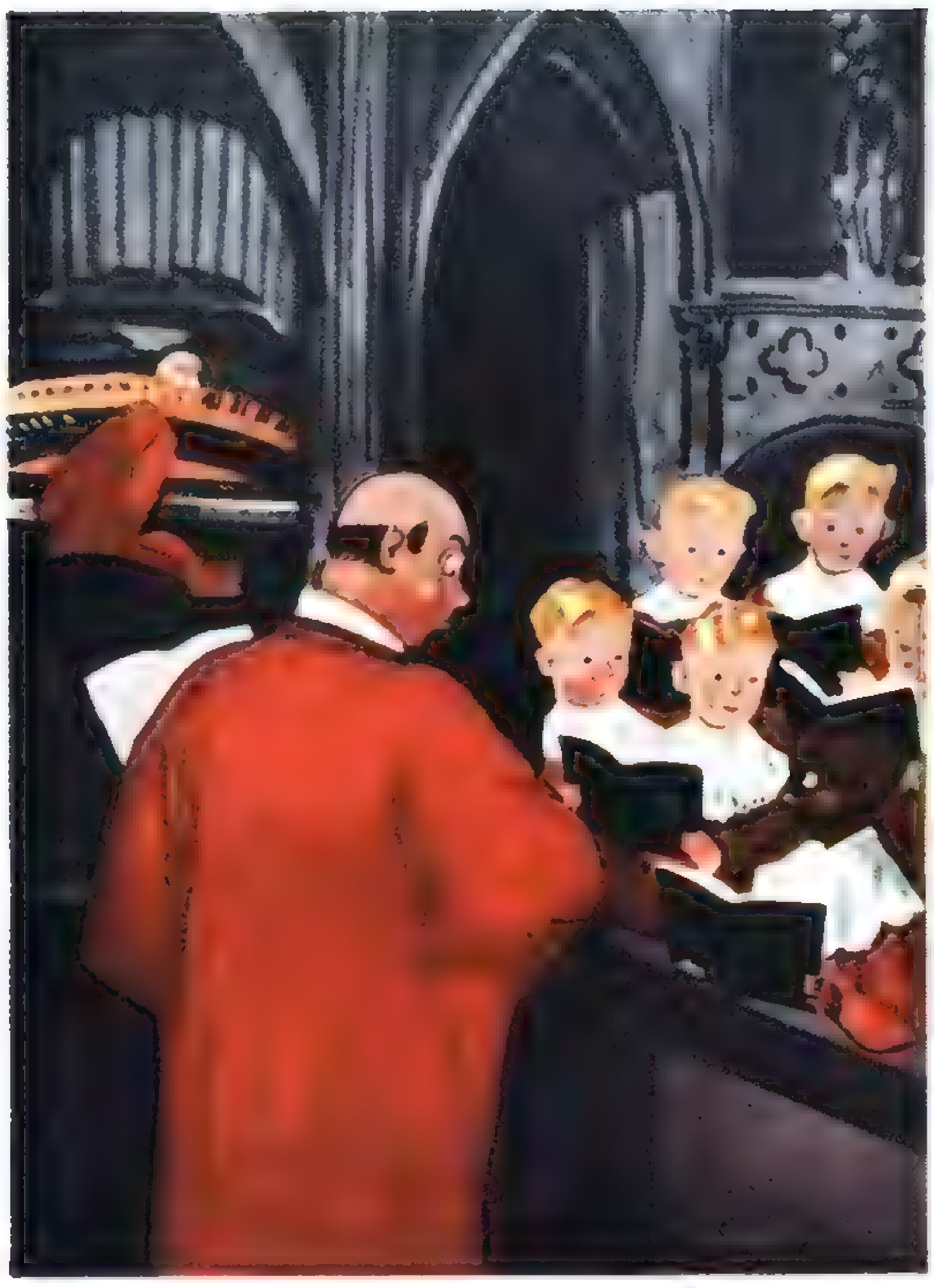
"I'm returning your fraternity pin and the perfume, Mr. Holden, but I want to keep the diamond ring for sentimental reasons"



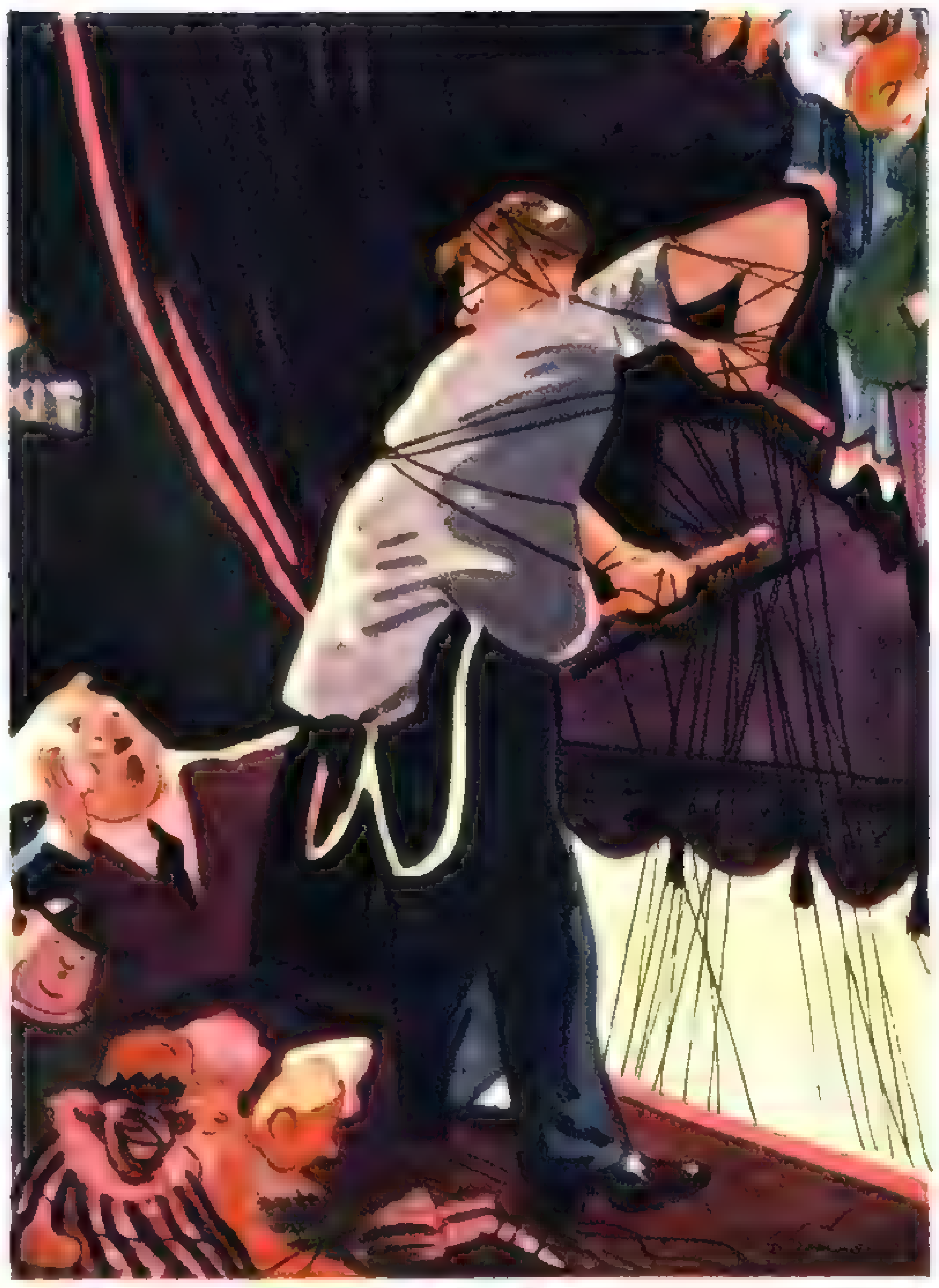
"I just told the electric company where to head in!"



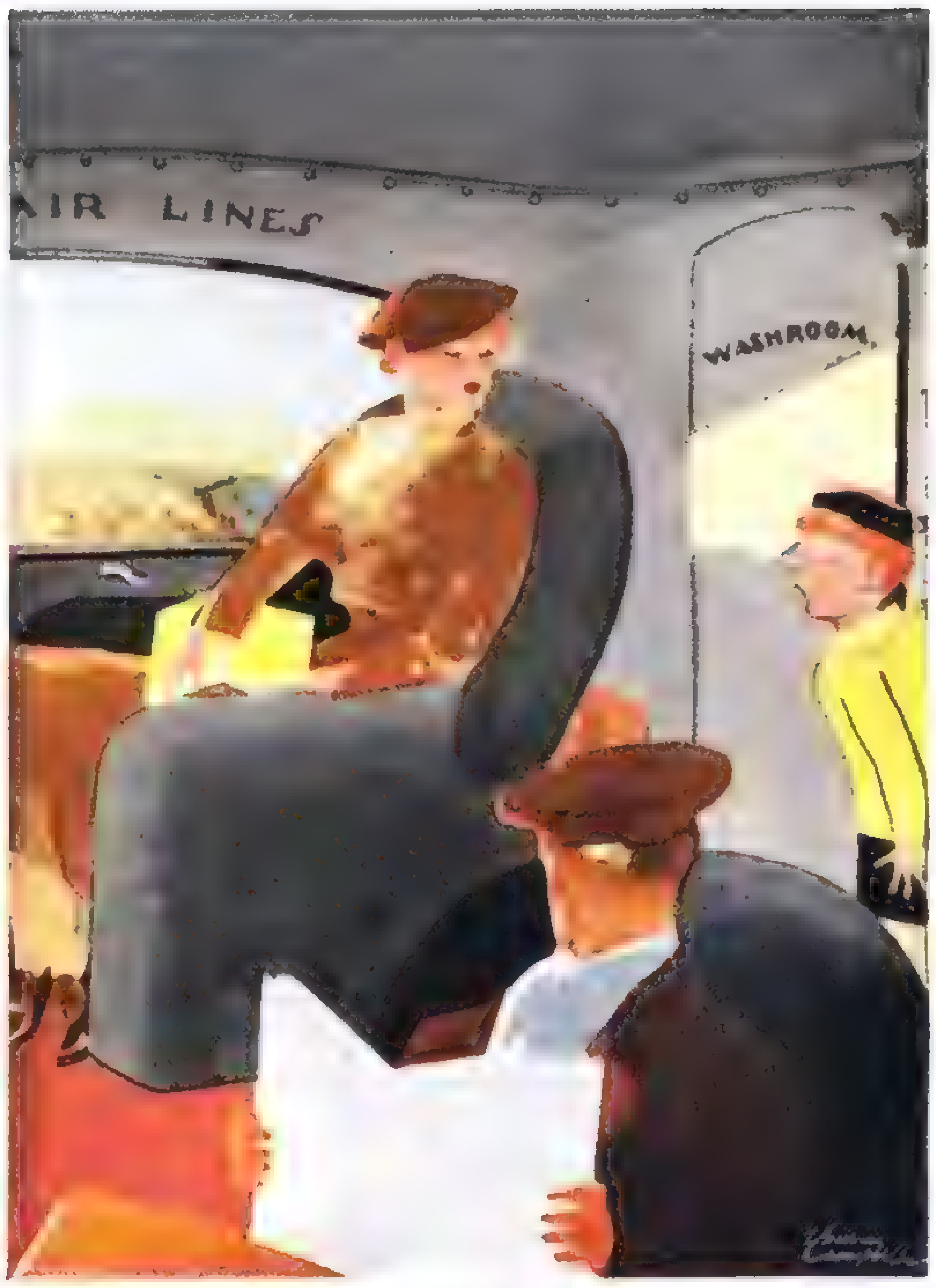
"It's no use, Philip—when you lost your yacht—something within me died!"



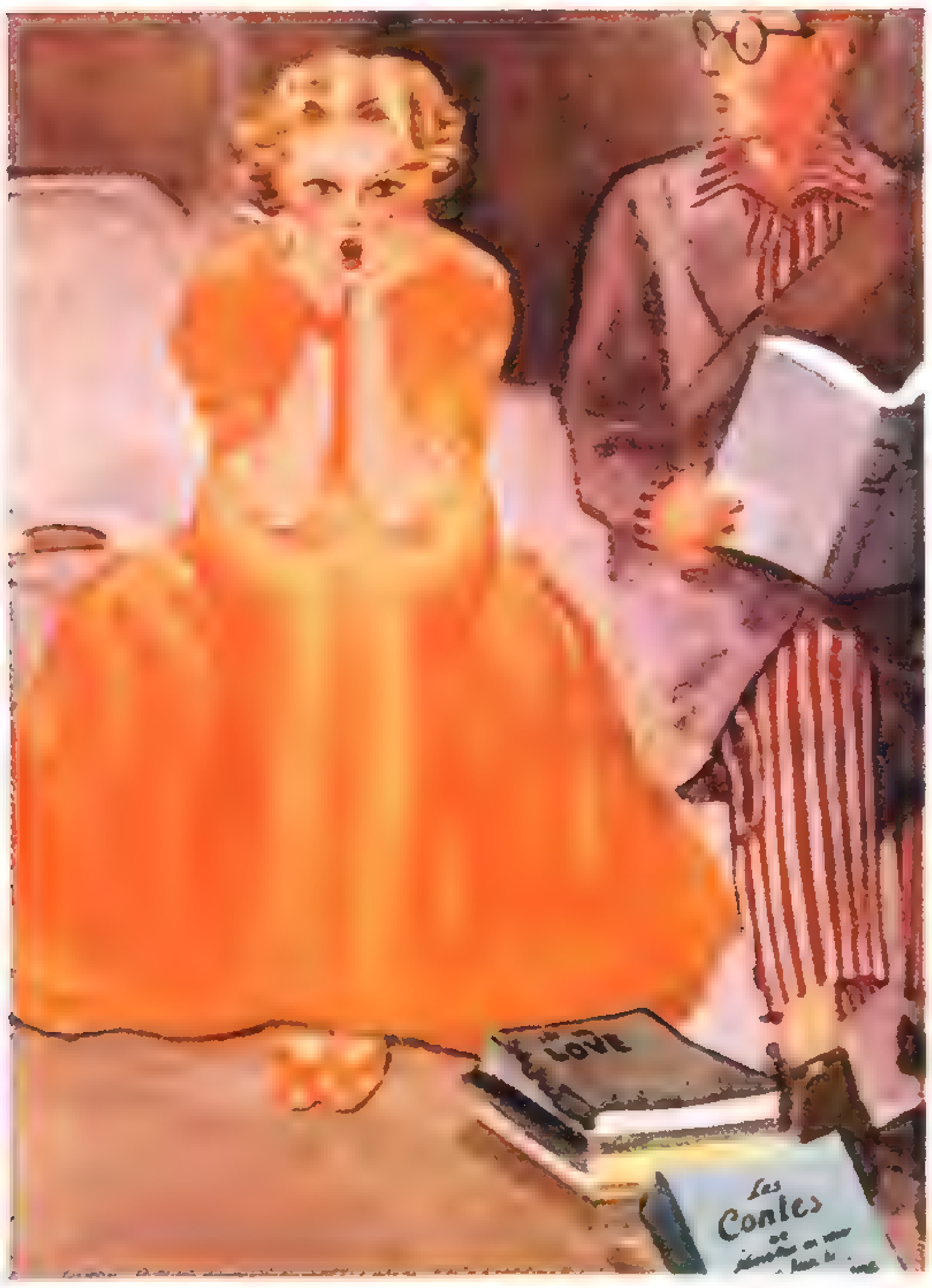
"——and remember, none of that hi de ho stuff!"



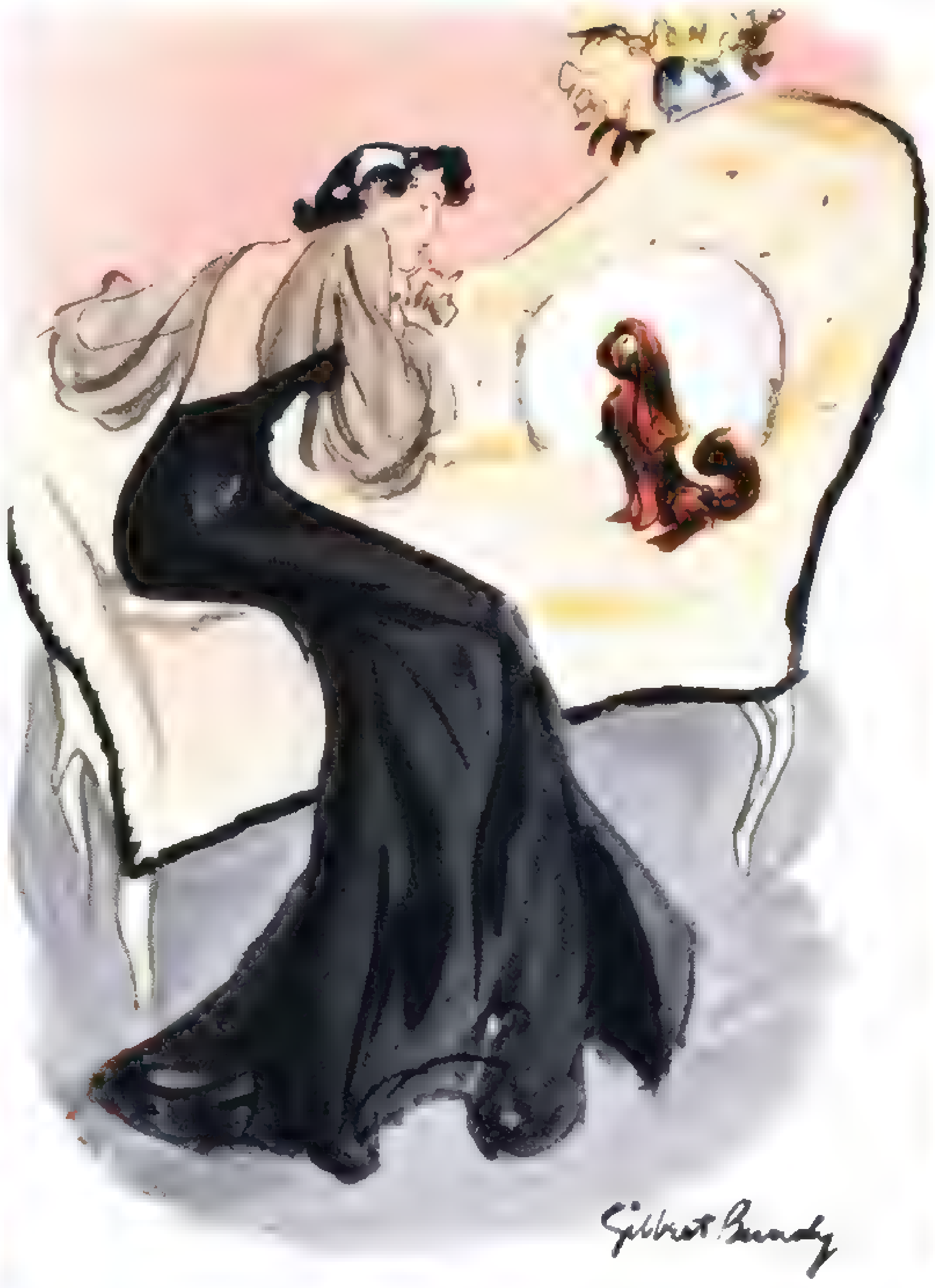
"Good Lord, Ferguson—you oughta see what you got them puppets doing!"


AIR LINES
WASHROOM

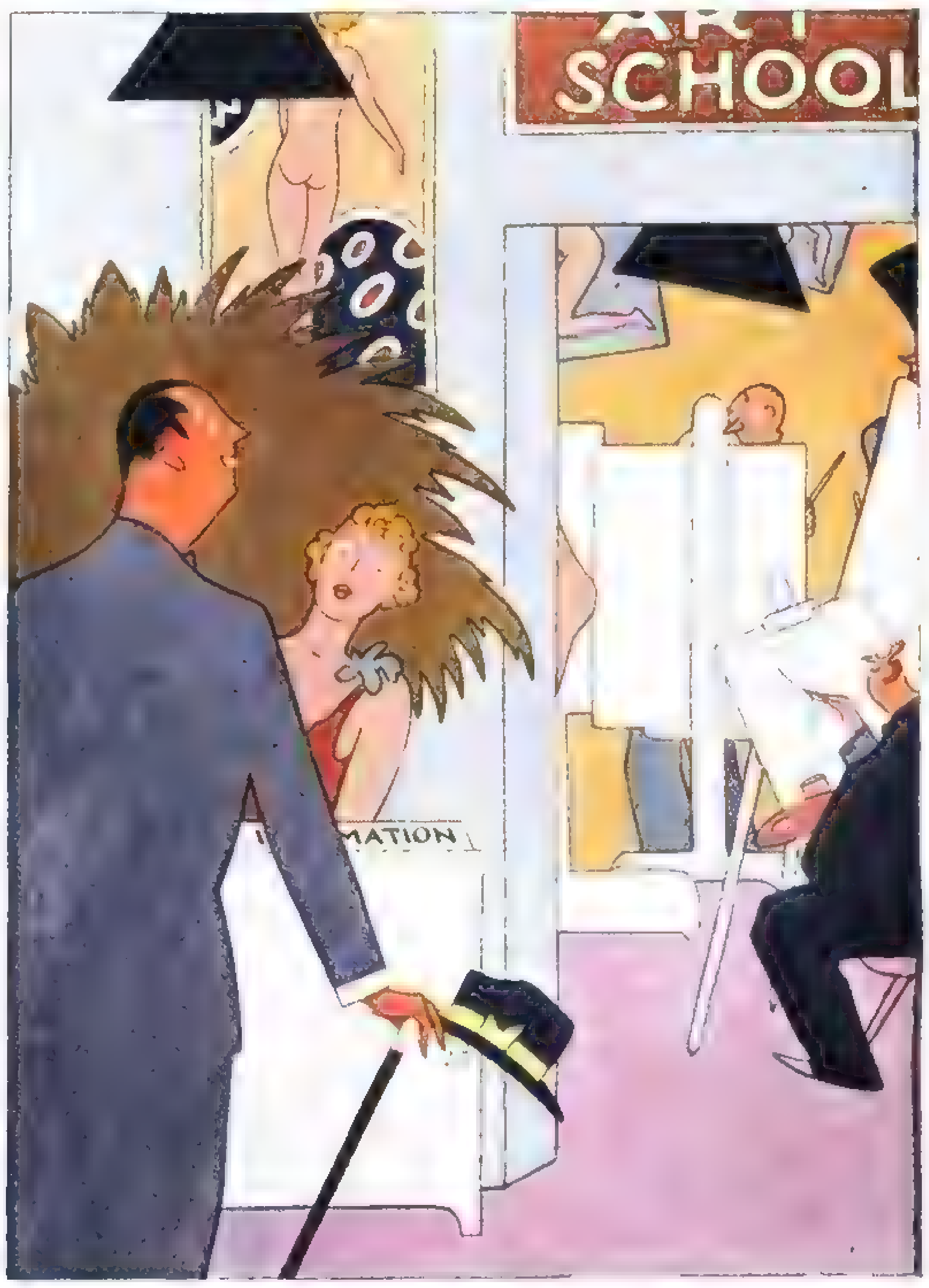
"Gee, Mummy—you can see in here better'n you can see out th' windows"


LOVE
Les Contes

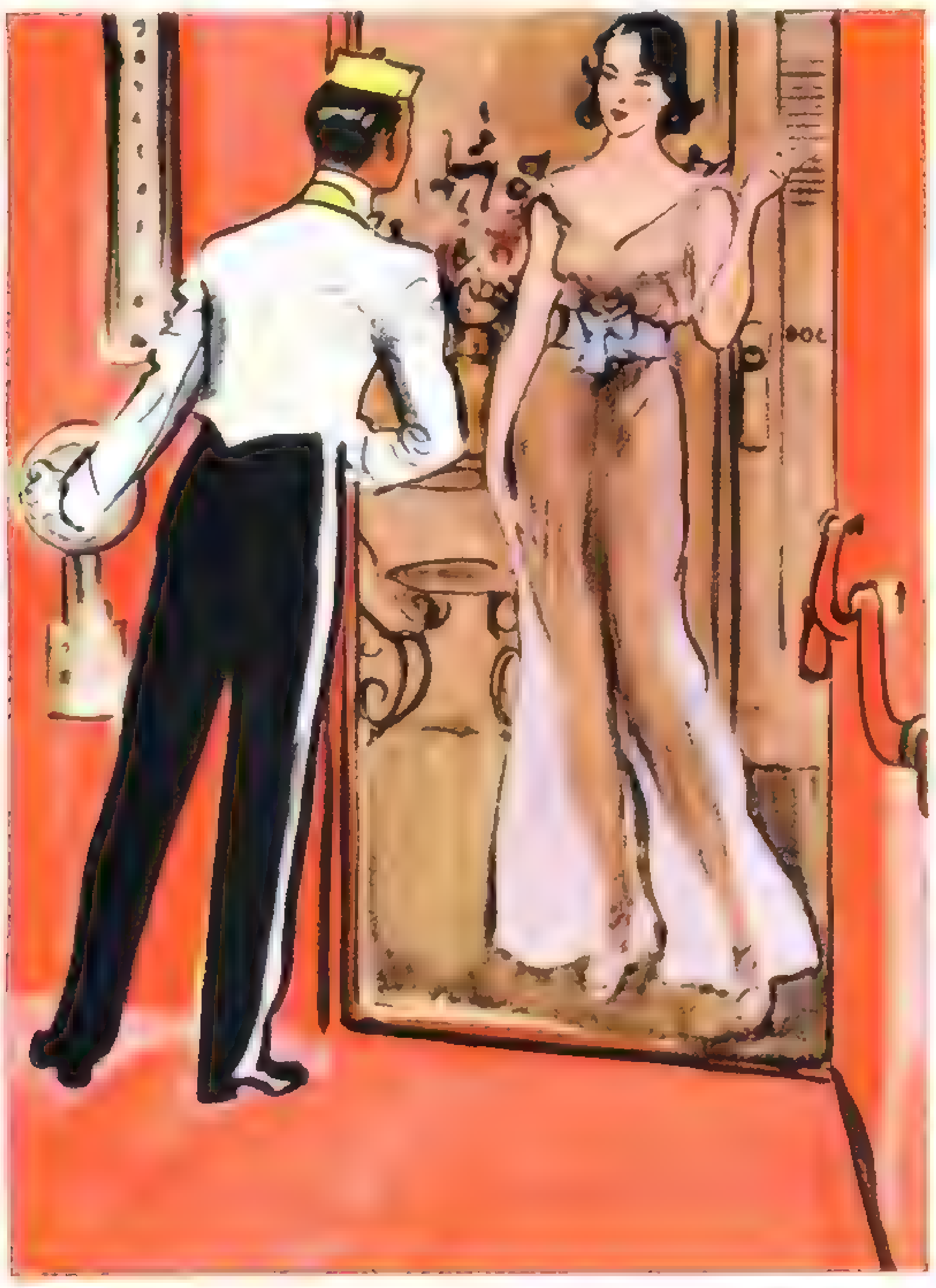
"My God—quit reading about it!"


Gilbert Bundy

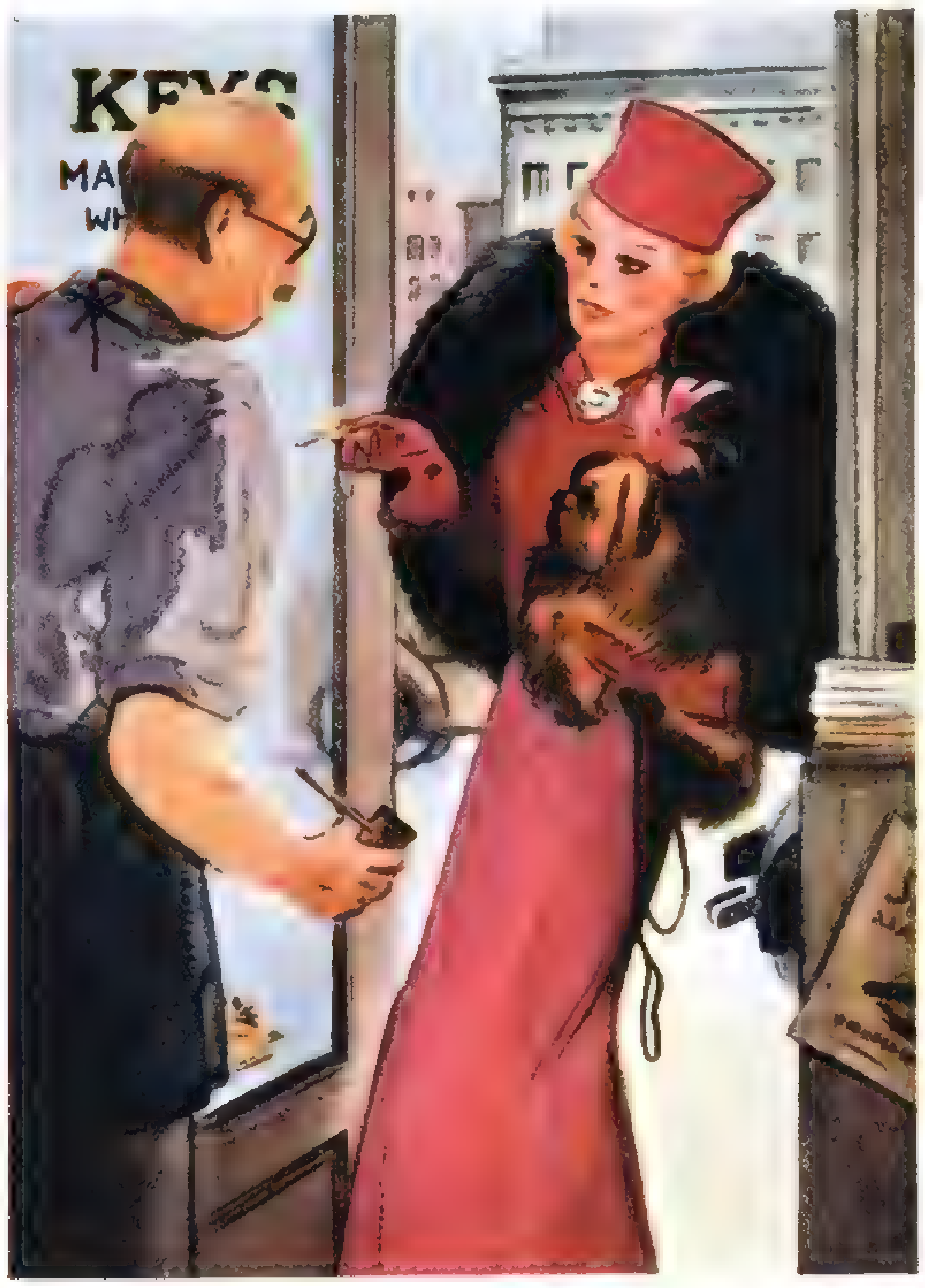
"You don't think mama was a naughty girl tonight, do you?"


ART SCHOOL
INFORMATION

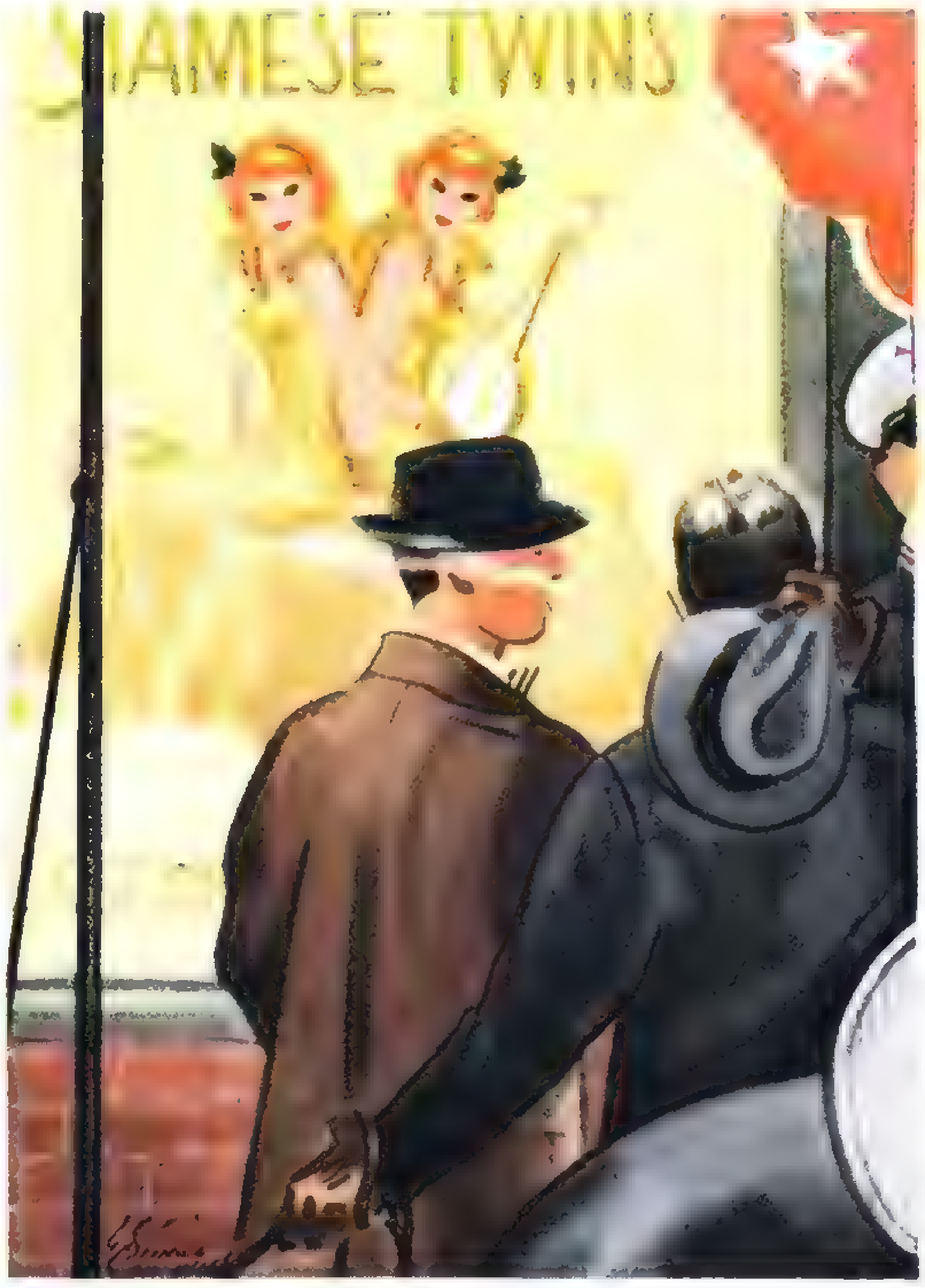
"I don't want to take a course right now—I thought I'd just shop around"



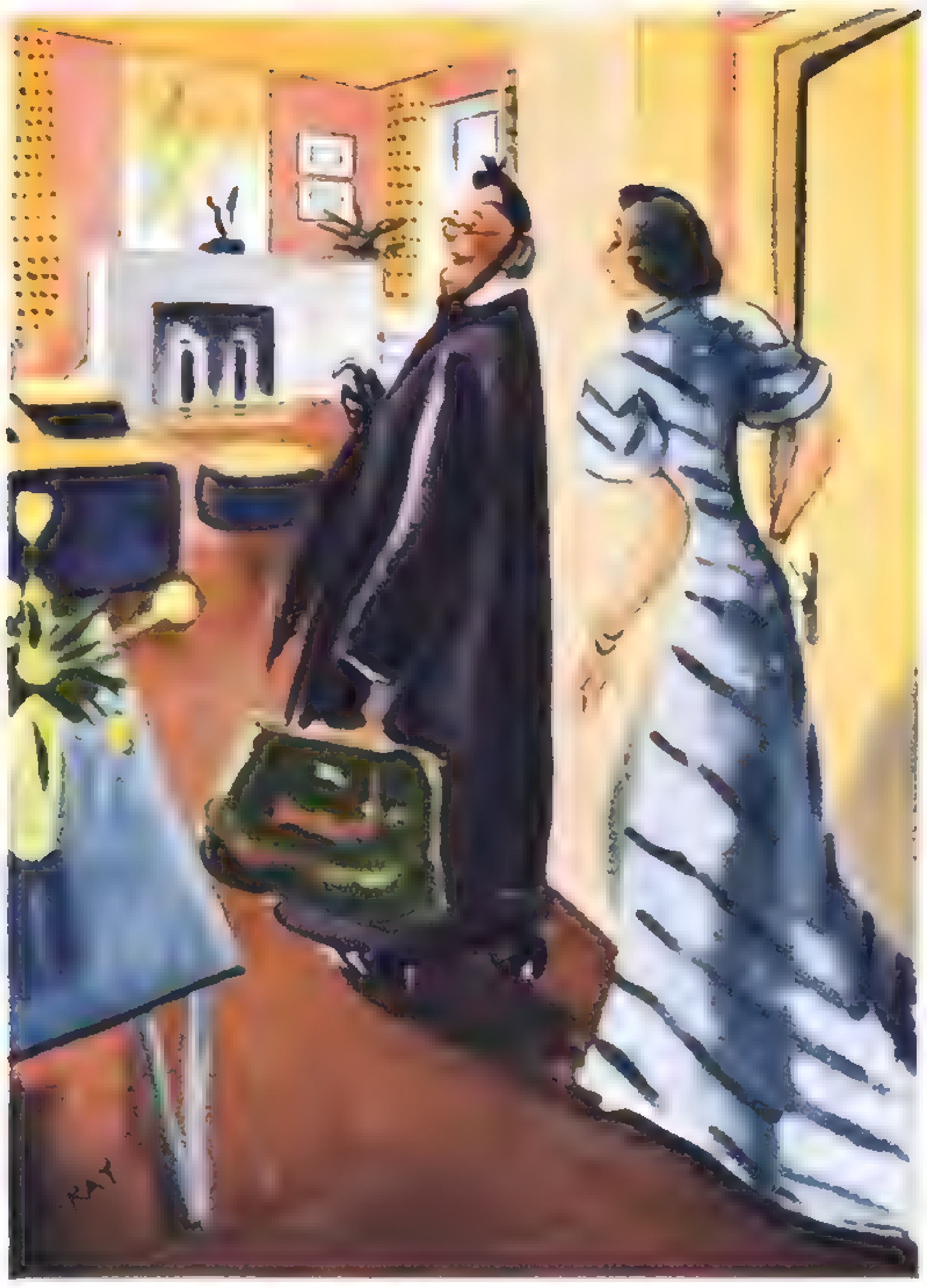
"I can't get into my room—I came out without my key."



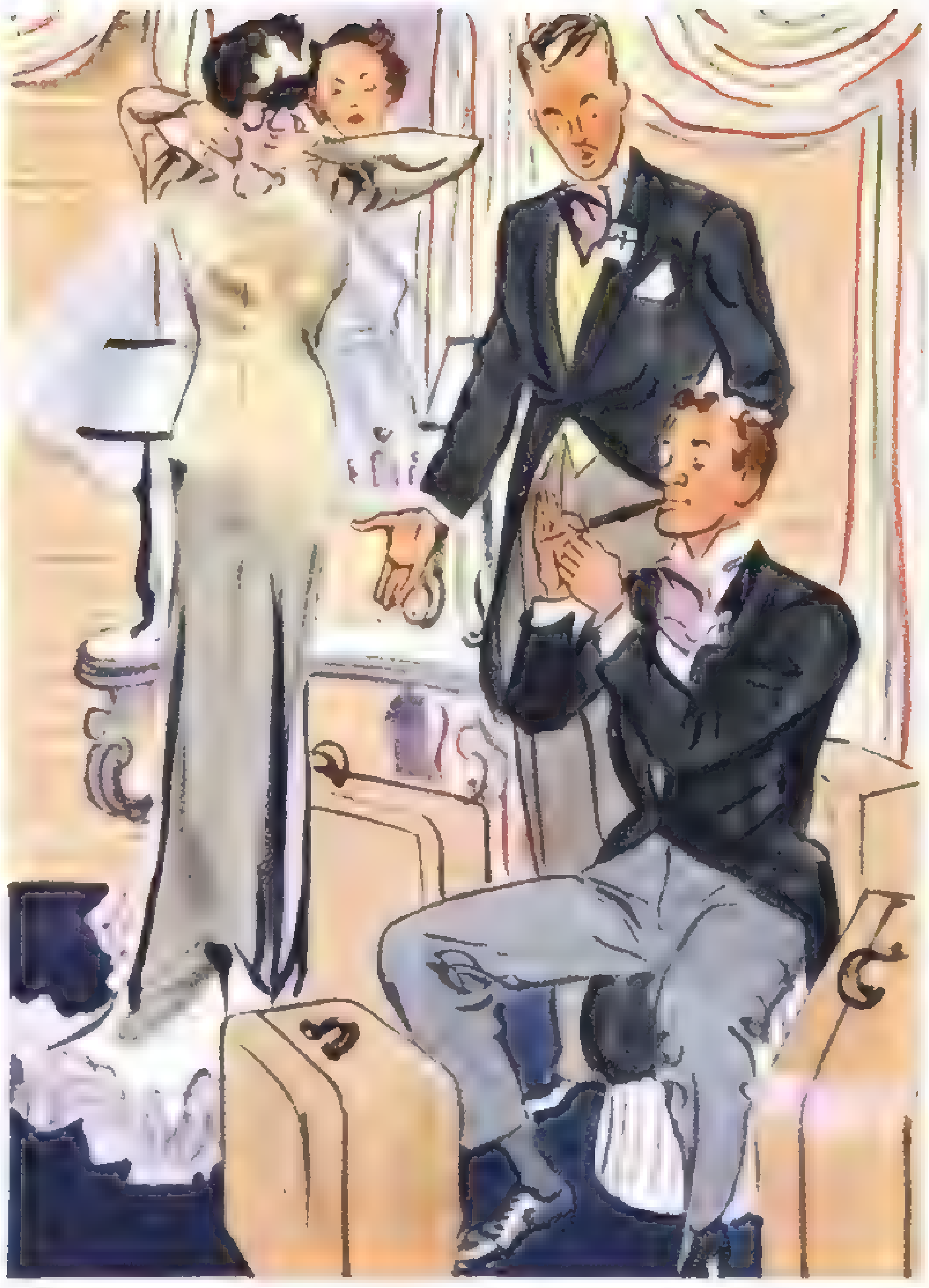
"I'll need six of these, if you please"


SIAMESE TWINS

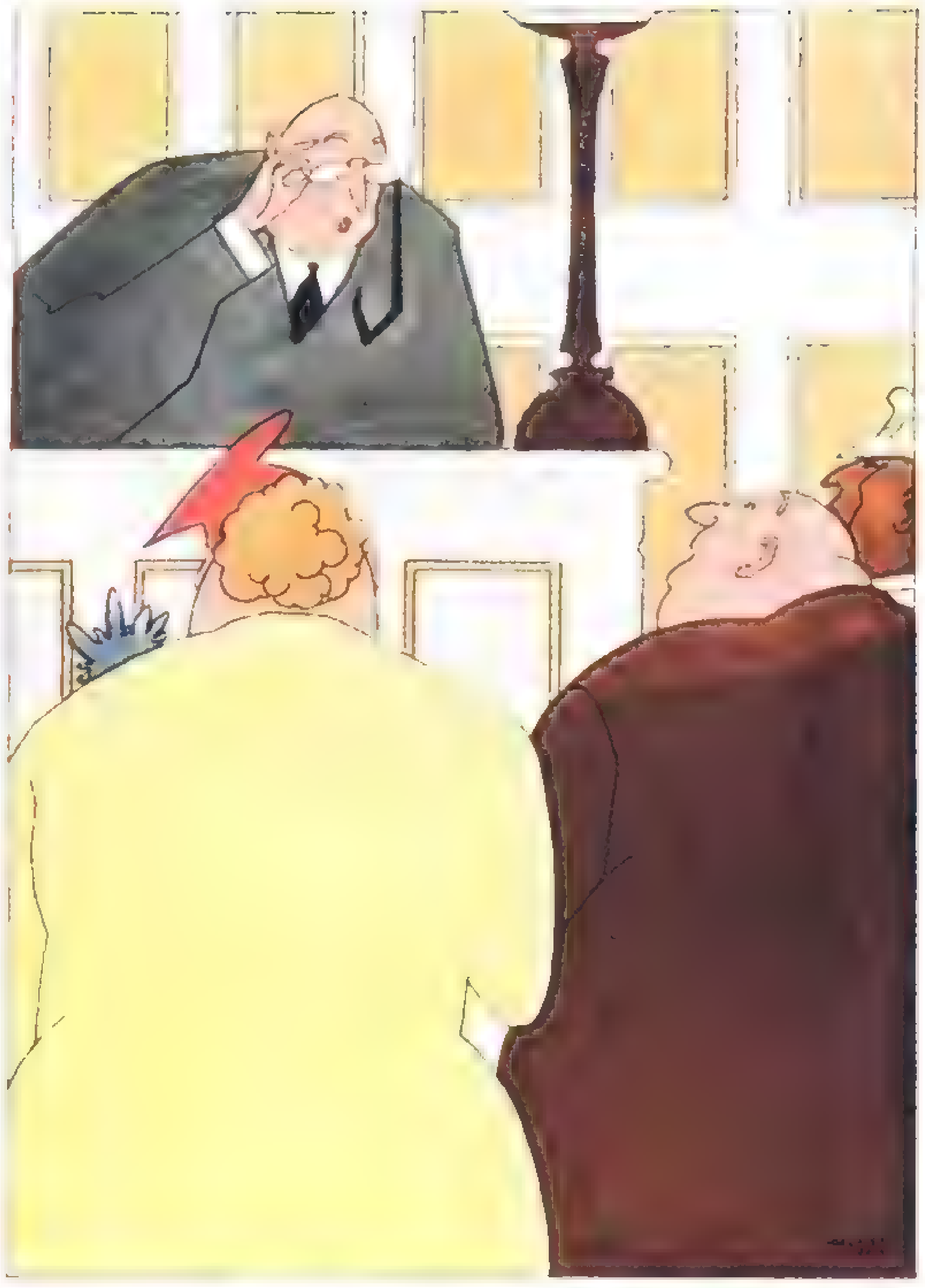
"That's what I've often wondered"



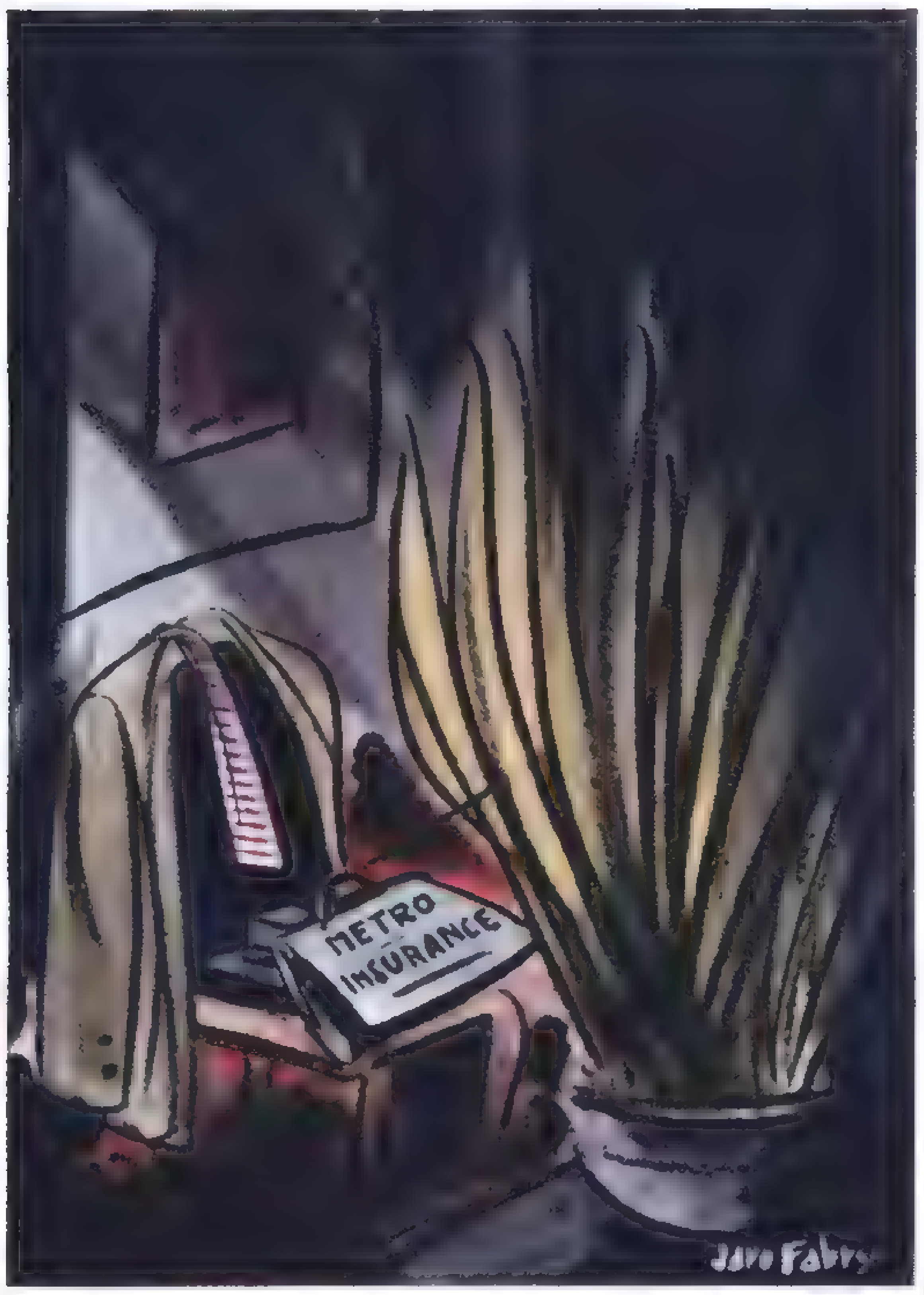
"—Sure beats all what $18 a week will do in the city!"



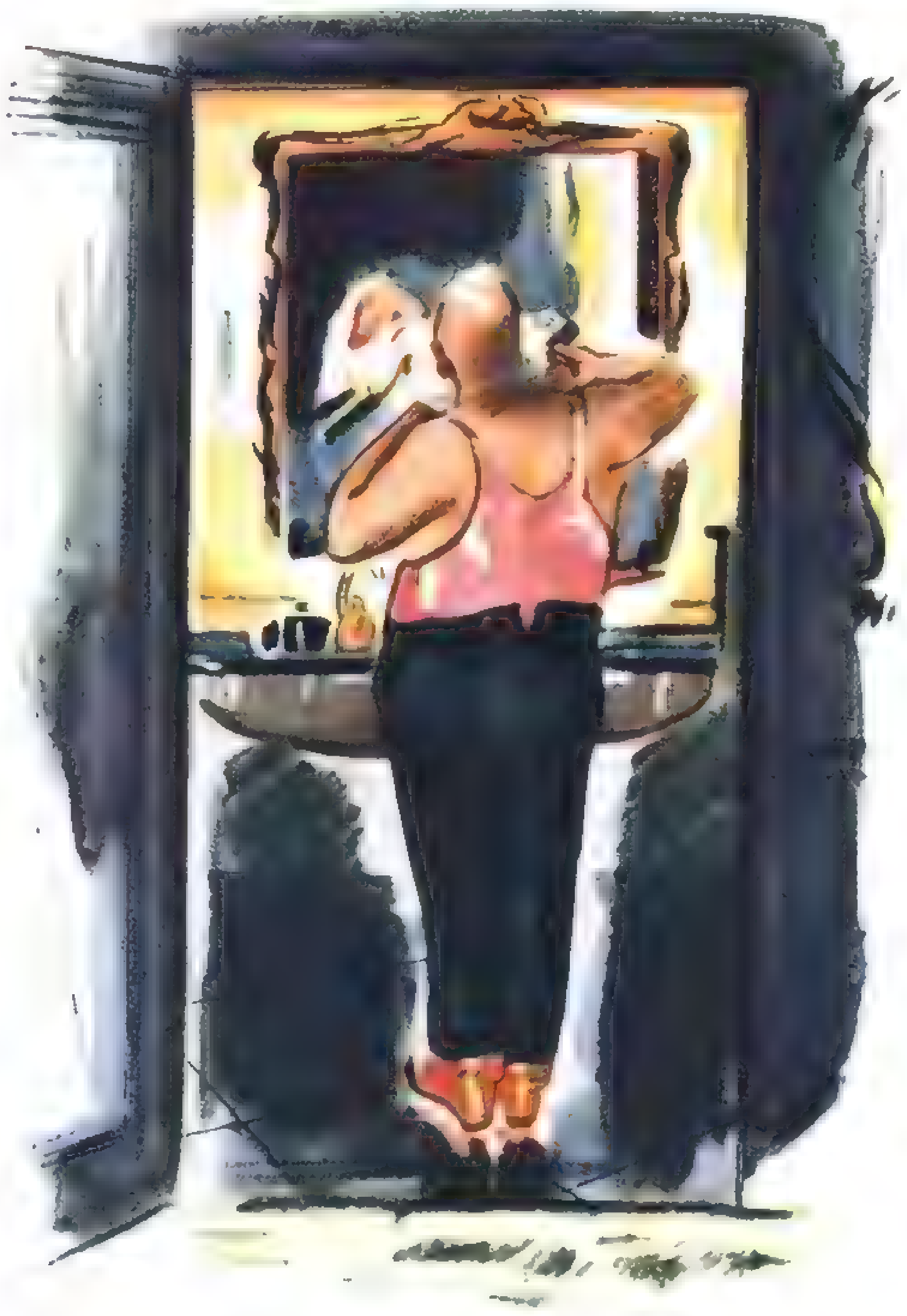
"Of course I appreciate your acting as best man, Bob — but it's all over now and you're supposed to go home"



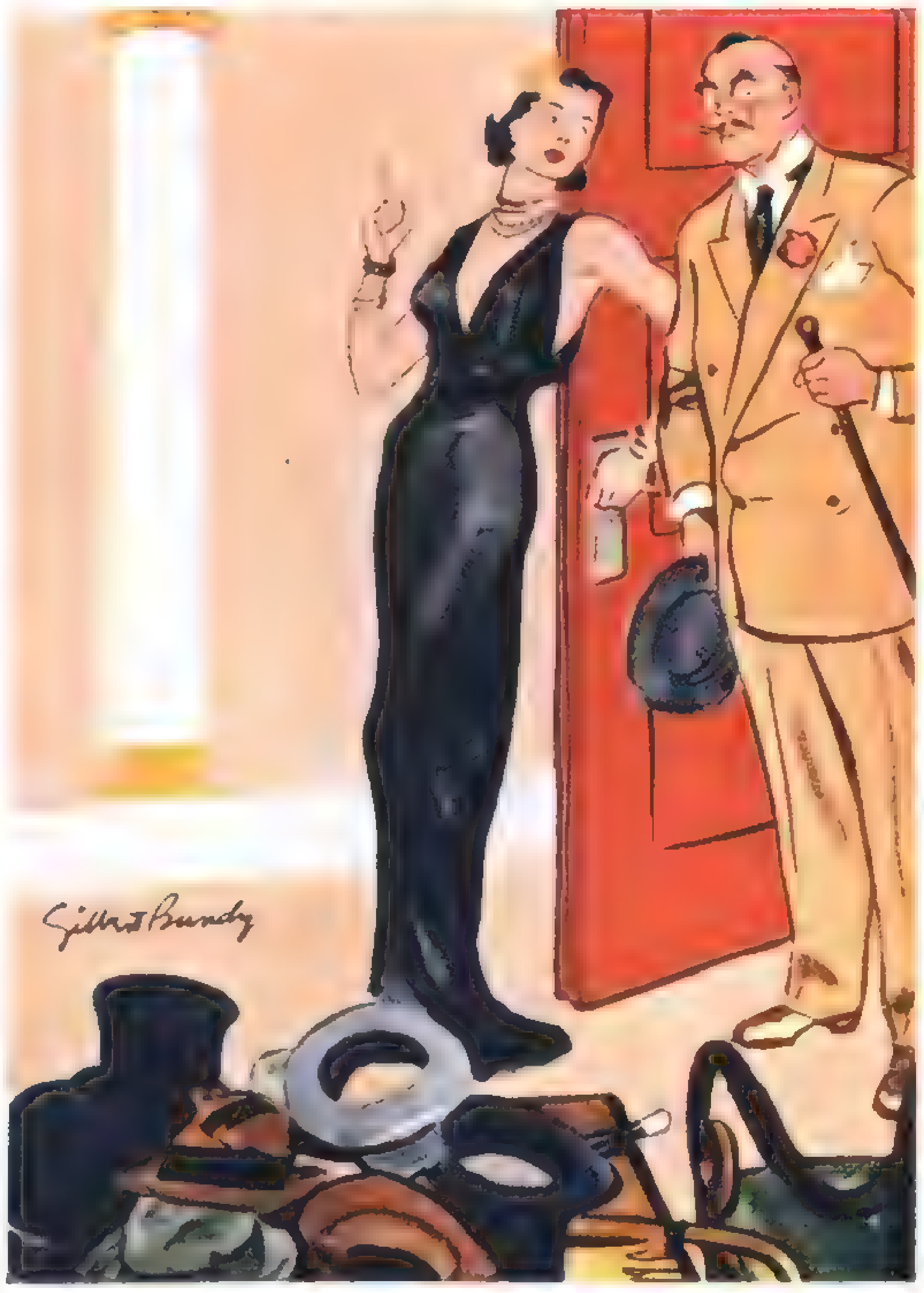
"All that happened in a rumble seat?"


METRO INSURANCE
Jaro Fabry

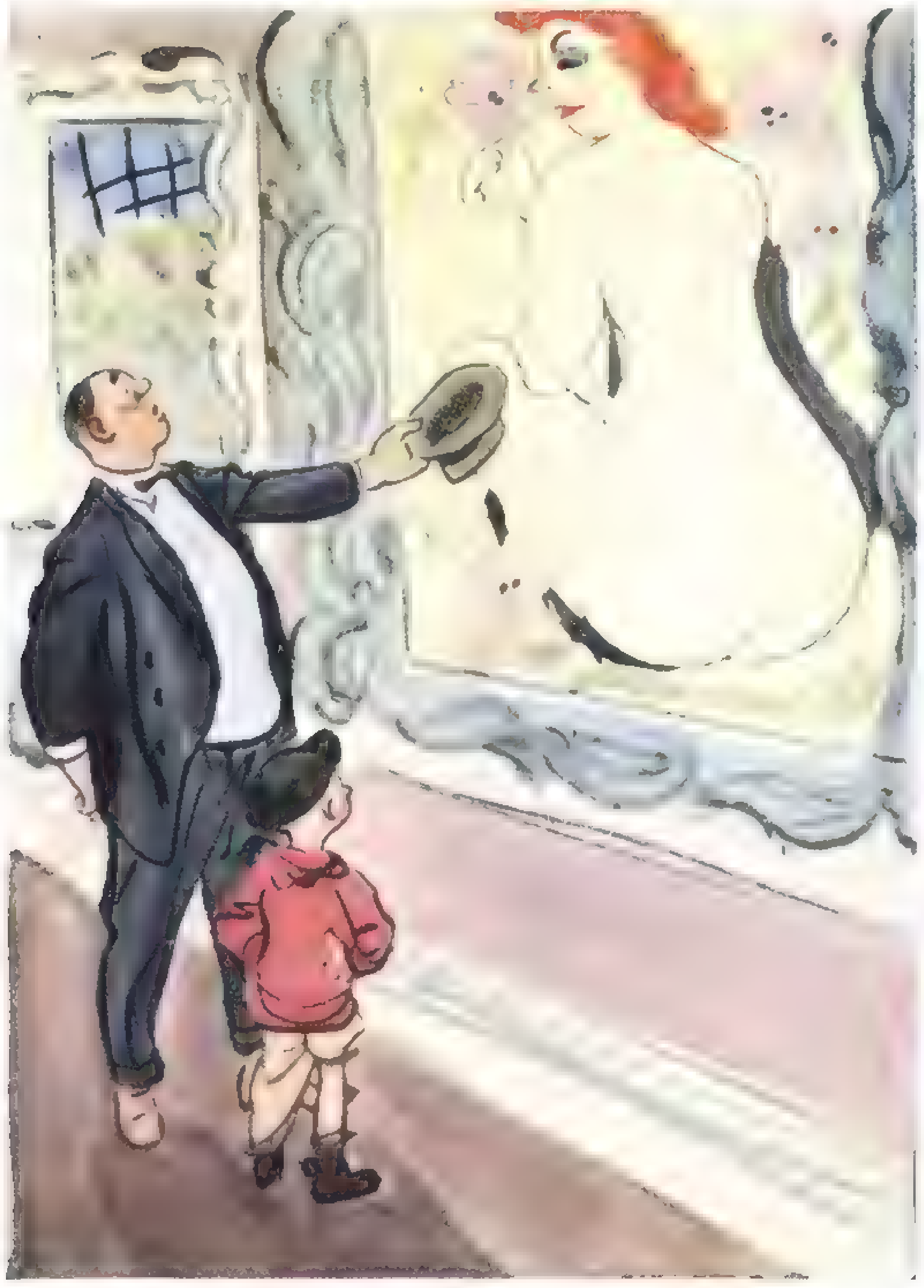
"—and according to statistics—Miss Hampden—90% of all accidents happen right in the home"



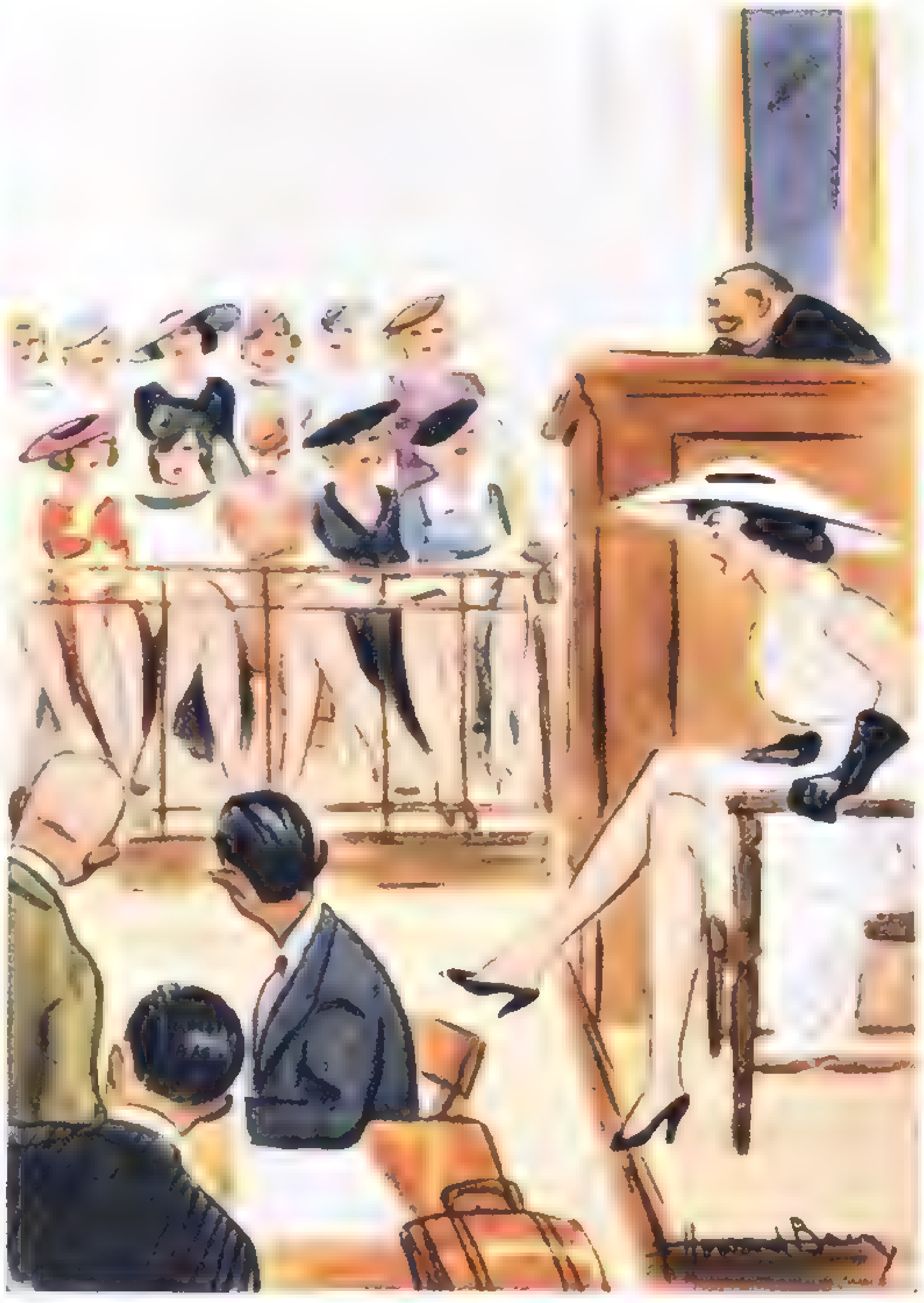
"Duchess, you don't mean to sit there and tell me — —"


Gilbert Bundy

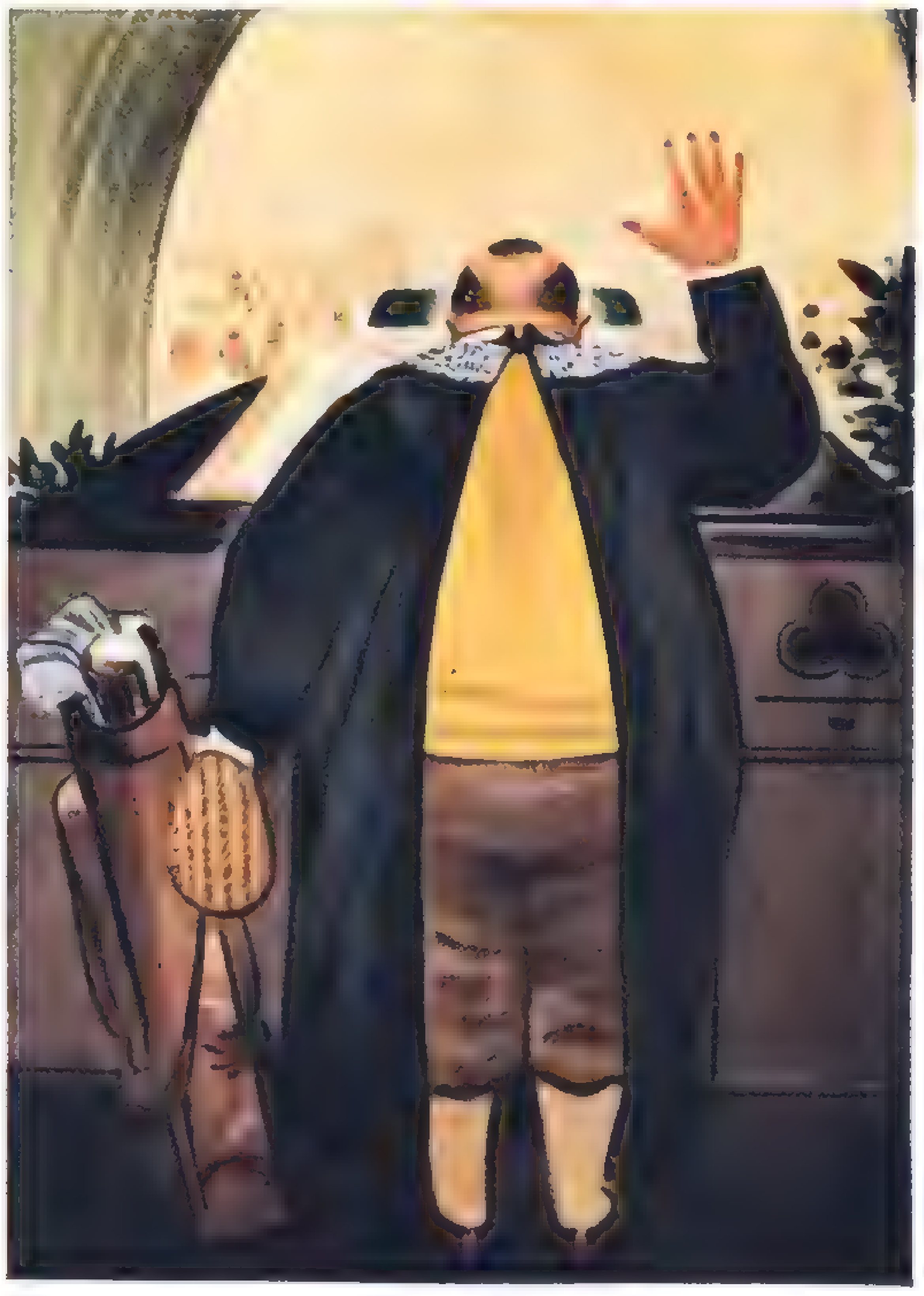
"You know the saying, Mr. Norton—if you have a better mouse trap the world will beat a path to your door"



"Son, that's what I call art with a capital A"


Howard Baer

"Say, whose trial is this, anyway?"



"Amen!"

When I met you . . . I felt the chase was done,
You represented all I'd ever sought,
Naive and sweet . . . I tell you it was fun
So much to teach . . . and so much to be taught;
We planned the future just as children do,
Extravagant the gilded plans we made,
Oh, we were certain one and one made two,
And glamour was too bright to ever fade;

So, thirstily, we drank the wine of love
And met the nights with laughter in our eyes;
No lightning flashed . . . no dark clouds loomed above
To hint of treason in our Paradise;
And then from out of nowhere HE *moved in . . .*
And Cupid handed me a Mickey Finn!

—PHIL STACK

The Flatfooted Angel

We couldn't figure out who the Hell Ed was, but what was more important, he got Kay laughing again, and feeling like fun

by LEN ZINBERG

• FICTION •

IT WAS a Sunday afternoon and we were resting on the porch, when this old guy came driving up in a pretty new sedan and said: "You need a hired man on this farm?"

Kay laughed and said: "Kind of a sporty farmhand . . . driving around in a new car."

He grinned and got out of the auto and he was about fifty-five or maybe sixty, a big man with a kind weather-beaten face and thick gray hair surrounding a small bald spot. "It sure beats walking, and I'm the guy that knows," he said, still grinning. "But do you need a hand? I'll work cheap."

"You had any experience?" I asked.

"Heck yes, man, I was born on a farm . . . but ain't been near one for near forty years. I want to get back, get the city air out of my hide . . . that's why I want farm work, and I'm a hard worker."

He was dressed decently, in fact a darn sight better than I was. Kay got a kick out of the old guy and she said: "How cheap will you work, mister?"

"Room and board and a dollar a month," he said quickly, as though he had figured this little speech out beforehand. "I don't need the money but I . . ."

"You don't need the money?"

"Not exactly," he said calmly, "but I'll be darned if I'll work for nothing—I believe a man has to get some pay. And if you're some of them fussy strait-laced folks, say so, 'cause I like a drink now and then."

Now I knew the guy was nuts, even if harmless. "Sorry," I said, "nothing here."

"I'm kind of a handy man," he said, not giving up.

Kay started to laugh, maybe it reminded her of a song and a double-meaning crack or something, and I kept thinking that since the old man had come . . . just these few minutes, the place had lost its dullness. Kay was laughing and it was like the old days, when there was no farm—before something else almost wrecked Kay and me. It might be a good idea to keep him for the laughs, and I said, okay and showed him to the garage, which he was to use for a room.

Kay said: "Oh I like him. But he's no farmhand. Who is he?"

"He's nuts, whoever he is. He has an interesting face, why don't you paint him?"

"You know how I feel about painting," she said, staring at me, her eyes once more sullen and brooding.

"Kay, we've let this slide for almost a year, why can't we . . ."

"Don't," she said softly. "Please, let's not fight. That's over."

This guy was the damnedest farmhand I ever saw. But he was a good worker, and the first week everything went smooth. I had two fields of flowers out—raising them for seed—the sort of stuff that requires constant attention and he practically mothered each flower. Near the end of the second week, a van came out, stuffed with modern maple furniture and things. He threw out the plain old stuff we had in the garage, and fixed the place up like a magazine picture . . . double-decker bed, desk, lamps, couch, rugs, a couple of fair pictures, even a little portable bar and radio. He waited patiently while Kay had a good time arranging everything, then he cussed her out and laughed and fixed the room all over, as he wanted it. I said: "Look Ed, it isn't my business and all that, but what the hell are you working for? Who are you . . . you seem to have more dough than I have?"

"Me? Why I'm one of the most common men in the country. I got a little money saved up, and a small income . . . but don't try to put the bite on me! See, I been working in the city for a long time, and always hankering to get back to the farm. So when the time came, I upped and got me a farm job. Figure on staying here, might just as well be comfortable. I like a fancy room . . . regular old bachelor." He winked at Kay and she started laughing.

I don't know what it was, but she could laugh at everything he did. She said once: "It's something about him, he's like a great big clumsy teddy bear I had when I was a kid. It's the childish delight he takes in the flowers, in everything . . . as if this farm were his pet toy." After the strain we had been under the past few years . . . well, laughter was the right medicine for Kay.

A few days later, at supper, he said: "I'm doing all right, I'm a hard worker, ain't I?"

"Ed, you know how things are, I really can't give you a cent more."

"Who wants money, I want a favor. There's three things I've always hated, the city, the rain, and getting up early. By God, it ain't right to get up early . . . that's the best time to sleep! Near all my life I've had to get up at 4:30 a.m. . . . and I'm ashamed of it. As to working in the rain, that's plain disgusting. Now . . . suppose we work like this," he said slowly, picking his words. "I don't get up till ten in the morning, and I don't work when it rains?"

"What kind of a hand are you!"

"A smart one! And you've no kick . . . I'm a hard worker and there's plenty for me to do in the afternoon. Is it a deal?"

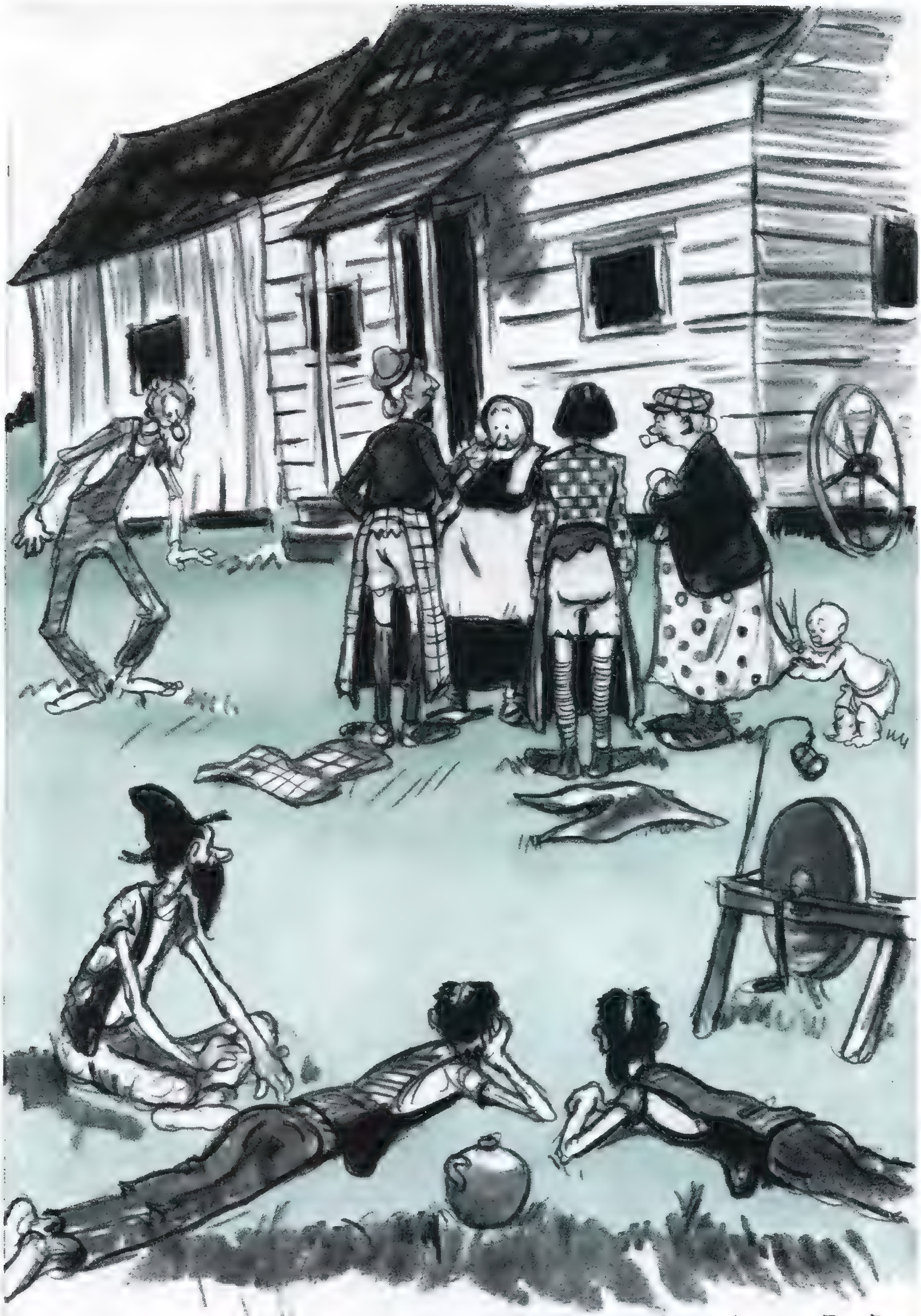
"Considering your wages," I said, "it has to be a deal."

He sighed with relief and took us over to his room and we had a few drinks and listened to the radio and Kay would look at him and giggle, and I just looked at Kay. After awhile I got to wondering who was boss, him or me, and it struck me pretty funny, and we were all in good humor and getting high on his fine liquor. Then he said

Continued on page 141

7
2701
107
3110
710410
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"All outside for a half-hour rest period!"



"The little rascal must o' sharpened them sheers hisself—Ah couldn't cut a dang thing with 'em t'other day"

Some Colors Men Swear By

Fish keep on hitting those strangely shaped, fantastically colored baits, but nobody knows exactly why or when

by HART STILWELL

• SPORTS •

If you are given to the habit of wondering about things, you may have speculated at times on how a pink elephant would look to a fish. I have. I have done more than that. I have delved deep into the matter, and come up with a mouthful of more or less disturbing conclusions.

In the first place, the elephant wouldn't look pink to the fish. He would probably have a fringe of different colors, ranging from violet to vermillion.

In the second place, the fish might see only half of him, or two of him, depending on the condition of the water.

And in the third place the part the fish did see, whether it be one elephant, one-half elephant, or two elephants, would probably appear upside down and wouldn't look like an elephant at all, but possibly like a cross between a wild boar and a condor.

In view of this somewhat alarming condition, then what do you expect of a fish when you throw a gaudily colored artificial lure at him? How can you tell what he's going to do when you have no idea whether the plug looks green, blue, or red to him, nor whether he thinks it's a bird or a rat or a carp?

In fact, you can't tell what he will do.

And therein, to me, lies much of the charm of using these spectacular baits which are the staff of life of the man who takes to water for game.

I think statistics will show that some seven or eight million fishermen in America buy around twenty to thirty million artificial lures a year, the number depending on the condition of the stock market. The combined colors on all these baits would make the rainbow go on back into the pot of gold and spend the rest of its natural life talking to itself.

They're unreal. They're fantastic. They're like nothing that swims, walks, or flies.

And yet when I gaze upon them I am slowly overcome by the urge to get out to the water. That little pink and lavender and green creature over there with the frills along its belly and white and red eyes just gets me down. I finally admit if I were a bass I'd take a bite.

And away I go with my gaudy lures, confident that science has turned the trick for me, achieving just the bait that will fool that bass I have been after for months. Here at last, I figure, I've found the one that will get him. Why it's even guaranteed to catch fish. As to whether the guarantee holds for Old Ironsides—well, we shall see.

Long ago, when I first started throwing plugs, with their clusters of hooks and their fancy paint, out upon the water for bass, I began to speculate upon the color scheme and the shape and wiggle. It struck me at once that the colors on these baits were not at all like the colors on the fish in the water.

Here I had a snow white plug with a red head. Now that was like nothing live that I ever saw in the water. Here was a bait with a greenish body and with pink and yellow spots all over it. Try to find something resembling that on the fish's menu.

Here was a solid black plug. And over here was a plug made to resemble a mouse—yet it was painted black and yellow.

At the same time I noticed without much study that in the matter of shape few baits resembled any living creature that I had ever set eyes on.

But the bass didn't seem to mind. They went right ahead and took hold, much to my astonishment.

I asked my friends here and there about it. Ah, what a remarkable variety of answers I got. Each man would swear by a certain little plug—maybe a little scarlet and liver colored bit of whimsy that had done him right these many years and than which there was no surer killer. But the catch was that each man swore to the charms of a different bait, which I consider no small tribute to the salesmanship of the men who make them.

At last I went to these men who make them.

I wrote a number of factories which have turned out these baits down through the years, and asked them what about it. What about the color and the shape and the wiggle?

And here are some of the answers.

M. F. Jamar, of James Heddon's Sons, the men who turned out the first artificial plug and gave it the name of that town that nobody can pronounce—Dowagiac—holds as follows:

"We really believe action has a great deal to do, if not more to do, than color, and there are times when a fast moving bait will get attention when a slow one will not, and vice versa."

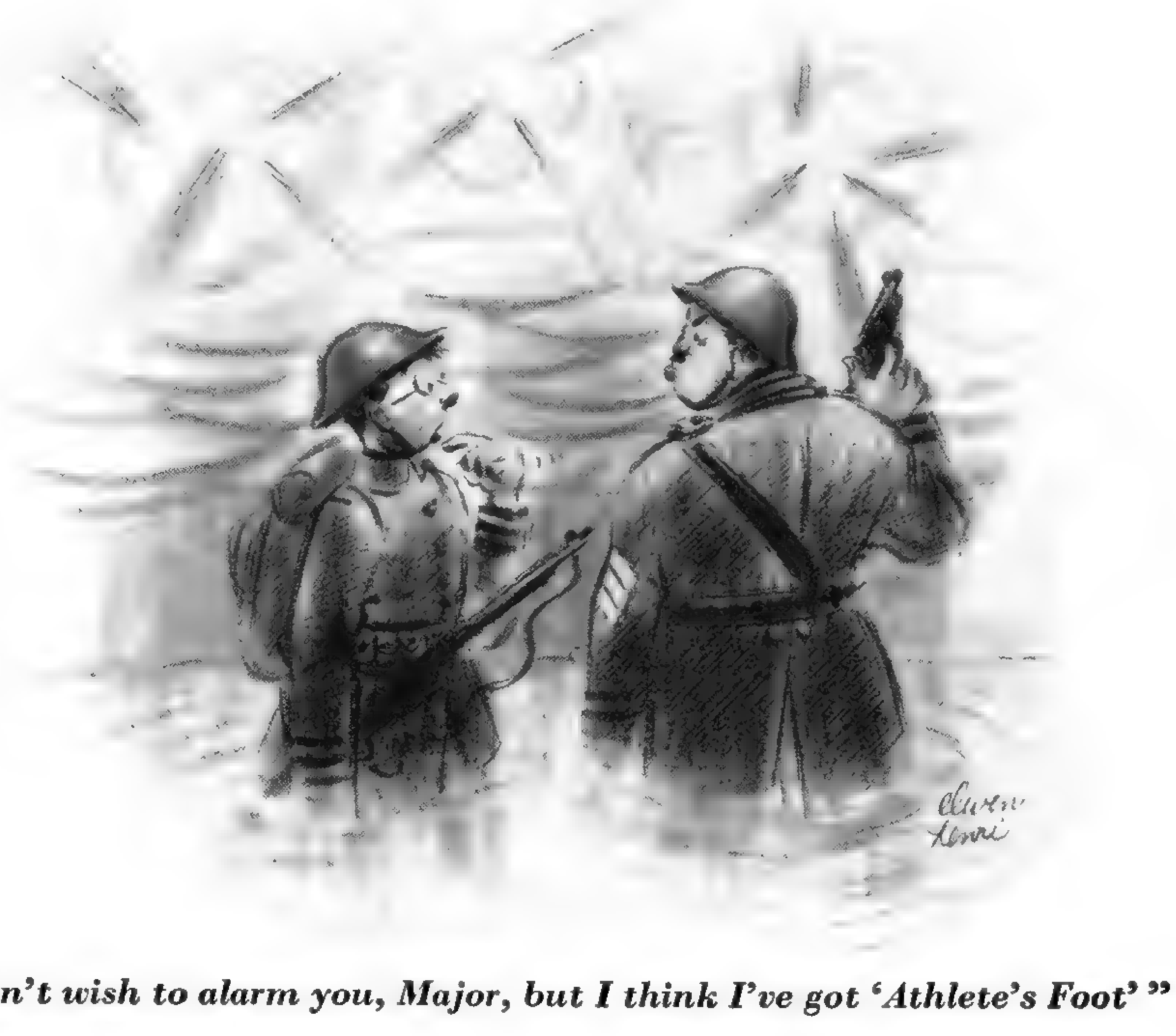
Then he goes right on and throws a curve ball by saying, "it has been my personal experience that two fishermen of equal ability may use the same type of lure and one of them get strike after strike on a lure of a certain color, while a different color in the same bait used by the other fisherman will catch nothing."

He distinctly remembers having a surface bait, a little yellow one with black stripes on it, that just simply did wonders (what did I tell you about every man having his own pet?).

So we're pretty much where we started, in spite of Mr. Jamar's honest attempt to clear up the puzzle.

Now we move on to the Creek Chub Bait company. Mr. S. F. Davenport of that company says, "we at Creek Chub have found that as a rule the more natural colors on the under-water baits produce the best results. In other words, the whites and reds are not as effective as the scale finishes which simu-

Continued on page 184



"I don't wish to alarm you, Major, but I think I've got 'Athlete's Foot'"

The Adamant Crichton

His Grace remembered tact was the stuff to give the troops: he must handle this dashed problem calmly

by STANLEY LOGAN

• SATIRE •

The christening had tired the Duke. His third great-granddaughter. It had been difficult to display proper interest. And the garden party afterwards!—Oof!!

Could he have known it—which of course he couldn't, the Duke was suffering from that state of exasperated exhaustion which had climaxed his own christening—all those seventy-odd years ago. At that far moment, he, Frederick George Greville Norman Alastair Ilott, Ninth Duke of St. Gyves, had had, subconsciously but two desires—a bottle—and—peace. The allotted span plus five or so had, of course, rendered the Duke slightly more sentient; so that at this moment of comparatively mature development he was acutely conscious of those same two desires—A Bottle—and—Peace.

And, having been born in The Purple—to which noble shade his complexion had ever remained loyal, his desires were accustomed to instant satisfaction.

There at his elbow stood The Bottle—as fine a crusted Old Port as had ever attacked the toes of his forebears.

And all around him was Peace. "A Vintage Peace" one could imagine the Duke calling it. (If one could imagine the Duke imagining—which one couldn't.) That noble room into which he decanted himself nightly—affectionately known to His Grace as "The Study," and more acutely referred to by succeeding generations as "The Lair," had been accumulating Peace (and dust) these five hundred years. No fidgety inventiveness of man had been permitted to disturb its hallowed tranquillity.

"No damned telephones, sir!"

"No blasted loud speakers, either, sir!"

And, most certainly—no studying.

Just Peace, and a Bottle—(or two).

Sanctuary!

So sat the Ninth Duke, alone. Alone with his books and his butler. One says, alone, advisedly.

For inasmuch as his books—which were heirlooms of course, had never impressed His Grace except by the fact of their always having been there . . . neither had his butler, who was an heirloom of course, ever impressed him except by the fact of *his* always having been there. ("And always there at the precise moment when you want him, dash it. Good old Pool! Don't know how we'd ever get along without him!")

Benediction!

"Good old Pool!"

Certainly old.

Eighty-one years old—and seventy of 'em in the service of The "Dook."

Man and Boy (Footman and Knife-boy)—and—ultimately—that not quite mortal thing—The Perfect Butler!

The great-great-grandfather's clock (to be precise) had solemnly intoned the hour. Ten p.m.

At this moment exactly—not one second before or after—for forty years—Pool, as butler had withdrawn from The Presence.

Leaving the Port on the right, the cigars on the left—and the Ninth Duke in the middle, he had glided from the "Study"—silently—gracefully—like some stout homing pigeon he sought his own lair—his own port and his own cigar. But on this night of nights he did not glide—instead he coughed.

This unprecedented eruption of sound caused a major catastrophe.

Frederick George Greville spilled his port (a thing he hadn't done these forty years).

"Hey! What's all this?" he spluttered. "What's all this?—Now see what you've gone and made me do."

"I beg Your Grace's pardon."

"Beg my pardon—so you jolly well ought to. What's all this, Pool? What was that frightful noise you made just now? Jumped out of my skin, confound it."

"I coughed, Your Grace."

"Coughed? What d'you want to come coughin' in here for? Got a blasted cold or somethin'?"

"I coughed to attract Your Grace's attention."

To the generous purple of the Duke's countenance some pleasing touches of mauve and crimson were now added.

"Attract my attention?" he roared.

"What the devil d'you mean? You can't attract my attention at this time of night. Too late—much too late. Attract it tomorrow morning—and don't do it with a dashed infernal bark of a cough. How do you generally manage to attract my attention, Pool?"

"I have not attempted to do so, Your Grace, for over fifty years. The last time I ventured to attract it was when, as second footman, I advised Your Grace to put your shirt on *Bluejacket* for The Lincolnshire."

There came sounds like those made by one of the smaller types of speedboats warming up. It was the Duke—chuckling.

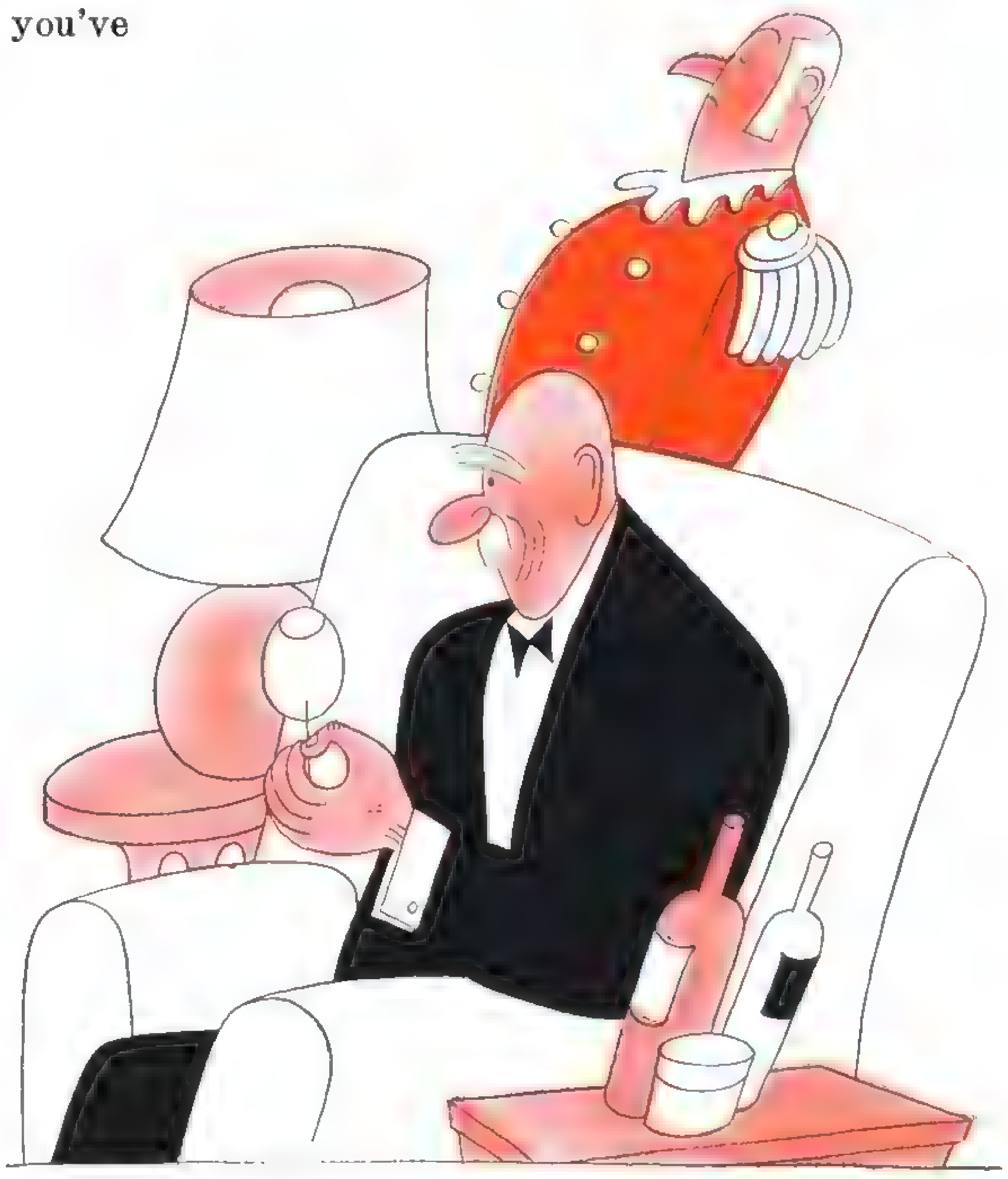
"So you did, Pool. So you did." The mauve and pink were fading now as in a waning sunset. "And it came in, too, 15 to 1—saved my dashed life at the time—I remember. Well, what d'you want to do now—give me another tip?"

"No, Your Grace, I wish to give you a month's notice."

The silence that ensued upon the butler's statement could never have been more profound in all the five centuries of the "Study's" history. How long it lasted neither of those present could have told. Only the great-great-grandfather's clock knew. Then—speech returned to the Duke. He was not a man of quick perceptions, but all was becoming clear to him now.

"I know what it is, Pool," he cried. "It's those dashed new teeth of yours—can't understand a word you say. You stand there mumbling and coughing—trying to tell me you want to give me something. I know what you want to give me—a dashed great snuffling cold—and I tell you I won't have it."

"Begging Your Grace's pardon," inter-



rupted the butler, "what I still wish to give you is a month's notice."

The Duke leaned back—aghast.

"You mean—I heard you the first time?"

"Yes, Your Grace."

"You mean—you mean—that you want to go?"

"Yes, Your Grace."

"Leave the castle?"

"Yes, Your Grace."

"Leave *me*?"

"Yes, Your Grace."

"What the devil for?"

"It is not for me to trouble Your Grace with my reasons. I only wish Your Grace to accept my month's notice."

The Duke rose. He must be calm. He *must* be calm—he owed that to himself—he must tackle this frightful problem calmly. He owed it to his ancestors, too; yes, there they were—half a dozen of 'em looking right down at him from their frames. Hadn't thought much about 'em before. Rummy lookin' lot, he had always thought—but they counted now. Calm and tactful—thought the Duke—that was the stuff to give the troops—above all—tact.

So he spoke in what he hoped were measured and soothing tones. What they actually resembled was a tank in the process of negotiating a particularly nasty salient.

"You drunk, Pool?"

"Your Grace!"

"No offense, dash it. No offense, just trying to get to the bottom of this blasted thing. Touch of the sun perhaps?"

"No, Your Grace."

"You never can tell. I distinctly remember some damnable hot days this summer."

"I'm happy to say, Your Grace, that I'm in excellent health."

"*Mens-sana-in-corpore* thingumabob?" (The Duke was gratified to notice his Latin had not deserted him.)

"Precisely, Your Grace."

The tactician reached his peroration. "Then damn it all, Pool," he cried. "How can you stand there goggling at me like some blasted pop-eyed prawn—" He stopped abruptly. Calm, dammit, he must remain calm.

Sentiment? Switch on a chunk of sentiment perhaps? Not British, of course—but in an emergency like this? Let's try it.

He hastily swallowed a glass of port.

"Pool," he said, and now his voice took on a husky, tender quality like that of a tired bookmaker at the end of a long day . . . "Pool—how many years have you been at the castle? I can't remember a time when you weren't here, dash it."

Responsive—a note of feudal pride crept into the butler's voice. One could hear, faintly, the trumpets at Agincourt.

"Seventy years, Your Grace, come next Septuagesima."

"Seventy years, a dashed lifetime! And now you want to leave us in a month? Want to—to—vanish all of a sudden like—like—some dashed spectre or something?"

The Duke was grateful to the port. Sentiment! That was the stuff—stick to it.

"And you choose today." He went on pouring himself out another glass. "You choose today of all days to break this ghastly bit of news to me. How can you do it, Pool? Were you at the christening?"

"Yes, Your Grace."

"My great-granddaughter, Pool—has my nose, they tell me."

"Quite so, Your Grace."

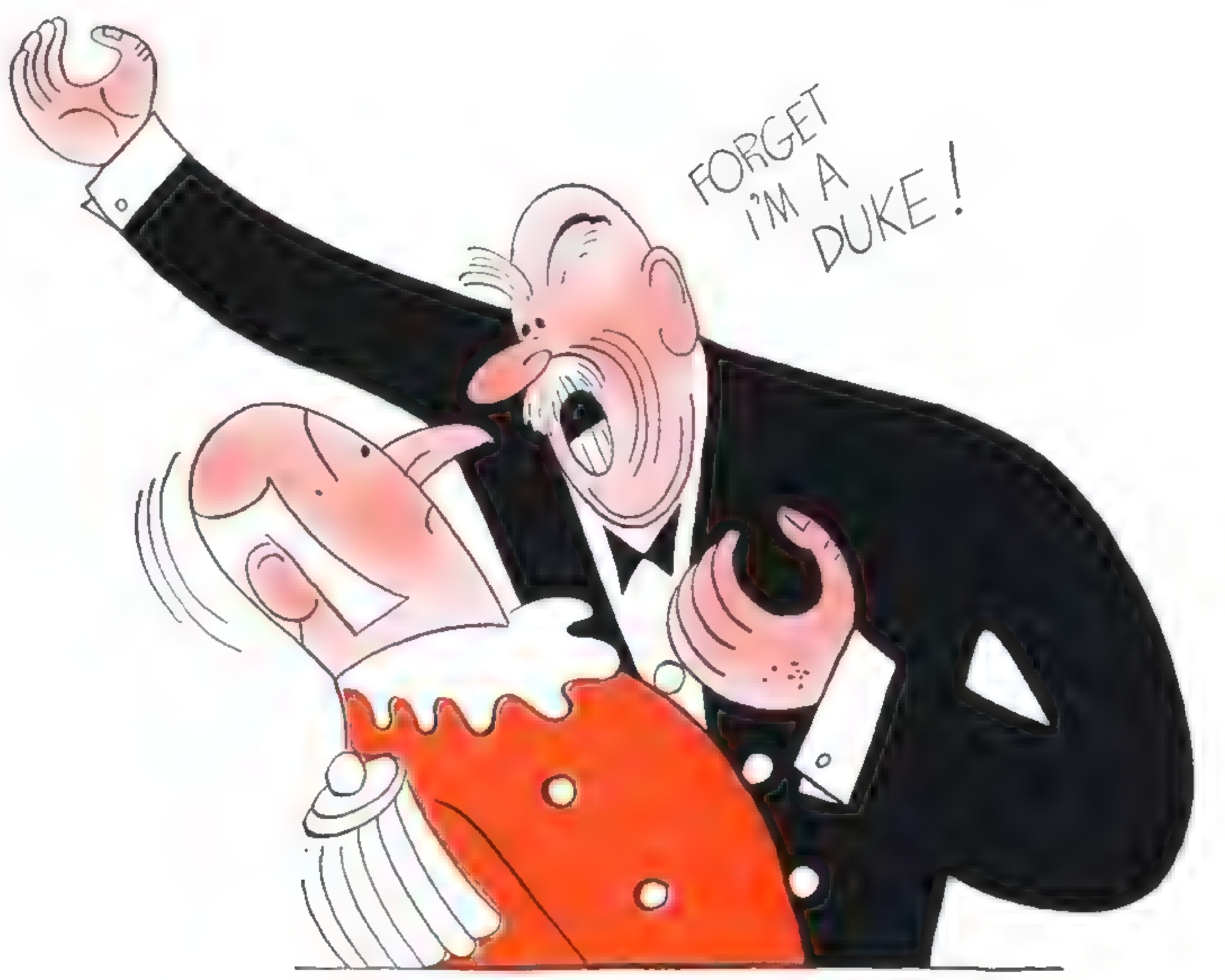
"You'd be the first to recognize that, Pool. We've all got the Ilott nose—every one of us."

"Quite so, Your Grace."

"A pretty good rounding up of the jolly old herd today, I thought. 'Pon my soul, there's gettin' to be so many of us—can hardly keep track of some of 'em myself. Sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters, and now—great-granddaughters. Makes you think a bit, Pool?"

"Yes indeed, Your Grace."

"And that's what I mean, dash it. Why! You're one of us—one of the family. What on earth would we do without you, Pool?"


FORGET I'M A DUKE!

"It is extremely kind of Your Grace to say so."

"Not at all. Not at all. We'd miss you like the devil, and you'd miss *us*, Pool."

"It will not be easy, Your Grace."

"Think of the times you and I had together in the old days."

"They were extremely pleasant, Your Grace."

"Why, I remember as if it were yesterday, borrowing five shillings from you—my first term at school. Did I ever pay you back, Pool?"

"No, Your Grace."

"Well, there you are, you see? Forms a sort of bond, a thing like that. We were all deuced fond of you when we were all kids together, and as we grew up (the Duke was on his third glass now)—as we began to stub our toes against the first snags of Life—we confided in you, Pool; you always knew a thing or two—old Pool's been around a bit—we boys used to say. And the girls—I bet they confided in you, too. Lady Mary, Lady Elaine, Lady Ermentrude, and all that bunch?"

"It was not unusual for their ladyships to put their little problems before me, Your Grace."

"There you are again, you see? I bet you wish you had half a crown for every Ilott nose you've wiped in secret sympathy, Pool. Touching—what?"

"Very much so, Your Grace."

"Well, that's settled then. We'll forget all about this dashed nonsense of yours. A good night's rest and you'll be your own man again—and mine too—eh what—what?" The Duke laughed—it was not often that he made a joke—but when he did—he enjoyed it extremely. Now his laugh—though fairly devastating in volume—was a laugh of appreciation mingled with relief. He'd handled a dashed delicate situation in a masterly fashion. He was proud of himself. His triumph was short-lived.

The voice of Pool slapped the laughter from his lips like a wet towel.

"I regret extremely," it said, "not to be able to see eye to eye with Your Grace. I must still ask Your Grace to accept my month's notice."

"Good God," bellowed the Duke. "You mean you still insist?"

"With great regret, Your Grace."

Side-stepping a stroke of apoplexy by a tremendous effort of will, the Duke swallowed twice—gulped thrice—and breathed heavily down his nose.

"Very well then," he gruffled. "I accept your blasted notice on only one condition, and that is that you give me your actual reasons for this lunatic step—and you give them to me—man to man!"

"Your Grace!"

Something akin to panic crept into the butler's voice.

"Man to man," insisted the Duke—looming over him—he stood six feet four in his socks, to say nothing of his shoes, and was a good "loomer." "Sit down, Pool!"

"Your Grace!!!"

The man's face was white and tense now.

"Sit down, I say! And take this glass of port in your right hand—and repeat these words after me. 'You do solemnly swear'—No, no—I don't mean that," cried the Duke . . . his duties as a justice of the peace having momentarily confused him. "What I *do* mean is—forget I'm a dashed Duke."

"Your Grace!!!"

It was the cry of an English butler in extremity.

"Forget that I'm a Duke, I say—and that you're a butler. Forget everything except that we have lived under the same roof for seventy years. If you have any regard left for me—if you don't want your last memory of me to be one of two blasted doctors sitting on my head sending for the strait-jacket—you will tell me, as man to man, exactly *why* you are giving me a month's notice."

The butler sank into the chair.

His panic was gone.

The glass of port did not tremble in his hands.

"You wish to know the truth?" he asked. And what it cost him to omit the "Your Grace," at the end of that sentence, we shall never know.

"Yes, blast it. The truth! Come on, out with it."

A sigh escaped the butler—a sigh of renunciation—as of a man forsaking one world for another.

"To tell you the truth," he said simply, "I'm sick of the sight of the whole bloody lot of you." #

*Another sketch by Stanley Logan, **Born Bachelors**, is scheduled for the May issue.*

The Struggle Over Starko-Barko

How Hiram Powers outguessed the prigs, and made America safe for the sculptured nude

by ALEXANDER LAING

• ARTICLE •

It is a disadvantage of progress and enlightenment that we become used to our blessings, and tend to take them as a matter of course. For example, it is only within the last ninety years, in this country, that the male citizen has had any other publicly approved means of discovering the general curves and bulges of the female body than by the somewhat tedious and expensive process of maintaining a wife. A few steel engravings copied from the paintings of Rubens and other lascivious outlanders entered our ports in the luggage of corrupted travelers, during the early years of the last century. But statuary was so expensive to buy and so heavy to transport that a three-dimensional representation of female nakedness seems never to have been imported in the days of the glorious young republic. Nor was there any effort at local manufacture.

Timothy Dwight, a Yale president and minister who had the gumption to ride all over New England on horseback to see what his own country really was like, reported to a friend abroad in 1812, "Sculpture has not, within my knowledge, ever been attempted here." What Dwight had no means of knowing was that seven years earlier two infants had been born who were destined to devote their lives to the noble work of making America safe for the nude in art. Hiram Powers, the older of the two by six weeks, had rustic beginnings in Woodstock, Vermont. Horatio Greenough, the other child of destiny, was the son of a Boston blueblood. With an earlier start in his profession, and far greater advantages of position, Greenough should have been the favorite in the ensuing race. But this is a typically American success story: the aristocrat failed to understand the temper of the great public with which he had to deal. The farm boy struggled upward among the common people, and when the great moment came he knew how to make use of it. Nevertheless, Powers had the tactical advantage of learning from Greenough's failures, which told him what not to do.

At the age of sixteen, Horatio Greenough entered Harvard. In 1825 he graduated and went to Rome to study sculpture under Thorvaldsen. For some years he did what his countrymen doubtless expected of him, producing busts of the second President Adams and John Marshall, and otherwise following useful and upright courses. But after five years or so there came a serpent into his life and career, in the person of his too much enlightened fellow-countryman, James Fenimore Cooper. The older man commissioned the promising youngster to prepare a group of two nudes, which pleased him so much that he put them on public exhibition in New York in 1831. After one look, the guardians of public morals swung into action. In justice, it should be pointed out that the controversy was not too heavily one-sided, even at this first effort of a long campaign. One liberal editor had the courage to suggest that the group be permitted to remain, if discreetly draped. From this late point of view his suggestion seems not unreasonable, if we consider the nature of the piece itself, as described by a sympathetic critic a few decades later.

"One of the figures is planted on its little feet," he writes, "his bosom heaves with gentle exultation as if inspired by the song; his companion, quite as beautiful, is slightly awed . . . we realize, as we gaze, the holiness of infant beauty."

But holiness was not the aspect that impressed the first viewers. What they saw was that two male infants were standing about with anatomical advantages complete. The moralists had their way. The shameless *putti* were shipped back to Mr. Cooper.

For some years after this initial setback, Greenough devoted himself to the lascivious art marts of Europe, and the land of his birth saw little in the way of sculpture of any sort except the decently clad wooden figureheads of ships. But presently it came to the ears of Congress that an American exile was setting up graven images in the palaces of the old world, while our own classic capital remained unornamented. Then as now, the chief business of Congress was to discover new ways of spending the people's money. It promptly voted $20,000 for a statue of George Washington, to be executed by Greenough in whatever size and fashion might seem adequate for the sum.

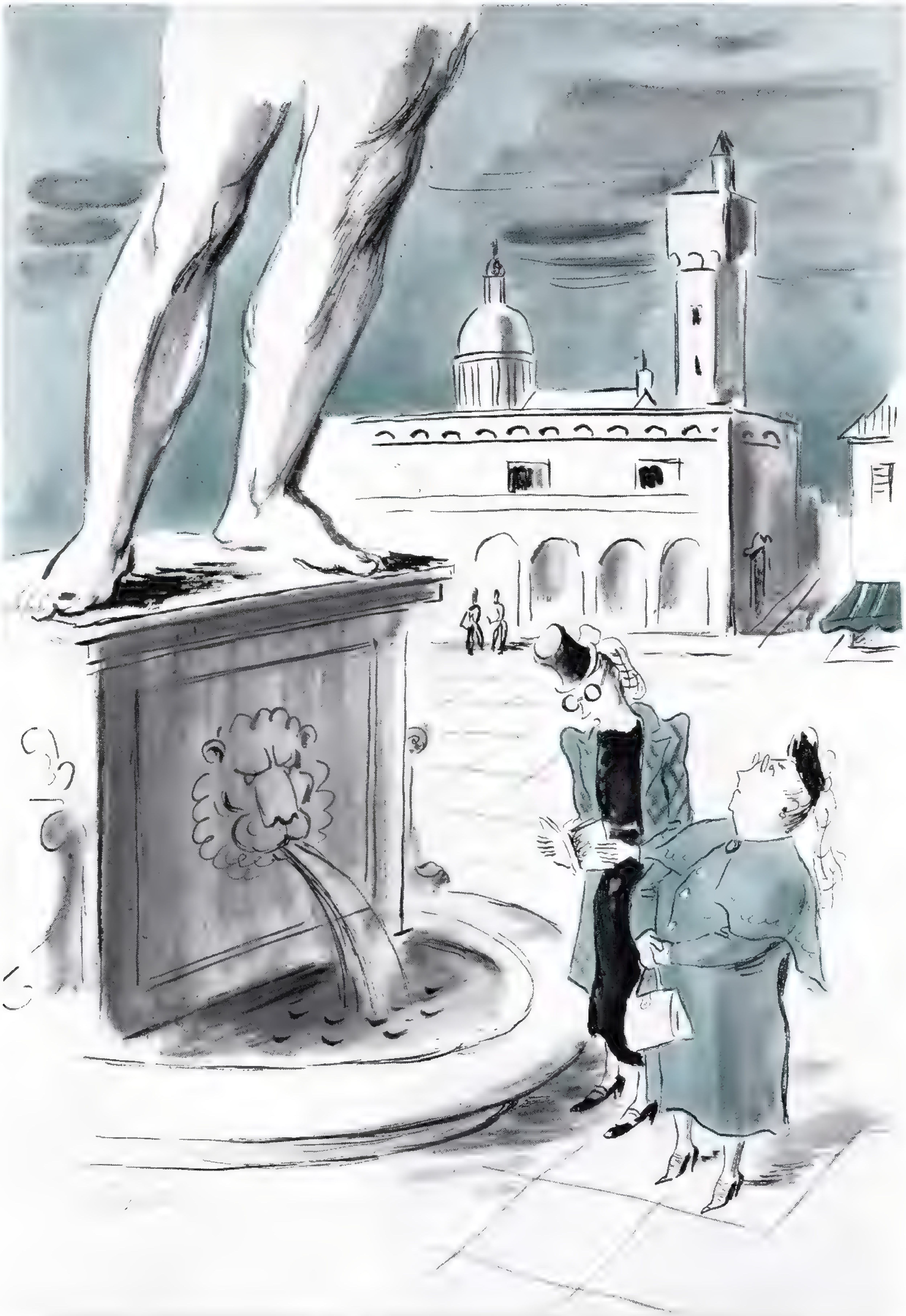
It is easy for the latterday critic to assume, at this point, that the memory of what had happened to his pantless *putti* in New York was still rankling, and that the course the sculptor pursued was largely governed by that episode. At any rate, he set about making a statue so large that it eventually cost him three times the amount he was paid. This perhaps was his own honorable way of buying the right to indulge what was to become his increasing passion: the slow, hard job of making America look at a statue with no clothes on. Anyhow, in the meanwhile he had learnt some moderation. He did not turn the Father of his Country loose quite in the altogether. What he did produce is best described in the words of a contemporary newspaper reporter, as "a naked prize fighter, who is undergoing the cold water treatment by wrapping up in a wet sheet."

George Washington, in other words, was nude only from the waist up. He was seated on a bench, in a garrulous attitude, gesturing in a fashion which caused another editor to think that he was making an effort to say, "My body is at Mount Vernon, and my

Continued on page 182

SCHOOL OF LAW
AMBULANCE
G.CRAMER

"Of course you are all familiar with the old saying—'A workman should be well acquainted with the tools of his trade'"



"The guidebook says it's three times life size"

One Quiet Afternoon

His aunt never let him go to Martha's, and the men seemed to share some joke about her

by ERNEST REDMOND BUCKLER

FICTION

DAVID sat still in the road, splashing his bare feet in the warm thick dust, and squeezing it up between his toes. The sun lay warm on his back through his faded cotton shirt, and a soft breeze lapped absently at his hair. The sky was a dead-still August blue, and in the fields around him now and then a wave of hay would float for a minute in the breeze and then be quiet again. Only the nervous leaves of the poplars in the graveyard kept up a steady murmur.

David looked up over the hill at his mother's grave. The flowers on it had wilted and browned, and the ugly red clay showed through. He didn't believe his mother would come back, now, like they told him—but he didn't cry any more. Sometimes he wished he *could* cry again like he had at first. It hurt awful, but it had made him feel proud and important, just the same, to have even the strangers single him out and smile at him sadly.

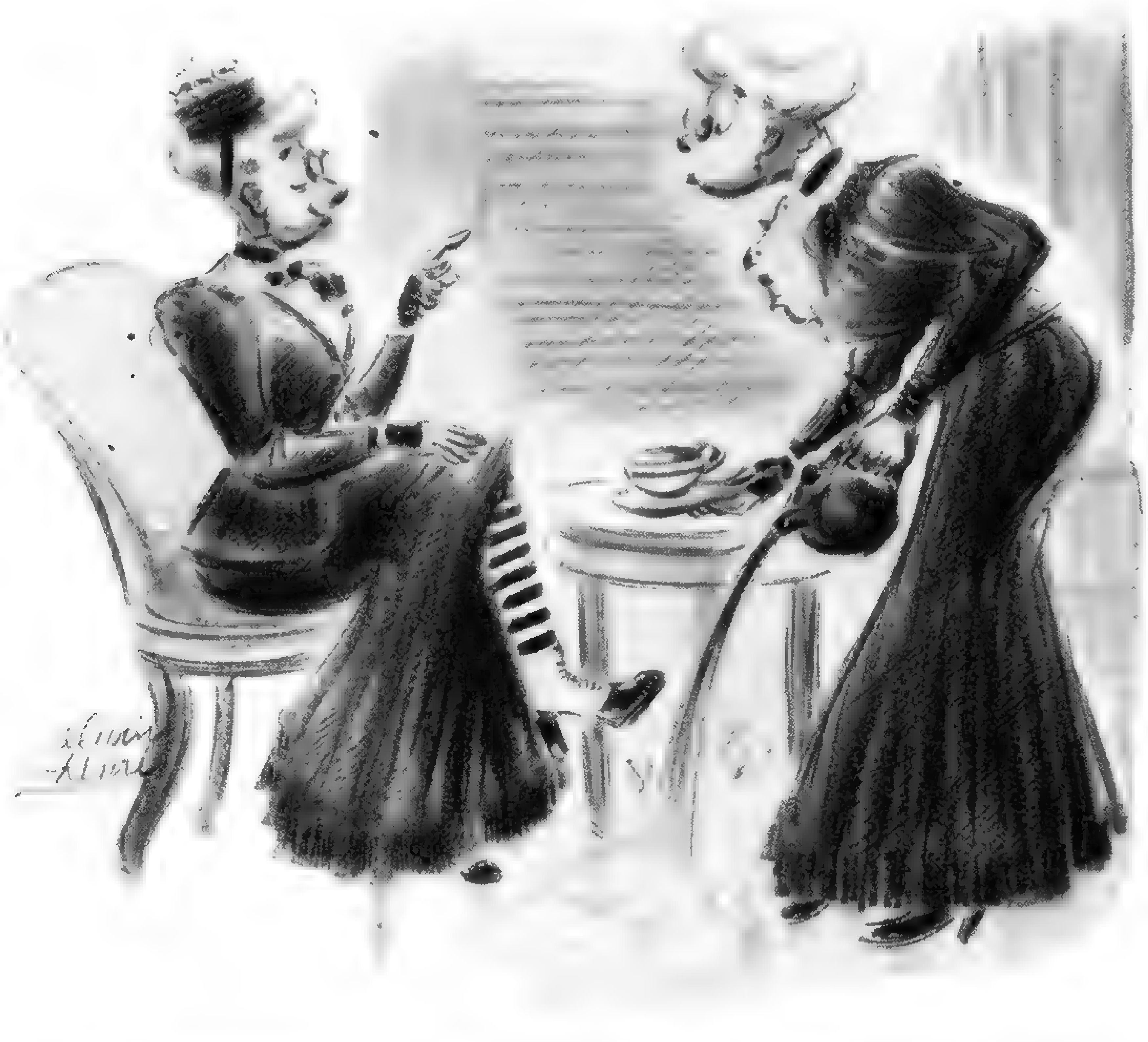
He started to think of what his aunt had told him about Heaven, when she came to keep house for his father, but it was too hot to think about one thing. He just sat there and let his mind not-think—like the times driving home late in the wagon when you'd shut your eyes till the wagon started going the other way and your father's voice would keep getting further and further off, as if it was coming over water... Then he heard Mrs. Legros running. His small, blue-eyed face squinted with puzzlement. Why was she running towards the river, in the middle of the day, with her apron on?

Martha was crying! Not soft, handkerchief-crying like the women when they tiptoed in to look at his mother, or the way you cried when you scraped your knee, to help the pain. It made him think of the way his father's face looked that first night, or how you felt when you broke something you'd always had and the crying itself hurt. He stood up to speak to her.

Martha's eyes looked at him as she ran by, but she didn't seem to notice him, really. She didn't speak.

He was hurt. Why *didn't* Martha speak to him? When she *always* spoke to him. As if it didn't matter he was so young and small ... she wasn't like the rest of them. The rest of them didn't talk to you as if you really understood *anything*. Or felt anything. And if you said anything serious, or helpful, they only smiled at you in a far-off, tantalizing sort of way. Only Martha. Somehow she used you different. She listened to you—really listened—and she didn't say over things you'd said, in front of you afterwards, so you got red and felt sheepish. She knew a kid was human . . .

He didn't even feel shy with Martha when she kissed him. It made you sort of warm and you didn't feel so lonely after that. But his aunt wouldn't let Martha kiss him, even at the funeral. She whispered "That woman helped put your mother where she is today." What did she mean by that? He thought about Martha.



"Oh I've been around—and I don't mean geographically either"

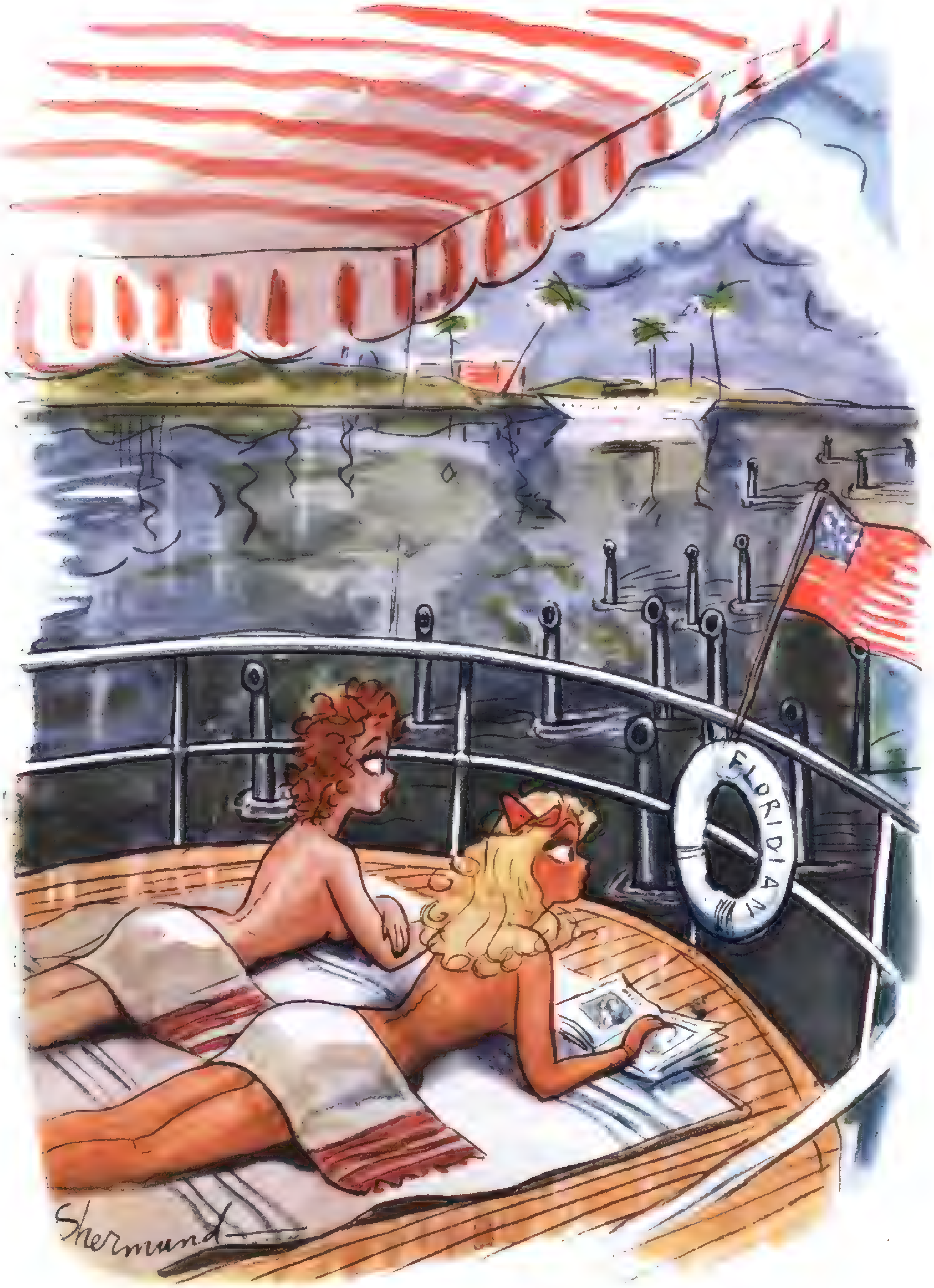
He remembered one night when she had come to help with the work before his mother died, his mother had hugged him to her until he felt sheepish and kept telling him "You're all I've got . . . You're all I've got . . . . The next day his father took Martha home, and his mother got up and did all the work herself, but she wouldn't let his father help her with a thing. Funny.

Funny about Martha and his aunt, now. His aunt would smooth her dress, and straighten the chairs, and run to the looking-glass whenever she saw Martha coming; and after Martha'd gone, she'd stand back from the window as still as anything and watch her out of sight, with a queer look on her face. When Martha was in the house, his aunt was polite enough with her, but she'd never tell her anything sad about *people*, or joke with her, easy-like, like his father did. After awhile Martha would be asking all the questions and pretty soon she'd get up and go. His aunt never walked to the gate with her, showing her the flowers and hanging onto the talking, like she did with the other women. She'd never take anything Martha wanted to *give* her—she always said she had more than she could use, when he knew she didn't. She wouldn't let him borrow anything from Martha, either, tea or sugar or anything . . . she'd send him way over the hill to Slocombe's . . . when he knew Martha'd give you anything you asked for, and never even look to see how far it was down from the top of the cup when you took it back. Yesterday, she wouldn't even sit with Martha in church, although all the other seats were tight full, all but Martha's—and he noticed the minister didn't start shaking hands with the people until Martha'd gone out the door and walked down the road alone.

Funny about Martha and the men, too. When Martha went by, they spoke to her like they did to anyone else, but afterwards they'd wink at each other and look pleased with themselves. It seemed to tickle them clear through, just to look at her. Sometimes they'd say they guessed Michael Legros was not "heavy" enough for her, or something else he didn't understand. Funny, somehow when Martha went by and you were with the men, you felt different from the men, and it wasn't just because you were smaller. He didn't understand that . . . it must have something to do with how you grew up.

Poor Martha crying today! He'd never seen her cry *before*. She was always full of laugh before. Maybe she was tired. Well he'd help her do her work, if that's what it was . . .

Continued on page 199


FLORIDIAN
Shermund

"Maybe we better put some clothes on"

Scene by the House Dick

Bill knew the getaway would be a cinch after he'd got the idea he and Mae would be honeymooners

by DOUG WELCH

▪ SATIRE ▪

A SMART guy, this Bill Martin. A smart guy who had figured all the angles. He couldn't miss. There wasn't a possibility of a slip-up anywhere along the line. The thing had been too well planned. And it had been easy, absurdly easy, just as he said it would be. Bill Martin smiled nervously when he thought of it.

Nervously, you say? Sure he was nervous. Why not? Who wouldn't be? You could tell a hundred feet away that he was nervous, under some sort of a strain, even if you had never laid eyes on him before. You'd say to yourself: "What's that guy all steamed up about?" And, if you knew what had happened, chances are you might decide to ask him a few questions. There were going to be plenty of nervous people questioned in the next couple of weeks just because they were nervous and acted suspiciously.

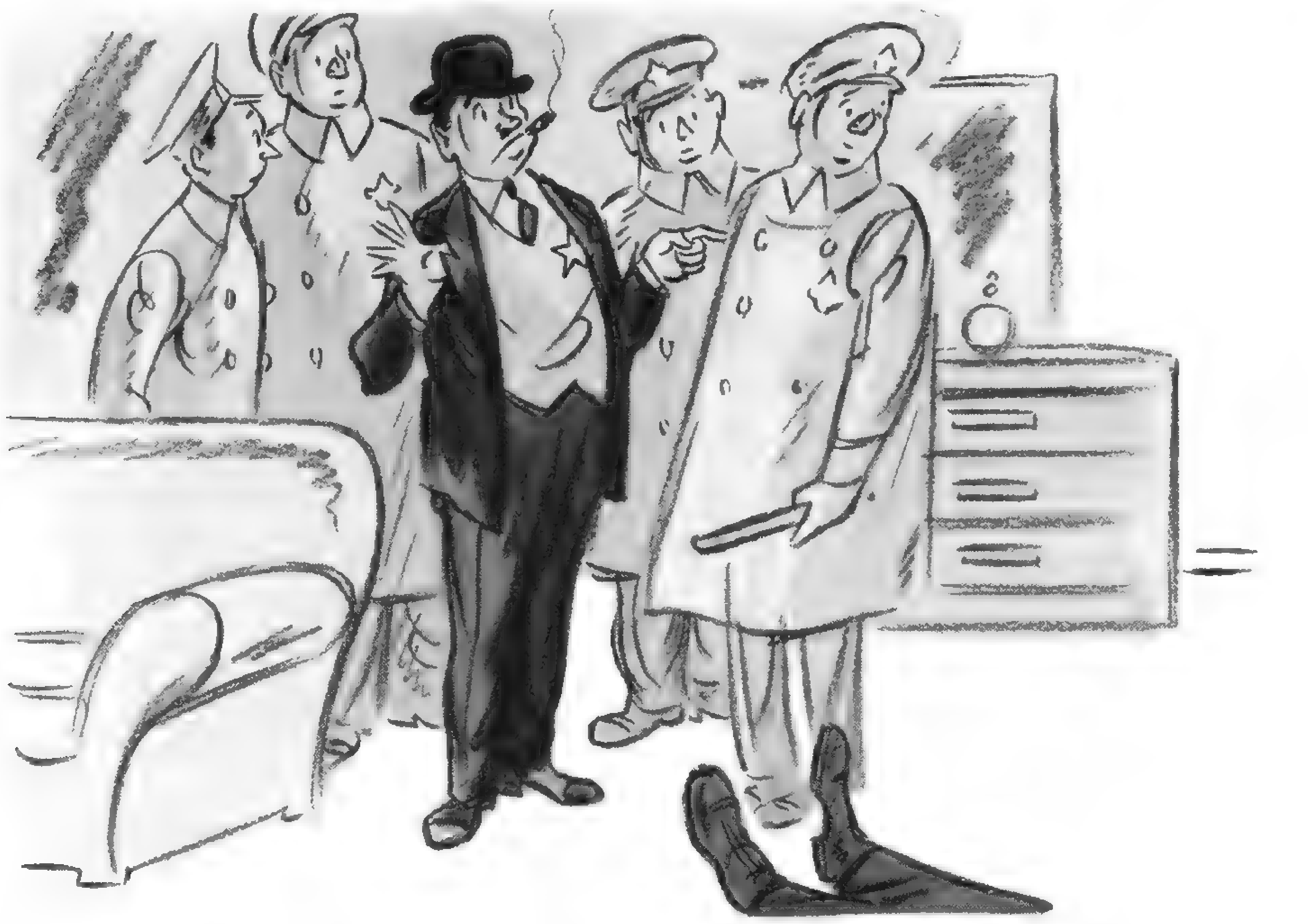
Sure Bill was nervous. And Mae, too. She was just as nervous as he was. Right now her fingers were trembling so that she could scarcely pin the big corsage on the outside of her coat.

But Bill Martin had foreseen all this—and provided for it. He had known just how he and Mae were going to feel at this moment. He had known there would be no use to try to conceal their agitation. The better plan would be to make capital of their nervousness, to make a public display of it, and to find some good and immediately apparent—and disarming—reason for it. It was necessary that you would know he and Mae were nervous, and at the same time know the reason for it. Not the real reason, of course. You had to say to yourself: "That guy is certainly nervous, but it's because—"

Because of what? That had been the stickler. The success of the whole plan had lain in its solution. The rest would be easy; it was only the escape, the getaway that troubled Bill. And then one night he knew he had it! He and Mae would be honeymooners. What a laugh, he and Mae, who had been married ten years! Well, they could carry it off, all right. He'd walk in and fumble with the register just as he did that night in Buffalo ten years ago when he and Mae were really bridegroom and bride. He'd just sign his name, and then he'd start away from the desk, and the clerk, smiling broadly, would call him back and say: "Don't you want to register Mrs. Martin, too?" And then he'd pick up the pen and quickly add "and wife" to his signature in obvious embarrassment.

Nervous? Sure, both of them. And what would be more natural?

And it was ironic, when you came to think of it—their going to the Whitman, of all places! The lobby and corridors were probably swarming with state police. And every last one of them looking for Bill Martin and his wife, Mae, too! But not knowing it was Bill and Mae they were seeking, of course. Not knowing who had done the job. Not knowing whether it was a man and woman, or two men, or a whole gang. Not knowing Bill and Mae even if they looked them full in the face. Because, you see, Bill and Mae had no previous criminal history. Not so much as an overtime parking tag against their records.



"You Reilly, check the fingerprints; you Mulligan, interview the servants; you Hennessey, see that no one touches a thing; and in the meantime, I'm gonna 'Cherchez La Femme' "

And what safer place than the Whitman to hole up for a week or two? In another hour every road within a hundred miles would be blocked. Lines of grumbling motorists, and patient patrolmen, going systematically and alertly from car to car.

Bill Martin drove, not too rapidly, toward the center of the city. Mae, at his side, was busy with a bag of rice, permitting the fresh white grains to dribble off her coat, leaving a fine dust. That had been Bill's idea, too.

"You remember when the crowd saw us off at the station?" he recalled. "We shook the rice off on the platform. But when we got into the train the porter saw rice dust on your coat and laughed."

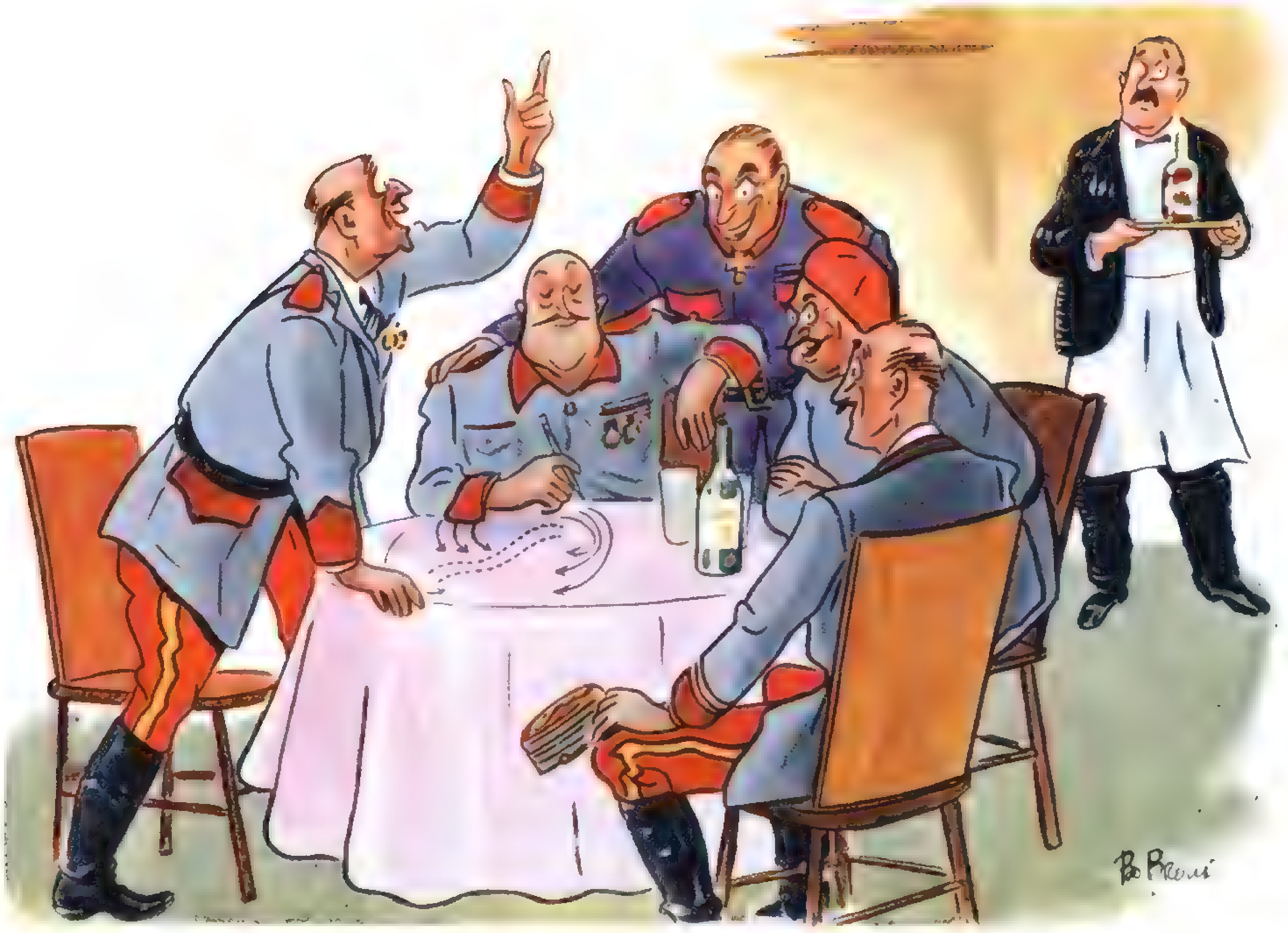
Yes, Bill had thought of everything. He had even placed a few grains of rice under her collar so that when she straightened and smoothed it near the desk, it would cascade down her coat to the floor, to her charming confusion. Mae would be letter-perfect in her role. All she had to do was look flustered.

Mae carefully picked the loose rice out of her lap and off the floor of the car, and tossed it, with the bag, out the window. Ten minutes later Bill was driving down the ramp into the Hotel Whitman's garage. Bill would have preferred to keep his eye on the car, because the money was there—the ransom money which he didn't intend to start spending until years had passed and this day had been long forgotten—cleverly concealed behind the upholstered panel which gave access to the windshield swipe motors. It was safe there, all right. Nobody would be looking for it, anyway. Not unless they suspected Bill and Mae first.

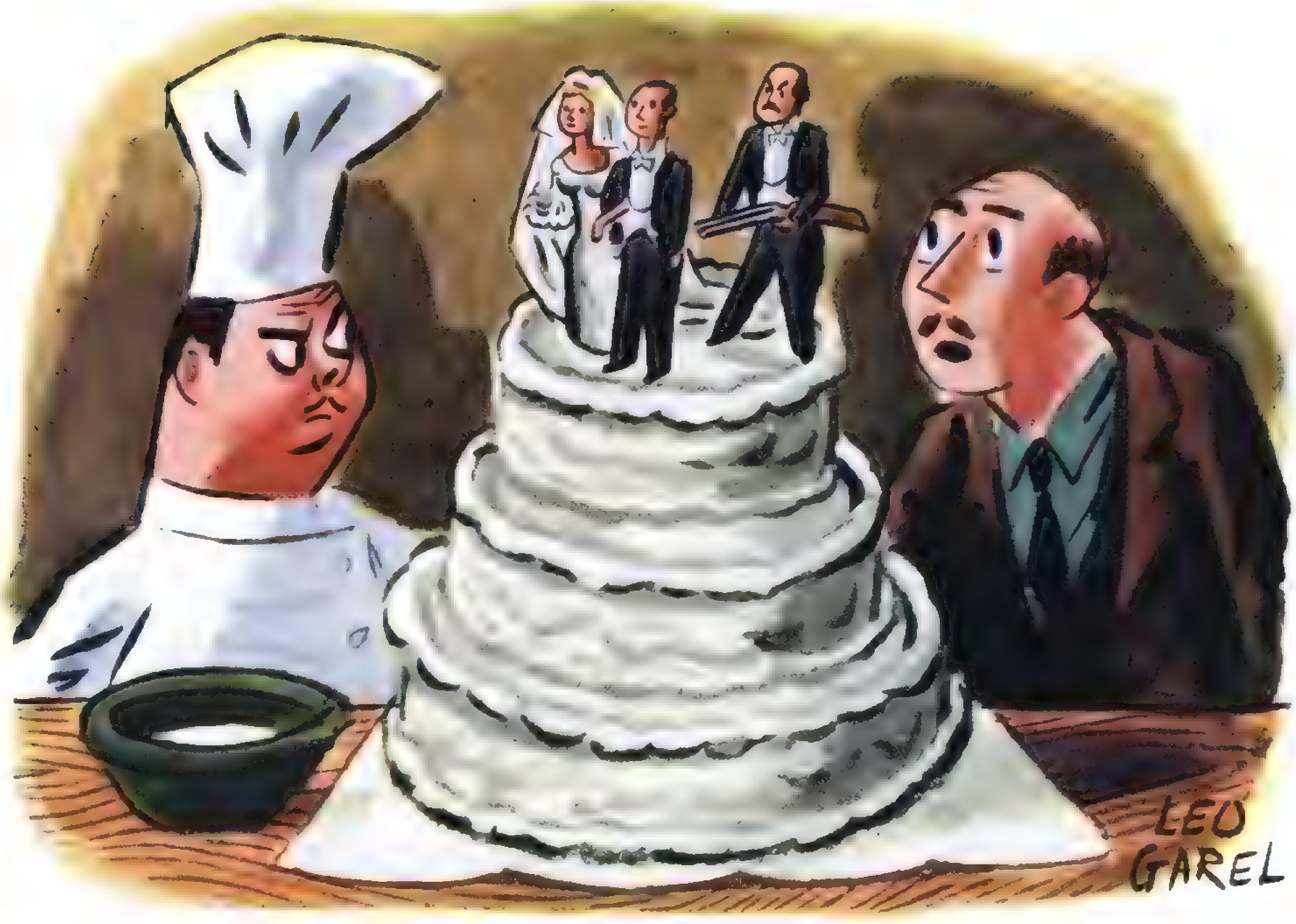
They waited in the garage until a porter came down for their bags, Bill's bag and Mae's bag. And when they arrived in the lobby everything went exactly as Bill had planned. As she followed him to the desk, Mae gave her collar a little tug, and the rice streamed out, bringing smiles to the faces of the porter and the clerk. And Bill in haste only registered himself, then started away. And the clerk had called him back and said: "And don't you want to register for the lady, too?" And Bill with an embarrassed air had added the words "and wife." The clerk with that faintly patronizing manner which hotel folk sometimes assume toward newlyweds had said: "I hope you will find everything comfortable."

And, as he walked toward the elevators,

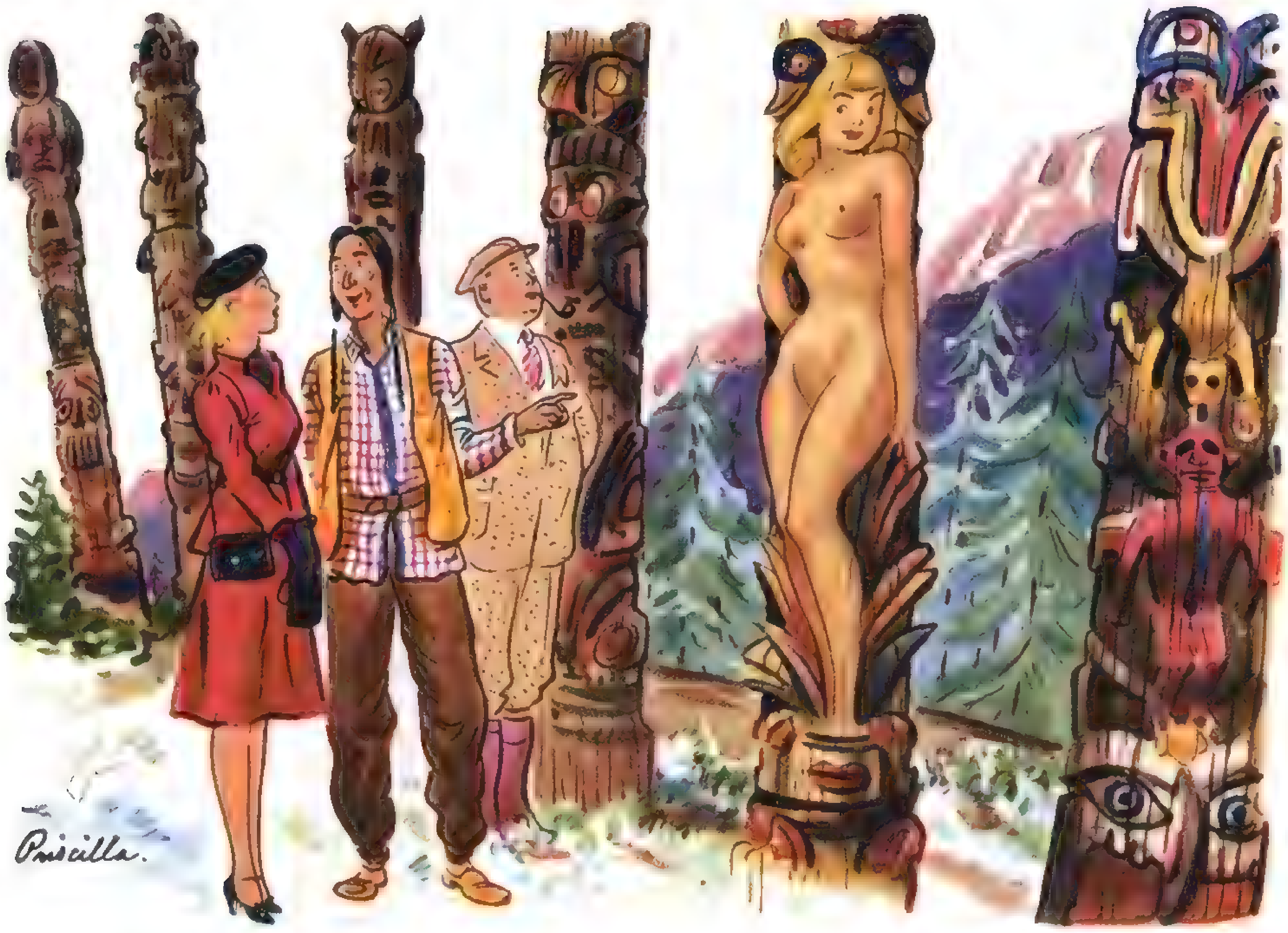
Continued in center of page 194



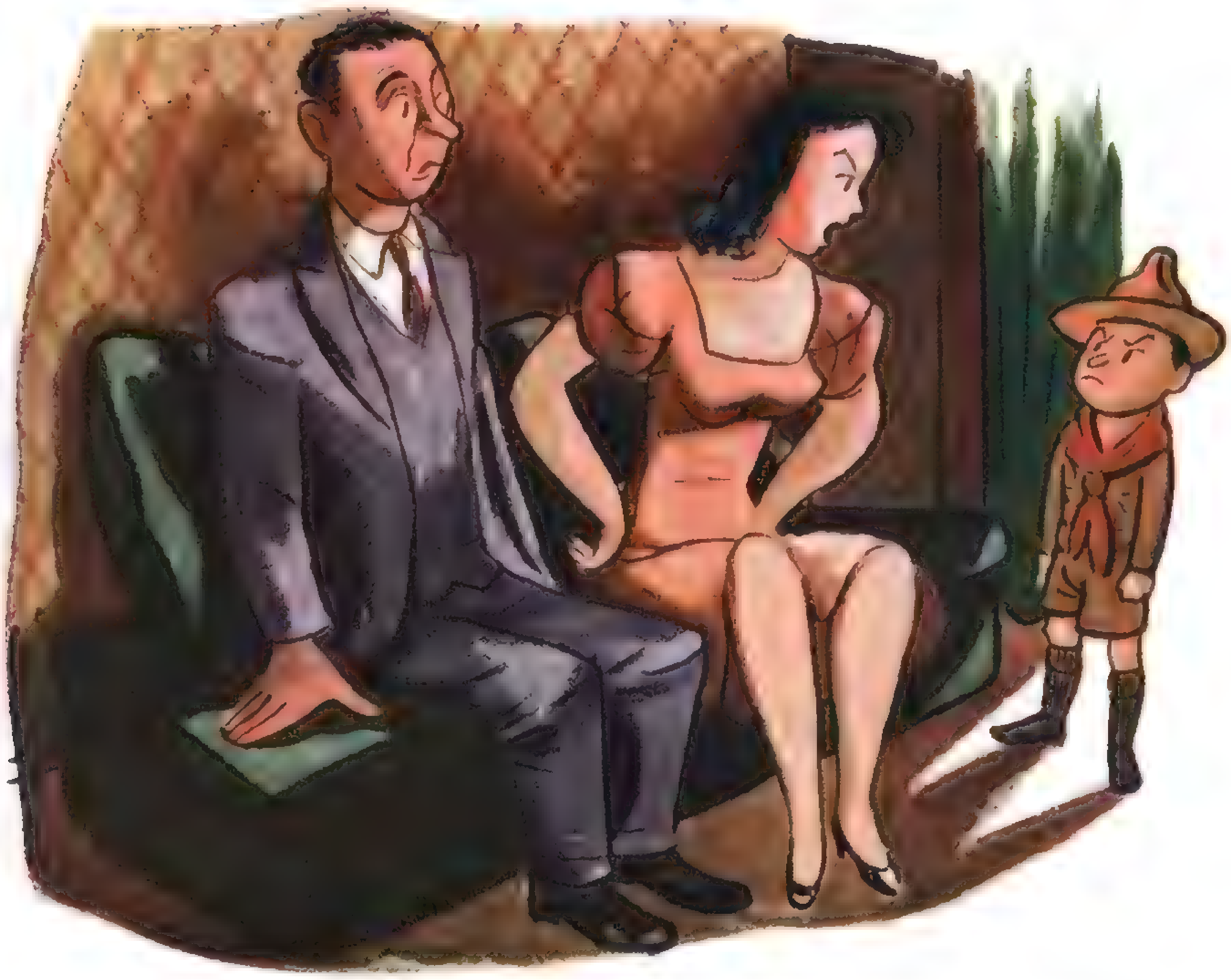
"Champagne! Pierre has just cracked the Siegfried Line!"



"I know it's a personal touch—but will they like it?"



"This one was carved by one of our younger men who studied in Paris"



"For Heaven's sake, Archibald, stop rescuing me!"

A Moose On Me

You'd better take orders for seven hundred pounds of moose meat before you go hunting in the bush of Quebec

by RAYMOND R. CAMP

▪ SPORTS ▪

I HAVE just shot a moose.

But before you have an opportunity to get in a sarcastic "So what?" I want to push forward and announce that the whole thing was an accident. One from which I will eventually recover, but not the moose. And in passing, if you happen to know of any new recipes for cooking moose meat I'd appreciate your sending them along. I've tried about thirty so far, but there are still several hundred pounds of moose in the larder.

Critics will say there must have been some reason for having abandoned a comfortable home to spend a week in a primitive camp on an isolated Canadian lake: a lake which is five days by canoe from the nearest white-tiled room with hot and cold running water. Yes, there was a reason, but I put most of the blame on a certain air-minded friend.

This friend (I'm beginning to question the term) is never happy unless there are a few thousand feet of air between the seat of his pants and the ground.

"The time is rapidly approaching," he insisted, "when sportsmen will awaken to the fact that the airplane, in a couple of hours, can put them down in an area where they will find the kind of hunting and fishing their forefathers enjoyed. Within four hours I could land you on a wilderness lake in Quebec, where you can shoot deer, bear, moose or wolves, and take pike and trout as fast as you can cast and reel in."

I'd heard enough of this talk, so I decided to call his bluff. Salt water fishing had begun to pall a bit, and I had a couple of weeks' vacation due. I had no desire to kill a moose, but the prospect of a couple of weeks spent in leisurely stalking a bear or deer was pleasant. During the course of several Canadian hunting trips I had encountered several moose.

Most of them were within easy range of my rifle. On these occasions I never entertained the idea of killing one, for various excellent reasons. In some instances the moose were out of season, but in most instances they were out of REASON. When you are a hundred miles from civilization, with only a small canoe or your two feet as means of transportation, you will treat with marked coolness any suggestion that you assume the problem of carrying out some eight hundred pounds of moose meat to the nearest freight station.

"Will I be able to hunt deer and bear in this paradise of yours," I asked, "and are there any trout?"

"Leave it to me," was the response.

I did just that, and the following Friday morning I boarded a Canadian Colonial plane at Newark Airport. Two hours later I stepped out at St. Hubert, across the St. Lawrence from Montreal, and within ten minutes I was aboard Tom Wheeler's pontoon Waco and buzzing over the city. In less than an hour we dropped down at St. Jovite, the last outpost of what we like to call civilization. Another hour and we slid down to the surface of Lac La Carpe, and after having looked the area over I was willing to admit that, virgin or not, it was certainly wilderness.

La Carpe is no different than it was when the Romans were making things tough for the Saxons, and until the morning when Tom Wheeler dropped down on it, out of the sky, about eight years ago the loons on the lake had never heard the sound of an axe. Gus de Seres, the guide who was awaiting me on the shore, joined me in waving the plane out of sight.

"Well," he announced, "you're here. And when you're here, *Sacré Nom de Chien*, you're *ici*. Five days out by canoe, one hour by plane." He shook his head sadly.

The camp itself could be fully described by the old phrase: "Neat but not gaudy." A small log cook shack and two tents crowded a tiny clearing on the lake shore.

When I arrived this little world was populated by another hunter who answered to the name of Bill, and three guides: Gus, Jim and Lucien. Bill was what you might term, in the jargon, a one-time winner. He had spent a week on the lake the previous fall, and had flown out with a moose, a deer, a gunny sack of grouse and a very heavy string of trout.

His greeting was cordial.

"You shouldn't have any trouble getting your moose," he announced, shaking hands. "The calling season is just getting under way."

"Moose?" I peered at him. "What moose? Whose moose?"

He peered back.

"You didn't come up here just to escape hay fever, did you?"

I sat down on an unusually jagged stump and pointed out that my major objective was to stalk the tall timber, hoping for an opportunity to sneak up on a deer or bear. I might even, I explained, do a bit of fishing.

"Are you sure you're in the right Province?" Bill asked. "What does your ticket read?"

I suggested that it might be a good idea if we got right down to the heart of the situation.

"Are there deer and bear in this neck of woods, or aren't there?"

"Oh, sure," Bill admitted, "they're here, but you're a bit early."

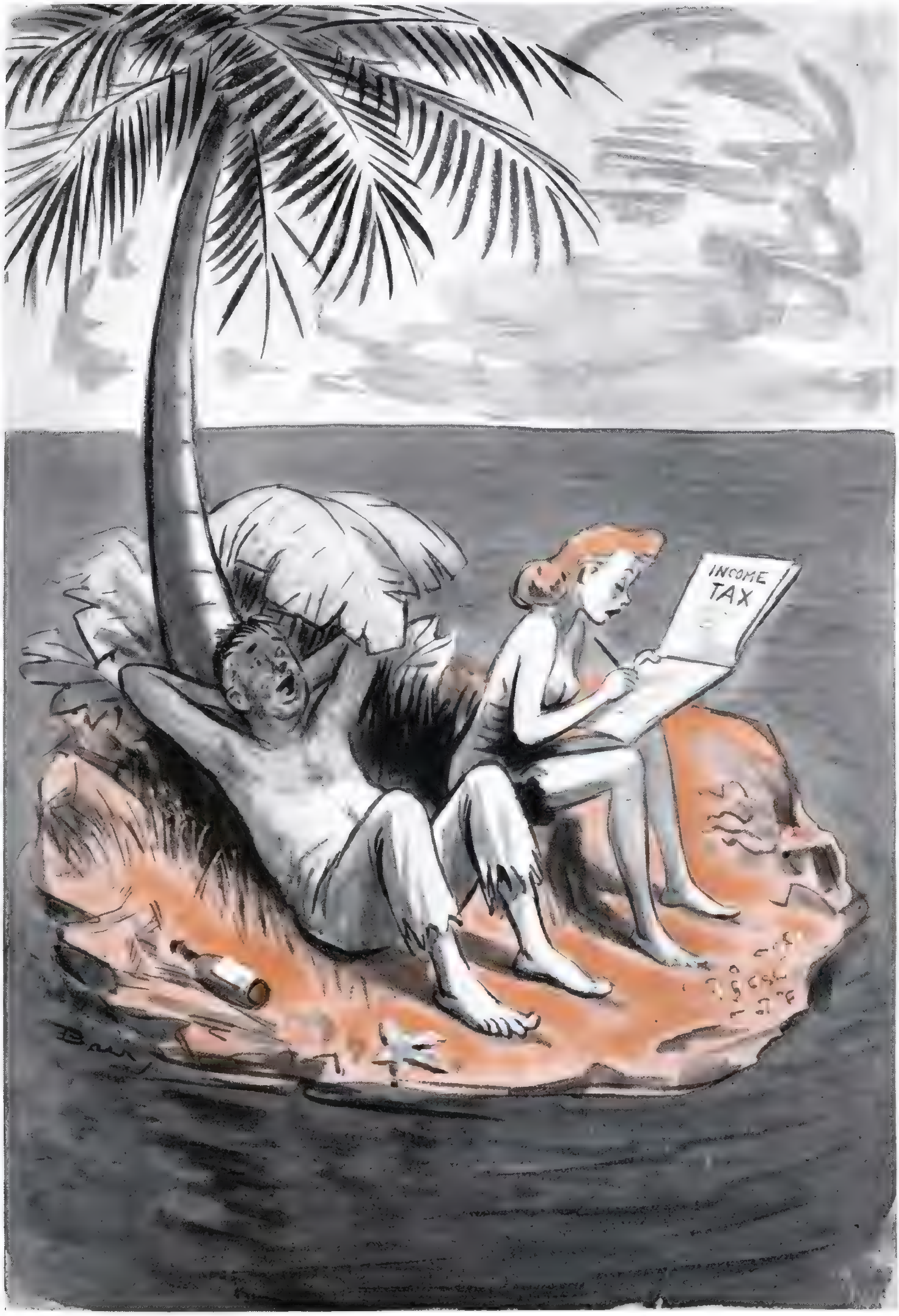
I then took the time to explain that I had hunted before, and was aware of the fact that at this time of the year the woods would be noisy, as a result of the dry leaves, and that the fact that the leaves were still on would add to the hunting problem.

"However," I concluded, "I don't mind that. I rather like it. I'm here more for the

Continued on page 178

BULLETIN P.D.

"And please notify my clients of the change of address!"


INCOME TAX
Baer

"Just say, no income, no expenditures"

An Affair in Tahiti

While the kid had no illusions about the morals of Tahitians, he felt that Tita was different

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

• FICTION •

It was the second night out before I saw Harmon again. There was nothing unusual about this; for a sailing from Papeete is an exhausting business; many a passenger does not appear on deck for a day or two afterward, and this is not so much because of seasickness as because of what the French call *mal de cheveux*. Harmon, however, had not been even mildly tight.

He had been still more emphatically marked apart by an absence of flowers. A *lei* in Tahiti is not a fifty- or seventy-five-cent investment, as in Honolulu. Two or three francs will buy one. In consequence even the least popular among those who depart are loaded to the eyes with tiare taporo, jasmine, ginger blossoms, hibiscus, frangipani. Hoisting their heads, stretching necks ostrich-like, they peer over immense collars of bloom, which, when the lines are cast off, they throw to friends. It is all very colorful, and a lot of fun.

Harmon had not worn a single *lei*. Moreover he had not waved to a single friend. Looking worried, pale, painfully sober, he had moved from place to place, apologetically peeping over the shoulders of others, searching the quay with his eyes. Native gendarmes, brave in khaki and scarlet, their varnished brown topees gleaming in the sun, tried in vain to hold the crowd back. When the ship started to sidle away and the flowers to fly, *bon voyage* callers thrust aside all restraint in a rush to the edge of the quay. They always do.

Good-bye, Tahiti! Lots of us were weeping, though we were laughing at the same time, as the strip of water grew wider. But Harmon neither laughed nor wept, only stood at a far end of the deck, staring stunned and unbelieving at the crowd. That was the last I saw of him that day, for I was busy making my own farewells. Some of the gang were circling the ship in Rupert Ellis's speedboat, waving bottles, waving salvaged *leis*, singing and shouting up to us. Others—you could see them even without glasses—had moved to the veranda of the Bougainville or the veranda of the Yacht Club where they stood windmilling their arms, bright specks among the red-splotched greenery of the flamboyants. This is the way you see the last of your friends in Tahiti, where just about everybody *is* your friend. I had no time then, being human, to pay further attention to Harmon.

The second night out was different. A group of four or five, all Americans, kept on drinking with dogged perseverance, with plenty of noise too, but for the most part the passengers were French *fonctionnaires* from Noumea and the New Hebrides with their wives and children, especially their children, and the ship had that comfortable vulgar middle-class air to be found at sea only aboard Messageries Maritimes vessels in the more remote parts of the world.

I was tired but unable to sleep, so I walked the deck in pajamas and dressing robe, and because of the noise in the smoking room I kept forward. This was how I happened to run into Harmon.

He was leaning against the rail, and he heard my step and turned with a start. There were tears streaming down his face.

Now when you find a man weeping it is just as well to mind your own business and let him alone. I was curious, of course; but I had no wish to elbow into his grief. He was a husky youngster—twenty or twenty-one—not in the least effeminate, nor, it would seem, sufficiently aesthetic to be smitten to tears by the beauty of the night, which admittedly was considerable. So I only nodded vaguely and strolled on.

When I came back past him again he accosted me. He seemed to think he owed me an apology, or perhaps he was just dying to talk to somebody. He had wiped the tears from his eyes but the stains of them still showed on his cheeks.

His voice was low and he spoke as though he were not sure what words would come out of his mouth.

"You must think I'm a sissy or something."

I shrugged.

"Hell," I said. "Leaving Tahiti's an event worth crying about. I cried. A lot of us did."

And I walked on, a bit puzzled by it all.

Yes, that night was something. There were fragments of thin cloud wandering uncertainly about the heavens, very high, but at no time did they venture to obscure the moon, which was not brash, as it so often is in the tropics, but pensive, aware of its responsibilities, not smashing its beams in splendor upon the surface of a lakelike Pacific, but releasing them breathlessly so that you thought you could almost hear a dainty tinkle as they fell. Of actual sounds there were not many. The crowd in the smoking room—I could distinguish the voice of Arnold Gerich among the rest—was singing *Papio*, filling in what dirty Tahitian words they forgot with dirty English words. The engines throbbed thoughtfully, shivering a loose window here and there. There was a faint dry whimper of timbers. Water shushed at the bows.

All that day we had been passing among islands of the Tuamotu group, each tiny, flat, reef-encircled, fuzzy with coconut trees; but these were astern of us now, and for more than two weeks we would shudder through a blank open ocean, sighting no land and in all probability no other ship until we reached Balboa.

When I passed Harmon again he had an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, and when I came back he asked me for a match. I noticed he turned aside when he struck it. He

Continued on page 113

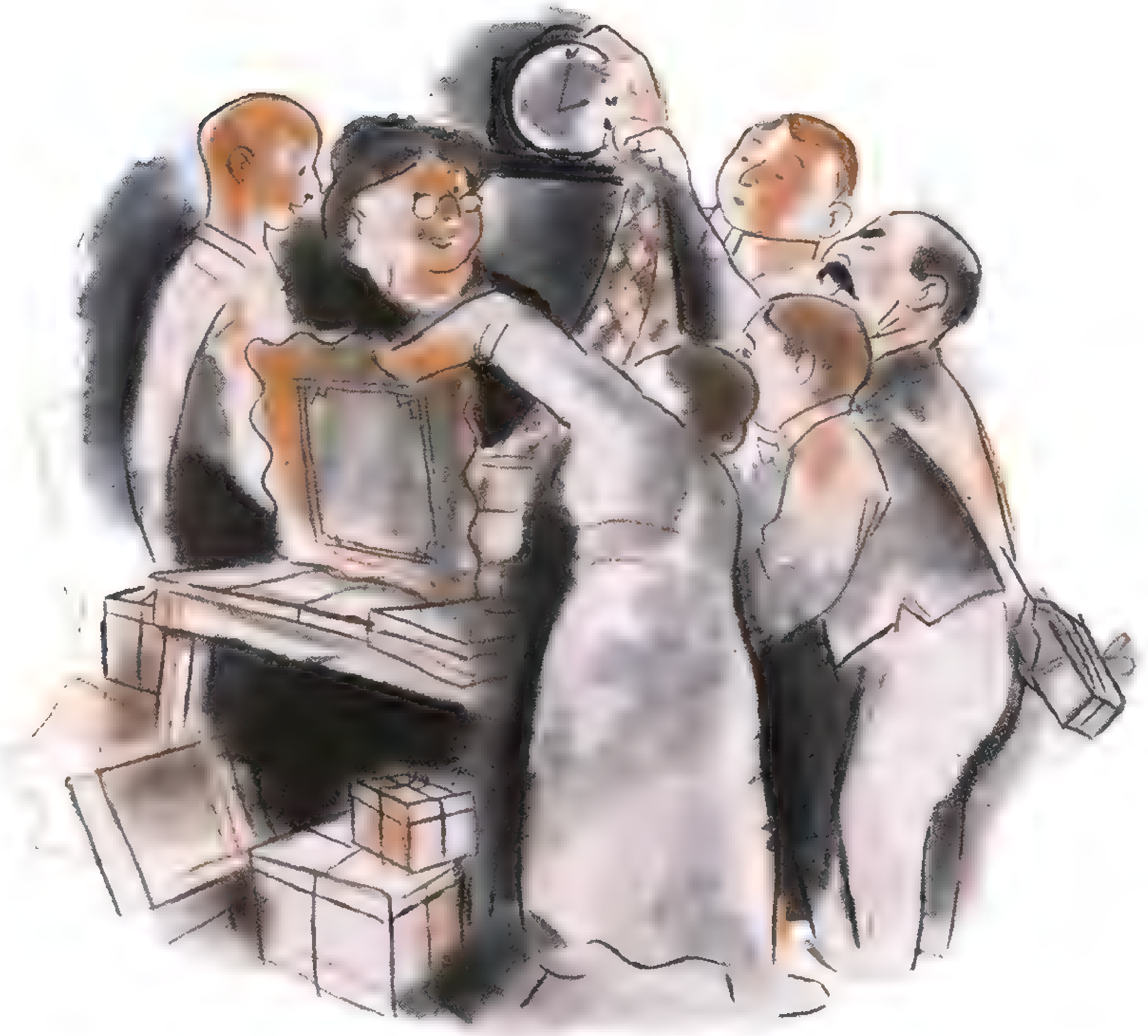
"You can tell Roosevelt this is a Constitutional Democracy and I'm serving my eighth term as president"

The Birthday Party

It took more than pretty Spanish girls with red slippers to buffalo a 'Forty-niner like Great-grandma

by RODERICK LULL

• FICTION •



I'D BEEN up before dawn and dressed, aching to get going. In the cold early morning I hurried back and forth, helping my father load the wagon. There were haunches of venison, well-hung and dark red, just in case more were needed. There were limp white bodies of doves, the feathers stained black crimson where the shot had entered, tied together by the feet in bundles. There was the keg of white wine my father had got from the Portuguese down the road in trade for a wild pony—grandma always liked a little good wine, my father said, and there was no one he knew in the county had so good a hand with grapes. There were the rolls of heavy woolen blankets—we were staying over two days and it got mighty chilly of nights. There were the fine bunches of rainbow trout, caught by my father and my uncle Phil over the last two days and kept cool and fresh in the icehouse, wrapped in fern and old linen. And finally the gifts, wrapped with loving care by my mother, who had also decorated the ironed wrapping paper with little painted bunches of flowers and even a rude, bright picture of the cabin my great-grandfather had built when they first came west, and which had stood until a year ago when fire had destroyed it.

We threw the tarp over the load and cinched her down tight. My father stood off and looked at it, nodding his satisfaction. "She'll ride," he said. "She'll ride anywhere we could ever take her."

I looked her over too, important with my sixteen years, and said she'd do, by all blazes she'd do. And I said, "This is going to be the best party Great-grandma ever had. This is going to be a real party."

"You bet," my father said. "If it wasn't for what that crazy Ned is doing, and the Lord only knows what that is—but there's no point talking about it on a pleasure trip. You get the horses out now and we'll hitch."

I thought about Ned while I was going to the barn. I thought about the dark Spanish girl with the slim body and the red slippers he'd been chasing all over town, according to the gossip, and I felt guilty, because what I thought of him wasn't what most people thought. Not by a long shot. I didn't stand up for the Spanish girl because it was a certain thing she was wicked, though she was beautiful too. But no matter what anybody said, I thought to myself, I'd stand up in my own mind for Uncle Ned. I'd stand up for him till Hell froze over double. He was the one who'd never been too busy to tell me secret, invaluable things about fishing and hunting, and he was the one who rode a horse better than anyone else ever did. He was the one with the wide shoulders and the lean hips and dark face that was almost always smiling. Almost always—except when his older brothers tore into him, the way I'd seen once. Then there was no smiling, only hardness in him and in them too, and you'd have felt better if they'd raised their voices. They kept them too low, too well controlled. It was a frightening thing.

Then I got to the barn and it was time to think of horses. I brought the team out and the big sorrel whinnied darkly. The bay mare stamped her hooves and jerked her head, found she couldn't break my hold on the halter and nuzzled my neck with her furred, jelly-like lips. I walked the horses over to the wagon, feeling a great and justifiable pride. I'd been allowed to handle them alone only this last year.

"They're right full of spirit this morning," my father said. "They'll need it—it's a good-sized trip and they've a fair load. Get 'em in there right, boy—hold it—that's the ticket. We're off, soon as your mother comes."

We had them harnessed in a few minutes and were ready to go. There were but the three of us going in the wagon—Uncle Phil, the widower, was going over on a saddle horse. I gave the outfit a last look-over, knowing as I walked around that I was imitating the way my father walked and the way he held his head when he inspected things, and not feeling embarrassed about it. He did those things right, and it was all right to imitate what was right. Uncle Ned did things right too. But there were ways he had of doing things that neither you nor anyone else could imitate. They were his own ways.

My father called, "She's set, Martha, you still fooling with your face?"

My mother called back she was on her way out. Of course, she wasn't. It was five minutes before she came and I walked up and down, aching all the harder to get going. My father leaned against the wagon, rolled a cigarette and smoked it quietly.

"Hold 'er in, boy," he said. "Another minute or two ain't going to make or break us."

"She don't have to be so slow," I said. Then I shut up. He was looking at me with level eyes.

"Women have their ways" he said, "and slowness is amongst them."

She came out then, and she looked fine. She had powder and paint on and looked fifteen years younger than an hour ago in the kitchen, making our breakfast. I had to admit women got results, even if they did move so slow.

My father looked her over and gave her an arm up into the seat. "Grandma's likely to give you hell for that," he said. "For all that paint."

My mother laughed. "She don't mean it," she said. "She's a big talker, that's all."

"Big doer, too, in some ways," my father said.

My mother settled herself in the seat, smoothing her dress. She adjusted a piece of muslin over it neatly. "I've caught her using rouge herself," my mother said. "Things like that, she just enjoys kicking."

"I guess so," my father said. He looked at me. "Guess you can take her," he said.

I was up in the seat reaching for the reins

before he had time hardly to flick ash from his cigarette. He climbed in next to Mother and I touched the mare lightly with the whip and shouted, “Gittup!” They moved off smartly. I swung them into the road and we were away.

This was Great-grandma’s eighty-seventh birthday party we were going to. She’d come around the Horn to San Francisco as a bride in ’49, and she’d been a widow since ’71. And I’d used to be scared to death of her but that was wearing off, now I was a man.

We made good time, considering the load and the fact this team was not used to pulling the wagon on long trips. I took them easy up Whiskey Hill, hoping I was doing it the way my father would, so he wouldn’t give me instructions. I felt proud and competent when we came to the top and he hadn’t said a word. I braked and we went down at a safe gradual pace. Then we were in the valley and the road leveled off and grew wider and smoother. Lots of people lived here in the valley—every two or three miles you saw a house.

“Must be nice to be so near neighbors,” my mother said.

“Get in your way,” my father said. “Grandfather used to say that when you could see another house from any of your windows with a spyglass it was time to move on. I feel that way too.”

“You can see the Witner’s place from our kitchen window on a clear day,” my mother reminded him.

He considered that. “Well, you can allow it maybe from one window. But get many more houses around and I’ll be for moving myself.”

They stopped talking about that then, and I was just as glad, as this was an old argument that went on forever, never coming to a conclusion. I watched the team trotting with the splendid muscles of their haunches rippling under the smooth-haired skin, and hoped my father would let me drive all the way. I wanted to drive right in and have everybody see me with the reins in my hands. I particularly wanted Uncle Ned to see it, so he’d know that all he had taught me of horses and riding and driving hadn’t gone to waste.

I said, “You think Uncle Ned might be here anyway?”

My mother drew a deep breath and shook her head slowly. I glanced at her and saw her pursed lips and indignant eyes. “Ned!” she said scornfully. “If I had my way about it—”

My father nudged her warningly and she broke off. “Don’t imagine so,” he said. “He’s got too much else to do these days, apparently. Wish I knew where I could find him. I’d sort of like to have a little talk with him. Got some things to say.”

“Hmmm,” my mother muttered. “I know the way you and Phil talk to him. Great talkers you are, for a while. Then you have a couple of drinks around for luck and after that a man could hear the three of you laughing for a mile, with Ned leading.”

“It’s different now,” my father said. “Been going on too long.”

“Maybe different, maybe not. And the one I feel sorry for is Emily. Wouldn’t blame the poor girl if she drowned herself. She’s crazy about Ned as if he was the Prince of Wales, and everything fixed up and promised, and then this happening. Nice a girl as you’ll ever see, too.”

My father coughed. “A bad thing, all right,” he said. “But it’ll probably turn out all right in the end. Anyway, there’s nothing we can do about it now, and we’re going to Grandma’s birthday party for a good time so there’s no use talking about it and getting all upset.”

“Like a man,” my mother said. “Just forget an unpleasant thing and try to pretend it doesn’t exist.”

I thought for a while about Emily, the cool, prettily homely girl with the lovely flaxen hair whom Ned had courted, and who was after a fashion a ward of Great-grandmother’s—her mother had been dead many years and her father left her with Great-grandmother much of the time, for proper bringing up.

I wanted to go right on through without stopping, so we would reach Great-grandma’s fine house as soon as possible, and my father thought that was all right—we could open the lunch and eat as we drove. But my mother had other ideas. We were going to eat like civilized people, she said, and have a little rest so we wouldn’t arrive all tuckered out—it wouldn’t help Grandmother enjoy her party if her family was all ready for bed when they reached her. And that was that, so when we came to Parrot’s Spring I pulled off to the side of the road under a big cottonwood and we had lunch.

It was a good lunch, prepared and packed the night before—milk kept cool by wrapping the can in wet cloth, sandwiches made of sliced duck, a jar of the pickles she made up by the barrel every year, according to the secret recipe she had been handed down for generations by the women of her family, and a fine big wild blackberry pie. After it was over my father lay flat on his back, smoking his pipe, and said that any man when he came to die would choose to cash in of overeating if he could.

My mother laughed and pulled a lock of his thin hair. They looked happy together and I thought maybe they’d like to talk by themselves a while. So I went down to the creek and threw bits of leaf in the water and watched the trout rise.

My mother called me back in a little while and we were off again. We made fine time down the valley. It was cooling just a little, but with the sun still out, and the team liked it. They worked together like geared machines. When we started up the little mountain at the far end they seemed as fresh as when they’d started. I took them up easy and careful. Once the sorrel shied, jerking the mare to one side with him. An instant after I heard the rattler, and turned my head to see him as we went past. He was a big one, partly curled around a manzanita branch six feet above the ground. I was for stopping and killing and skinning him, but my father told me to get along. “Plenty of rattlers where we live, boy,” he said. “Don’t waste time.”

A half-hour later we were over the top of

Continued on page 151

Mr. Abbott and Mr. Costello

Your correspondent falls out of his seat laughing at Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, in *The Streets of Paris*

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

The short, fat, rather ugly simpleton and the tall city-slicker are with us again. You've been seeing them all your life: in the movies, in vaudeville, in burlesque, among the clowns at the circus, in musical shows. If you're old enough you once saw a version of the team called Weber and Fields; there was a sample of the same in the first movie show in New York; no matter how lucky you are you must have seen the comedy teams in the later movies—those who operated on the basic principle that the mere juxtaposition of a fat and a lean man was all the comedy you needed. Maybe there has been a movie with Laughton and Rathbone, transporting the idea to a nobler plane, God forbid. Because the idea, as now embodied in the persons of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, is the best comedy in years and promises well for the '40's. They are currently in *The Streets of Paris* (number one on my hit parade); they are on the air with Kate Smith; presently they are sure to start kicking Hollywood around. I say nothing about the international situation from now on; but so long as these boys are working, life isn't altogether bad.

The appearance of their act is the degradation of "songs, dances, and funny saying," but they don't sing and they don't dance. A tall man and a fattish one come out on a stage and—

ABBOTT: Suppose you go into a baseball park. Who's playing?

COSTELLO: I don't know.

ABBOTT: Then what are you doing in the baseball park?

For nine years this sort of thing has been kicking around all the circuits, tab shows, burlesque—any place where they wanted a thin man and a stumpy one to swap cracks. And in those nine years the lines got themselves sharpened to a fine point and Abbott discovered exactly how to be patient and slick with Costello and Costello found out exactly at what angle to cock his finger as he gets to the end of each of his terrible predicaments: "You got me in there—now get me out!" After nine years of wandering in the wilderness, they were spotted, according to the official story, by Ted Collins, Kate Smith's manager, at a "vaudeville house" in New York; I put the quotes around the spot because the words are almost meaningless. Mr. Collins booked them for a single shot with Miss Smith. And Abbott and Costello are really the boys who stayed for breakfast, because they've been on that hour ever since. And terrific.

I'd like to brush off a defect in their work right away—bringing them down to human proportions by admitting that they make mistakes. A few days ago, at a professional banquet, I heard Abbott and Costello go through a howlingly un-funny routine: the infield of a baseball team includes three men named Hoo, Watt, and Idunno. No matter how thick you pronounce it, each name is still a pretty weak gag; taken altogether, the routine stinks. "Who plays first?" asks Costello. "That's right," says Abbott. Five minutes, maybe; it felt like half an hour and a lot of people in the amusement business who had clamored for this particular number apparently enjoyed it. Bard and Pearl, I think, had a number like that: "Where are you going from here?" "Chicago." "Then where?" (German comedian accent: "Den verr?") "Denver . . ." And so far into the act . . .

On the other hand, here's a bit more of the other baseball routine, after Costello has admitted that he is in a baseball park and has announced that he is buying a hot dog, but without mustard; Abbott has protested; Costello has insisted.

ABBOTT: All right. What I'm trying to convey to you is that the hot dog and mustard really go together.

COSTELLO: Well, let them go together. I don't want to stop any romance.

(Brief misunderstanding here . . .)

COSTELLO: I like Wooster-shire-sheer-shire sauce. I don't like mustard.

ABBOTT: Give me a reason. Who are you that you shouldn't like mustard? What are you, some big guy, too big a man to like mustard . . .?

COSTELLO: Well, what did mustard ever do for me? . . .(More trouble here) Go ahead . . . pick your friends . . . Who do you want, me or mustard?

ABBOTT: Listen, do you know where mustard comes from?

COSTELLO: I know they don't scrape it off mustard plasters.

Abbott explains that mustard is made in factories and by refusing to eat it, Costello is putting a lot of people out of work ("fathers and husbands" is the phrase and Costello roars "I'm not putting any husbands out of work") and suddenly we are on a bridge, with nightmare speed, and Costello doesn't like bridges either, and more trouble rises and he's pretty desperate and protests.

COSTELLO: I'm ruining the country. Just because I won't eat mustard. A little thing like that is liable to start a war.

ABBOTT: Oh! Now you want to start a war, eh?

COSTELLO: Who wants to start a war? . . . I don't want to go to war!

ABBOTT: Yellow, eh?

It's clear that won't get anywhere and for once Costello is spared. But there's another snag: he's forty and suppose he's in love with a girl ten years old. (He shrinks at that; he thinks he knows where it'll lead him.) Today he's four times as old as she is; twenty years from now he'll be only twice as old. The

Continued on page 156

"Do you have to have your car today?"

BEHOLD ST CHRISTOPHER
THEN GO YOUR WAY IN SAFETY

St. Christopher Medal reproduced by courtesy of Nil-Melior

Esquire's Portfolio of Motoring for 1940

Illustrations by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

First Aid to Motorists

Mentioning some courtesies which have increased travel by smoothing the way and haven't harmed the oil companies

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

• ARTICLE •

TWENTY-FIVE years ago last September a Chicago motorist hazarded a cross-country drive to Bloomington, Indiana, a distance of 240 miles. Here was his score:

Three days of tough going; three tires blown out on jagged macadam roads; two new casings at sixty dollars each; one night in a bedbug emporium, misnamed a hotel, another night in a farm house (pleasant); fifty miles lost by missing road eight times, in spite of "guide book" two inches thick and costing three dollars; thirty gallons of gasoline and eight quarts of oil; one nervous system shot to pieces.

Last summer he made the same jaunt, without hurrying, in five and one-half hours between lunch and supper. Good roads and an easy-riding car made driving a delight, while streamlined service along the way minimized the annoyances. That combination, incidentally, helps account for the fifty-billion pleasure-miles laid by annually by the forty-five million Americans who go on tour, spending four billion dollars in the process; and explains in part the jump in gasoline consumption in the United States from nine billion gallons in 1929 to twenty-one billion gallons in 1938, in the face of the worst depression in history.

Youngsters today may drive for the thrill of having power and speed at their command, but older drivers get the added kick of contrast—the smoothness of today's cars, today's roads, and today's courtesies by the army that mans the 300,000 gas stations along the nation's 525,000 miles of primary highways and more than 1,000,000 miles of secondary roads.

Courtesy by those who service the touring public today has become so extensive an accommodation that a University of Chicago professor recently said, "The oil industry is doing more to teach the public courtesy than all our higher institutions of learning put together."

It's a sort of "seven-point service" which has grown up around the wayside distribution of motor products: free maps; road information; car conditioning; health protection; safety and comfort; crime prevention; and locating "lost" tourists.

Oildom's primary gift to the public is the 150,000,000 elaborate road maps, printed and distributed annually at a cost of nearly five million dollars. Available to travelers are maps of every state in the union; sectional maps, each showing a group of states; maps covering the entire United States, Canada and Mexico; maps of the metropolitan areas of the larger cities, with street guides; special maps to the New York and San Francisco fairs; and even aviation maps, showing in detail routes of the various airways.

By March 15th, the first of three editions of the 1940 contingent of maps has been "put to bed." Then huge staffs of cartographers start working full steam on the 1941 issues. Thousands of correspondents, or "watchdogs of the highways"—one of the companies has 10,000—cover every township, every foot of highway in the United States. Special road crews cover 200,000 miles annually to obtain special data. They flash by letter, telephone and telegraph to the map makers the details of new roads planned. A season will bring to one publisher fifty thousand separate items of road information.

Three concerns: Rand-McNally & Co., oldest map makers in the United States, and The H. M. Gousha Company, which was born exclusively a road-map industry and which now makes more than any outfit in the world—both of Chicago; and General Drafting Company, Inc., of New York, produce annually 125,000,000 free trail guides. The rest are published locally by state highway commissions, state and city motor clubs and private corporations.

The idea of marking roads spread rapidly with the extension of the use of the motor car. But it was found to be against the law to nail any signs to telegraph or telephone poles, so bands of different colors and designs were adopted to indicate such widely-publicized routes as the Lincoln Highway, Pike's Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway, National Old Trails Road, Yellowstone, Dixie, Lone Star and other trails. These marks were painted on posts, fences, barns, stones and stumps. In some cases, the pioneer map makers picked routes, named and marked them, and then printed the guides. They often bore heavy expense—Gousha in one instance spent $25,000 to paint the emblems for a portion of a coast-to-coast highway. Today state highway departments mark and maintain their own routes, and together lay out federal routes. Strange as it may seem, the federal government is not directly in the road-building business, its grants of money going direct to states for highways. Many so-called federal routes do not receive a cent of federal money, while many state routes are built in part with government funds.

Today courtesy-plus has reached the refinements of *Touraides*, provided free by the Continental Oil Company, or Conoco, and touring service of such concerns as Standard Oil, Shell, Sinclair, Texaco and Gulf. From its main touring bureau in Denver, Conoco provides 500,000 or more tourists a year with a "tailor-made production" of 20 to 100 pages each, designed to cover completely a particular tour. During the rush season it requires 400 employees to handle up to 6,000 *Touraides* a day. The cost is more than a quarter of a million dollars a year—and there isn't the promise of the purchase of even a single gallon of gasoline or quart of oil in

Continued on page 138

"All right, we'll buy it but you'll have to take that thing out so we'll have more room for luggage"

LASALLE
BUICK
LINCOLN-ZEPHYR
BANTAM
GRAHAM
DESOTO

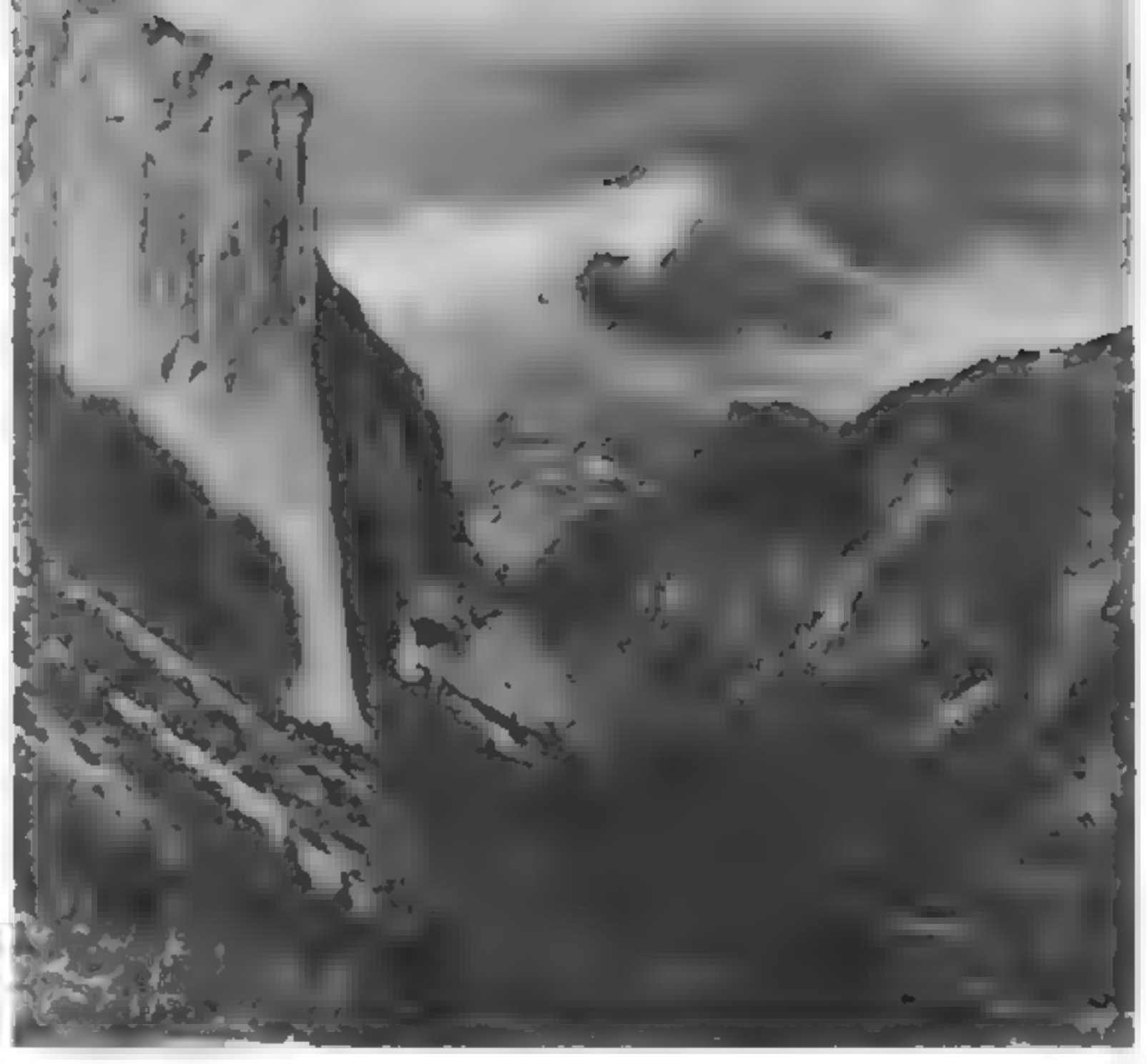
CHRYSLER
CADILLAC
PONTIAC
WILLYS
NASH
STUDEBAKER
PLYMOUTH
Normandie Horn
HUPMOBILE
FORD
DODGE
Special Rear Vision Mirror

ACCESSORIES BY NIL-MELIOR

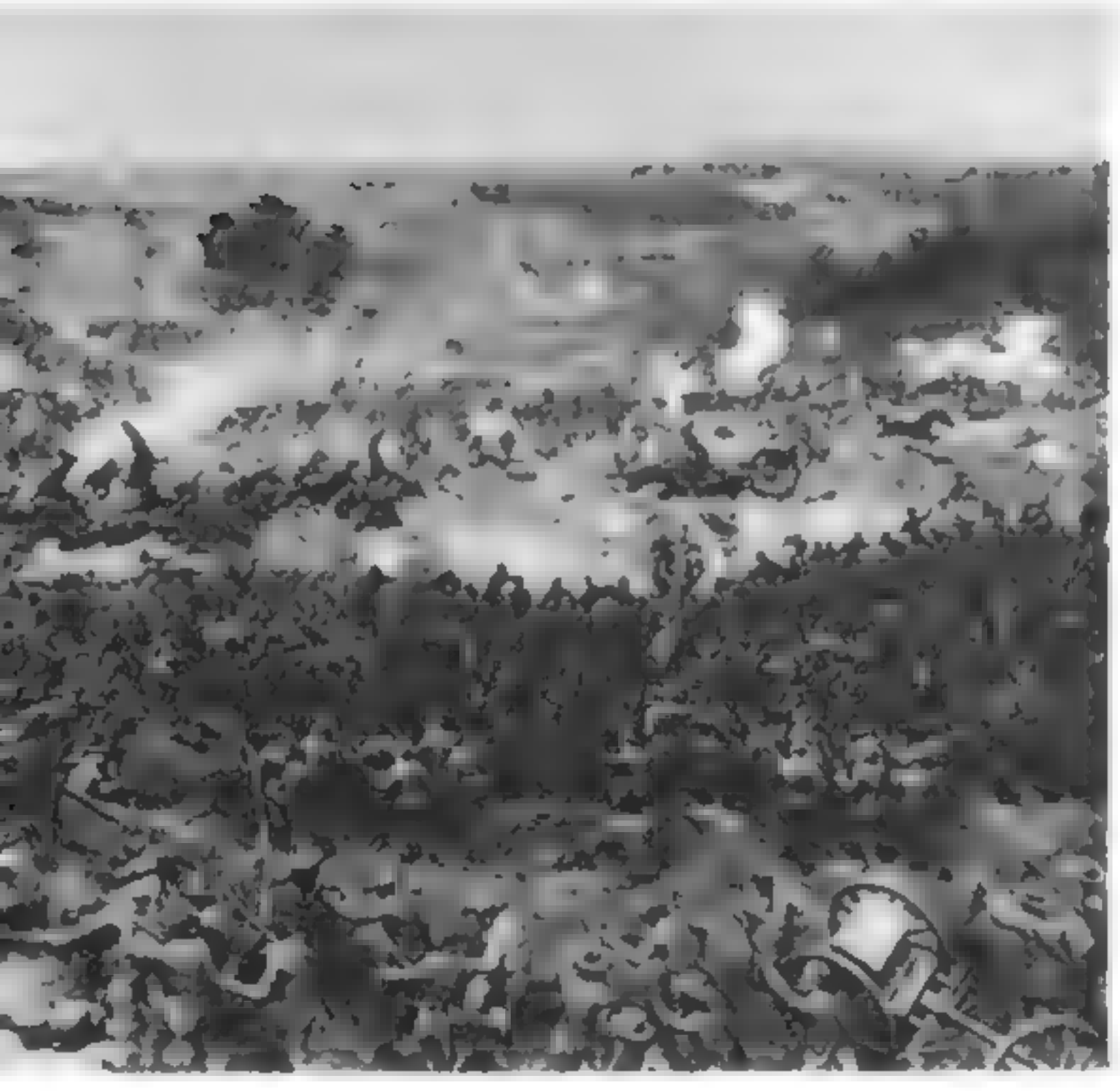
1 *Alabama* Bellingrath Garden, Mobile U. S. 90

2 *Arizona* Saguaro National Monument Tucson U. S. 80

3 *Arkansas* Hot Springs National Park Hot Springs U. S. 70



4 *California* Yosemite Pk. from Wawona Tunnel Plaza Cal. 140



9 *Georgia* Cyclorama, Grant Park, Atlanta U. S. 78

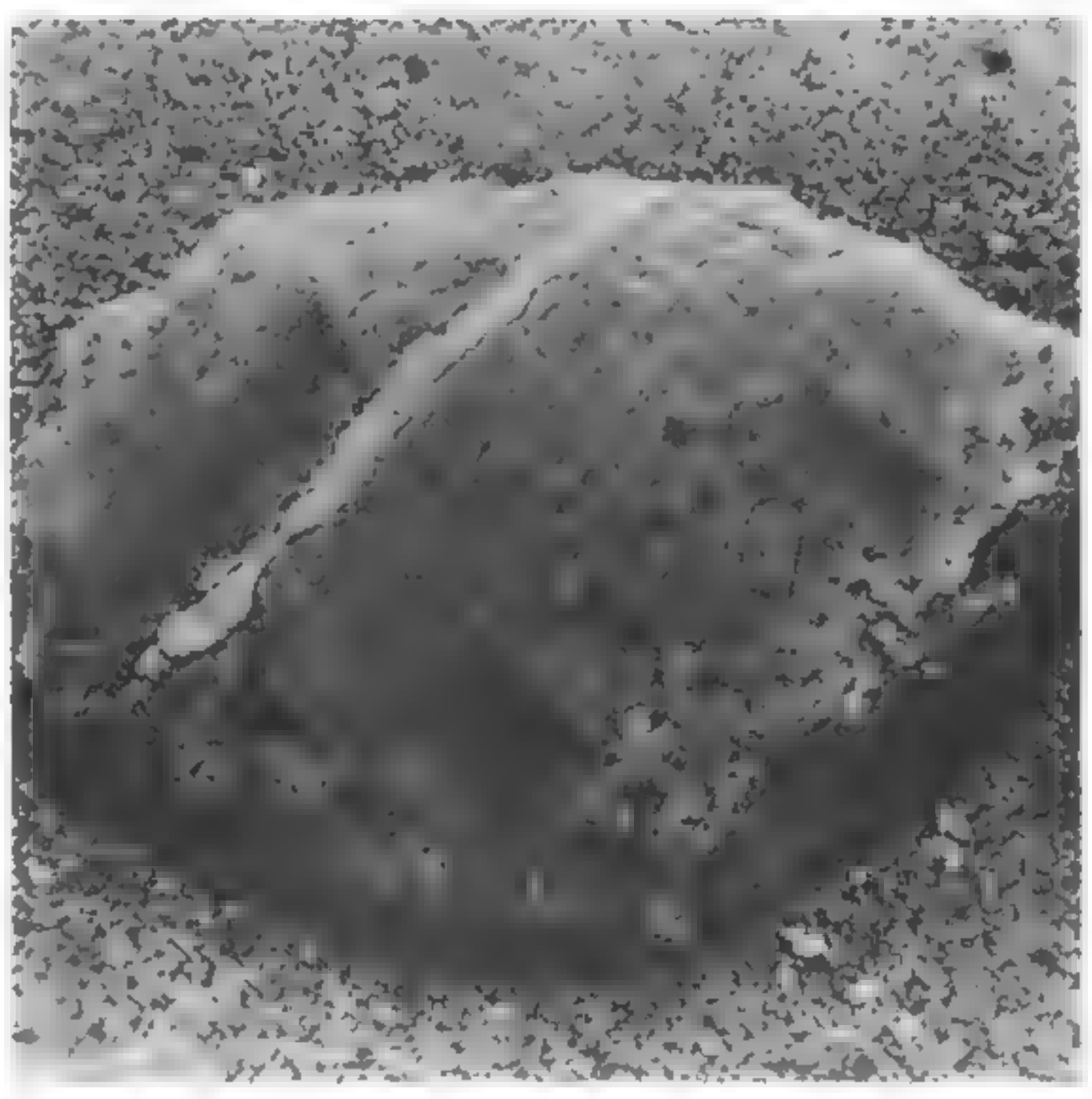
10 *Idaho* Galena Summit, Sawtooth Mts. Sun Valley U. S. 93

11 *Illinois* Starved Rock State Park Ottawa U. S. 6

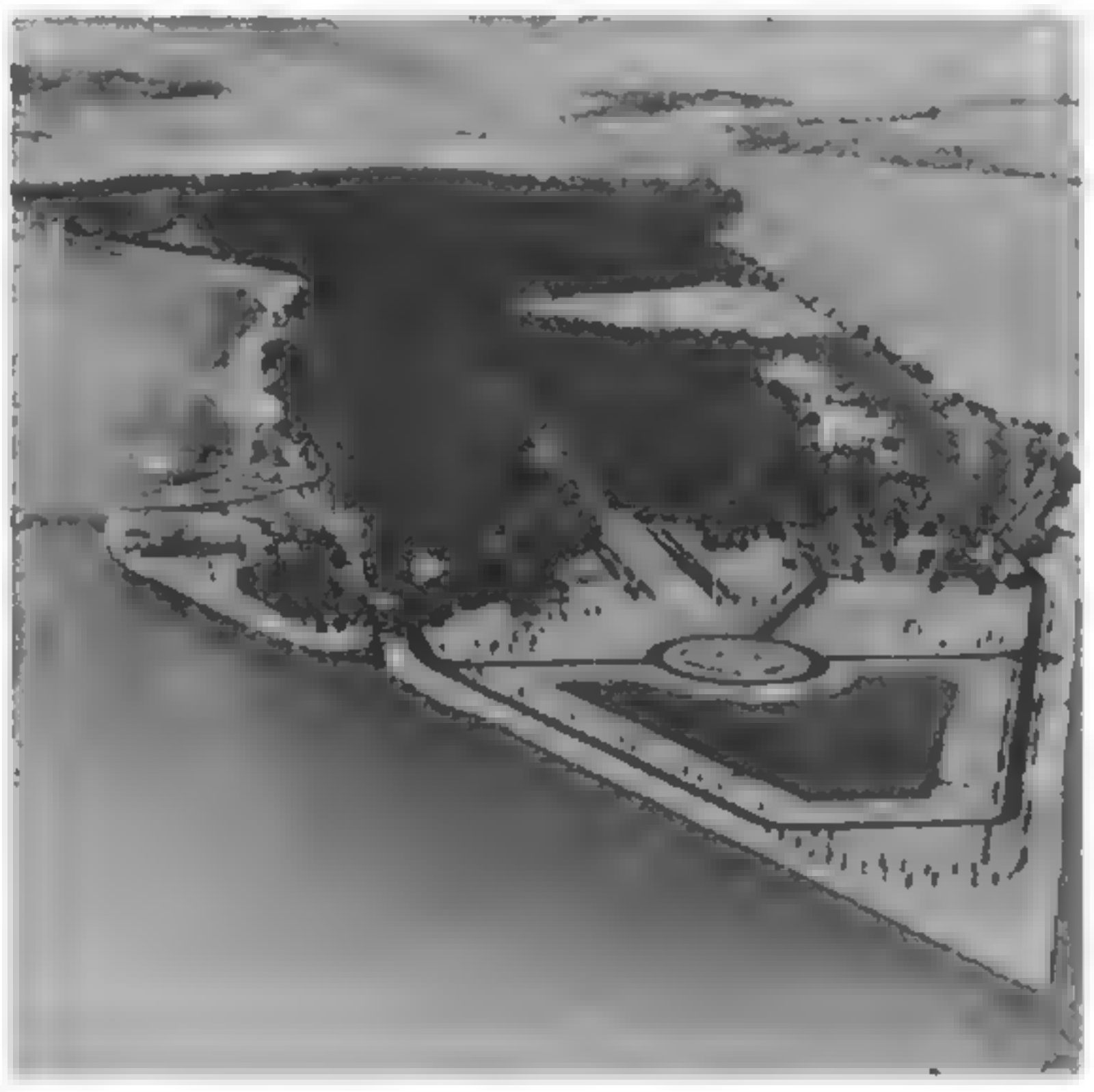
12 *Indiana* Indianapolis Speedway Indianapolis U. S. 40

17 *Maine* Acadia National Park, Mount Cadillac Highway Maine 3

18 *Maryland* Washington Monument Baltimore U. S. 1



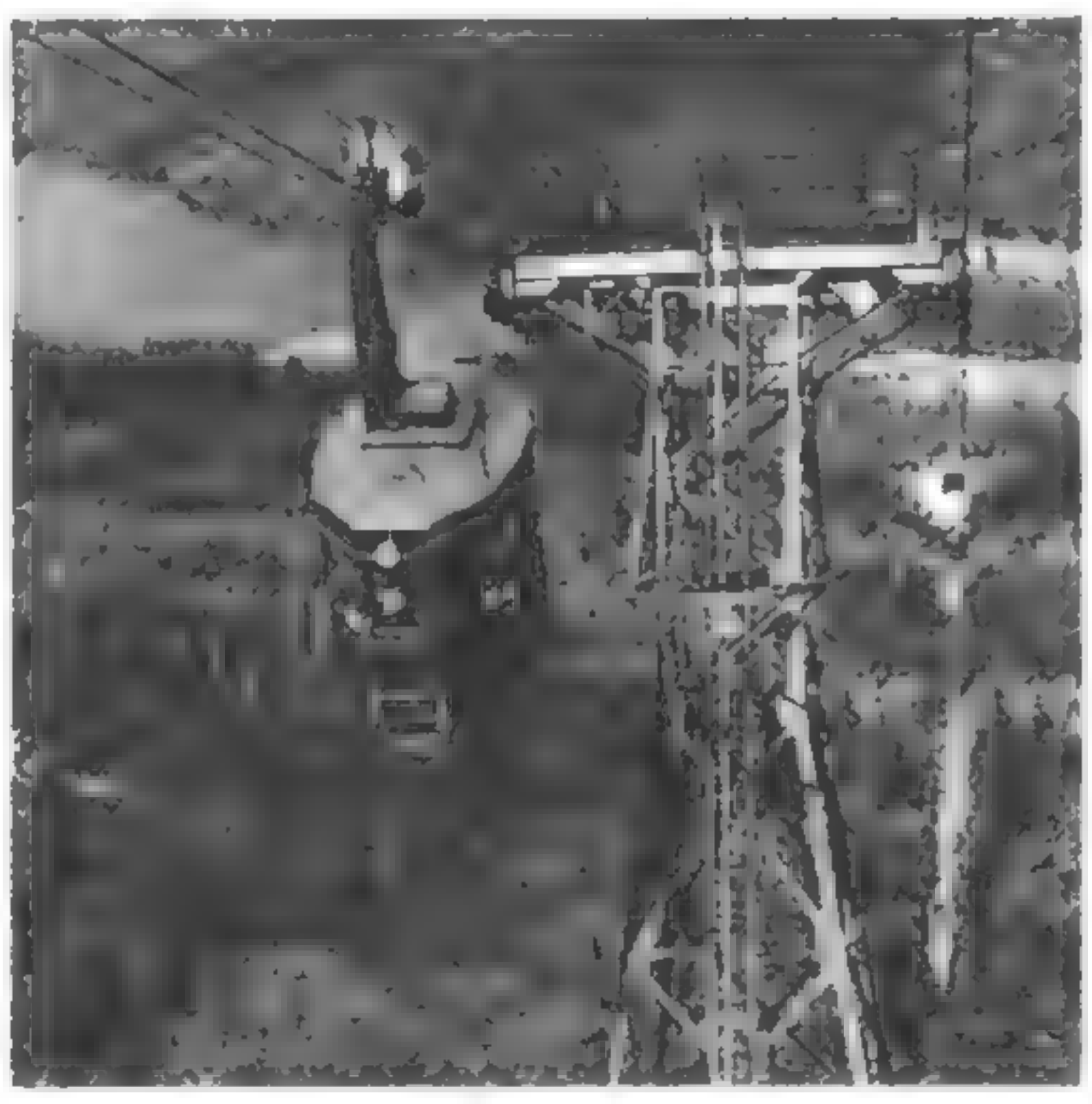
19 *Massachusetts* Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Mass. 3



20 *Michigan* View of Belle Isle, Detroit U. S. 25

25 *Nebraska* State Capitol, Lincoln U. S. 6

26 *Nevada* Black Canyon, Generator House, Boulder Dam U. S. 93



27 *New Hampshire* Aerial Tramway Franconia Notch U. S. 3

28 *New Jersey* Sunrise Mountain, Stokes Forest N. J. 23

33 *Ohio* View on Ohio River Ohio 147-8

34 *Oklahoma* Will Rogers Memorial Claremore U. S. 66

35 *Oregon* Crater Lake National Park Oregon 62

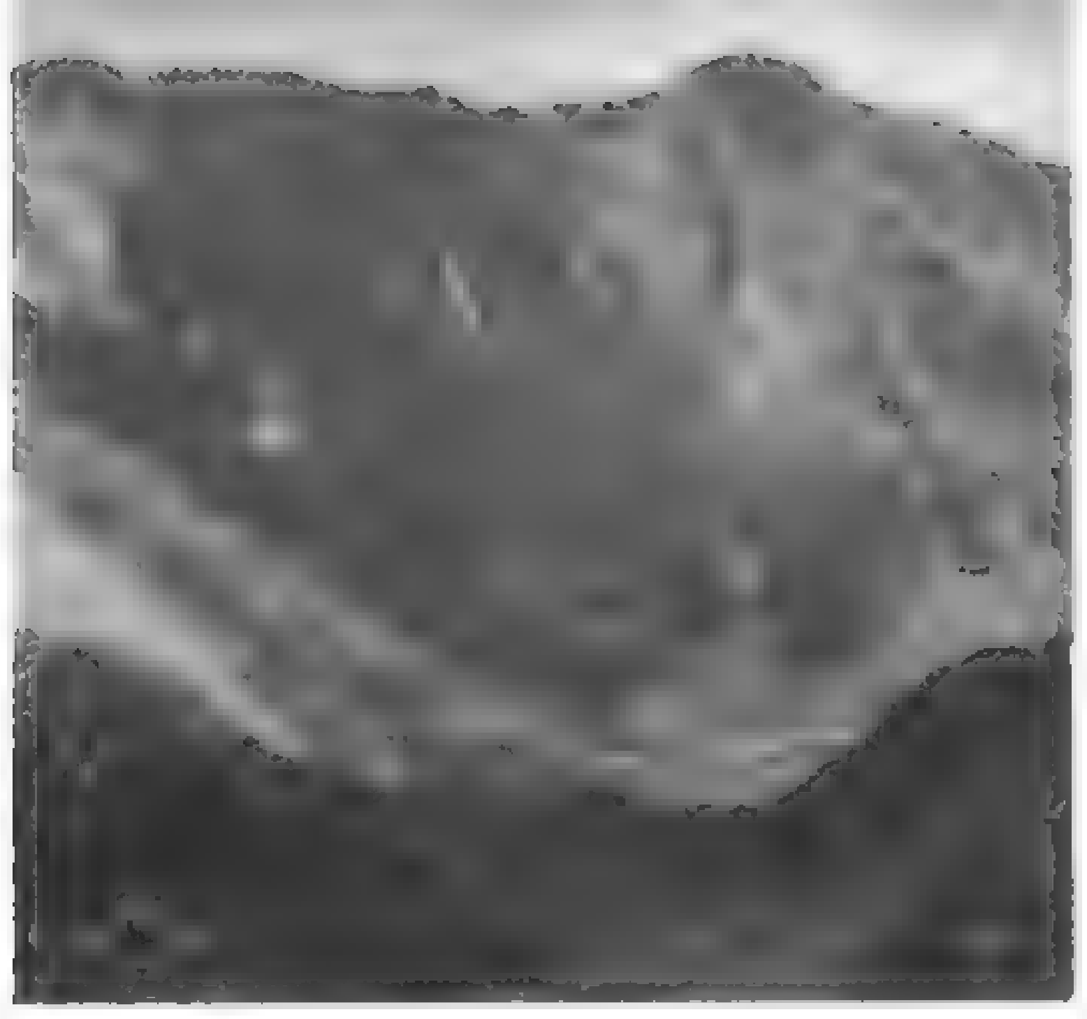
36 *Pennsylvania* Independence Hall Philadelphia U. S. 1

41 *Texas* San Jacinto Monument, Houston U. S. 90

42 *Utah* Temple Square, Salt Lake City U. S. 40

43 *Vermont* Bennington Battle Monument, Bennington U. S. 7

44 *Virginia* Colonial Williamsburg U. S. 60



5 *Colorado* Mt. Wilson, El Diente, San Miguel Mountains Col. 62

6 *Connecticut* Merritt Parkway, Greenwich

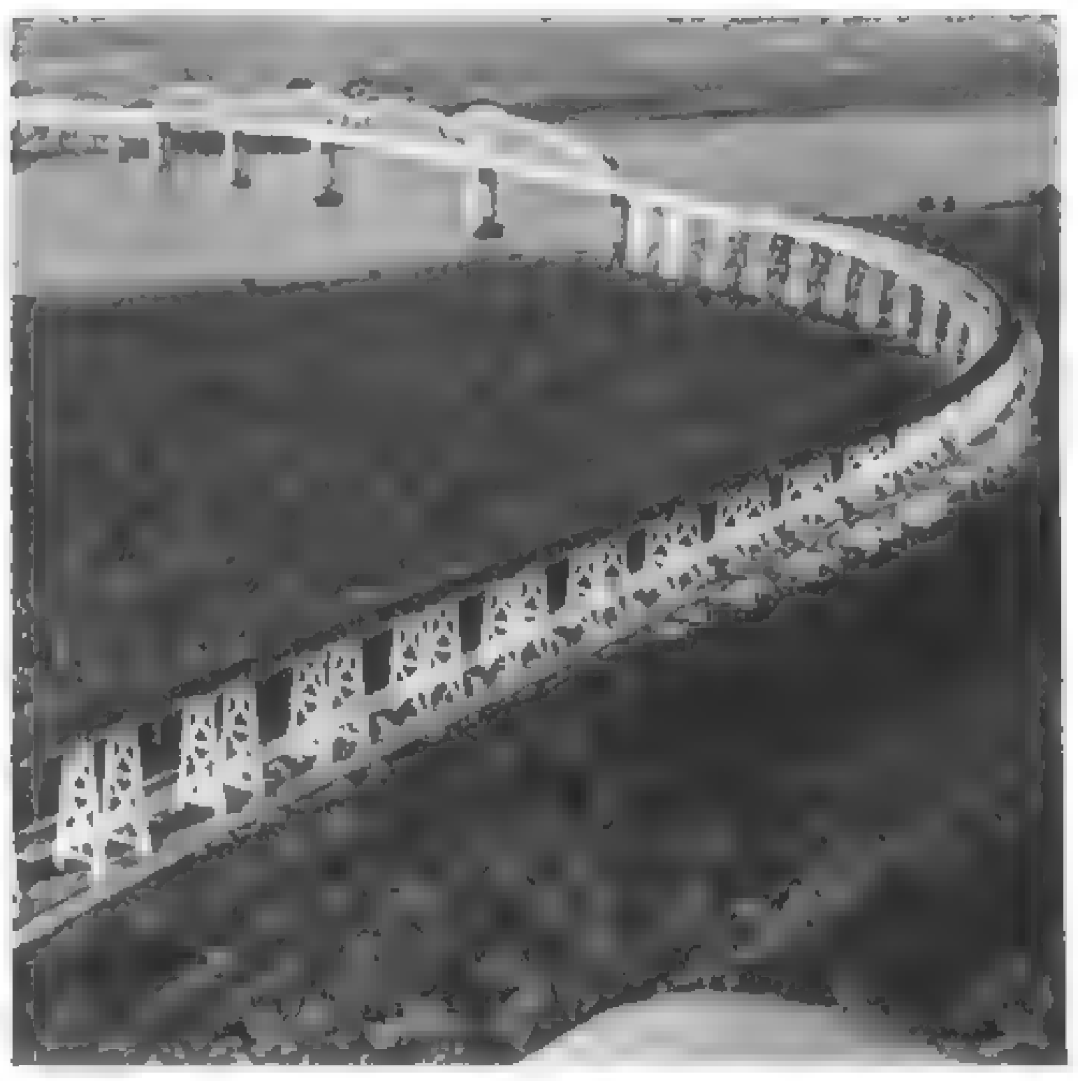
7 *Delaware* State Capitol Building Dover U. S. 13

8 *Florida* Ringling Art Museum, Sarasota U. S. 41

13 *Iowa* Roller Dam across Mississippi Davenport U. S. 61

14 *Kansas* View of Lake Santa Fe Augusta U. S. 54

15 *Kentucky* Racing at Churchill Downs Louisville U. S. 31



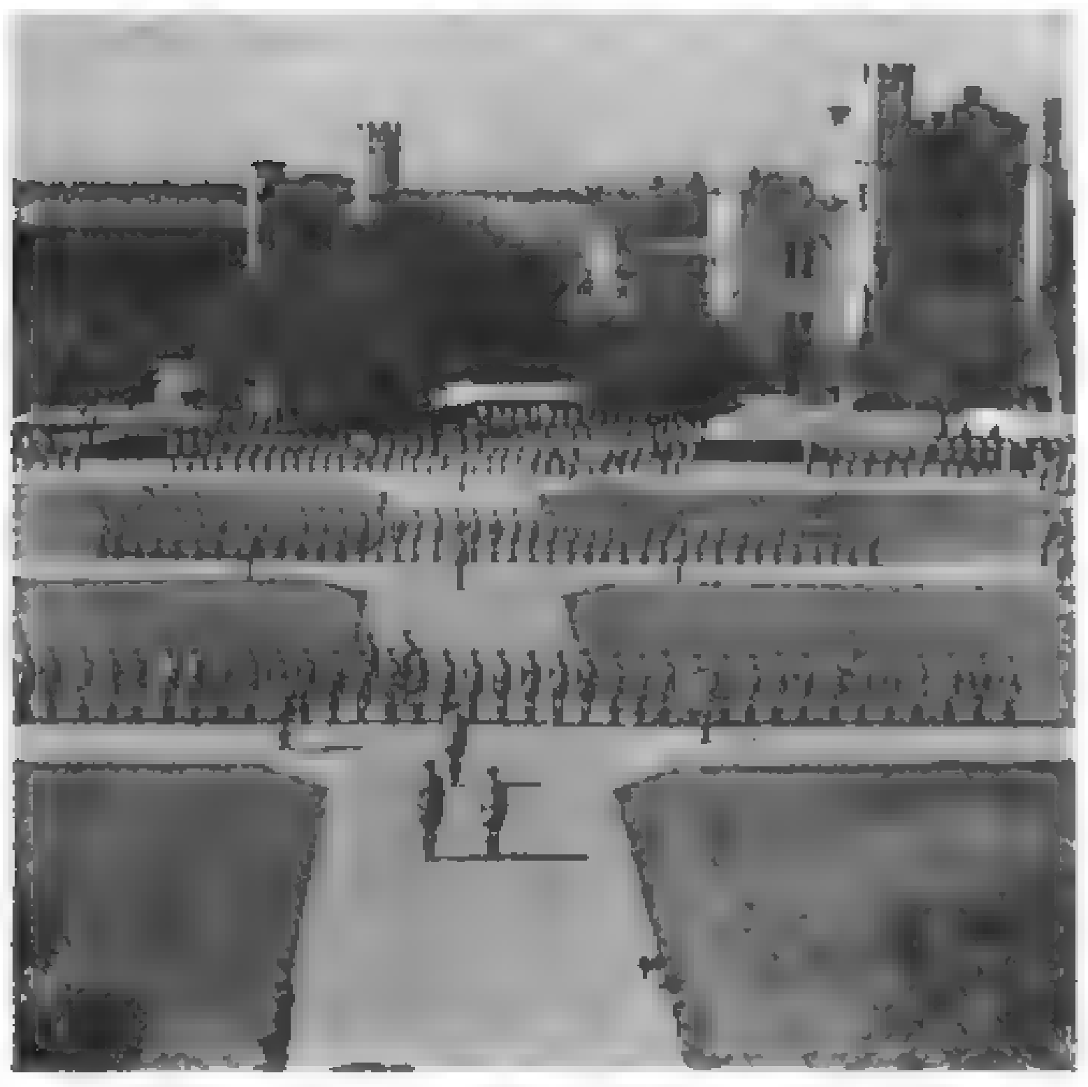
16 *Louisiana* Huey P. Long Bridge, New Orleans U. S. 90

21 *Minnesota* Silver Creek Cliff on Lake Superior U. S. 61

22 *Mississippi* Natchez Pilgrimage Natchez U. S. 61

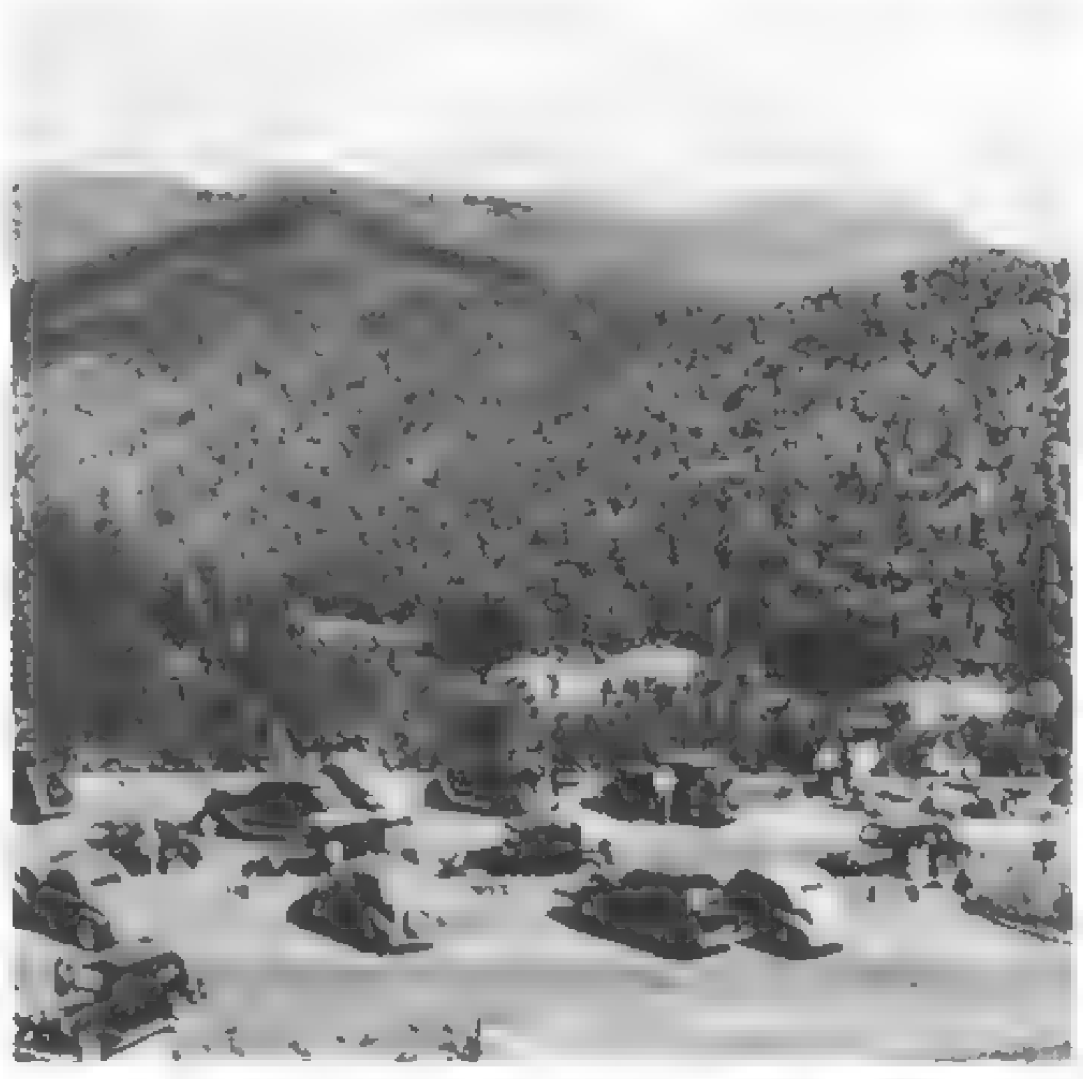
23 *Missouri* Big Spring State Park Mo. 103

24 *Montana* Horses at Hitchrock, Glacier National Park U. S. 93



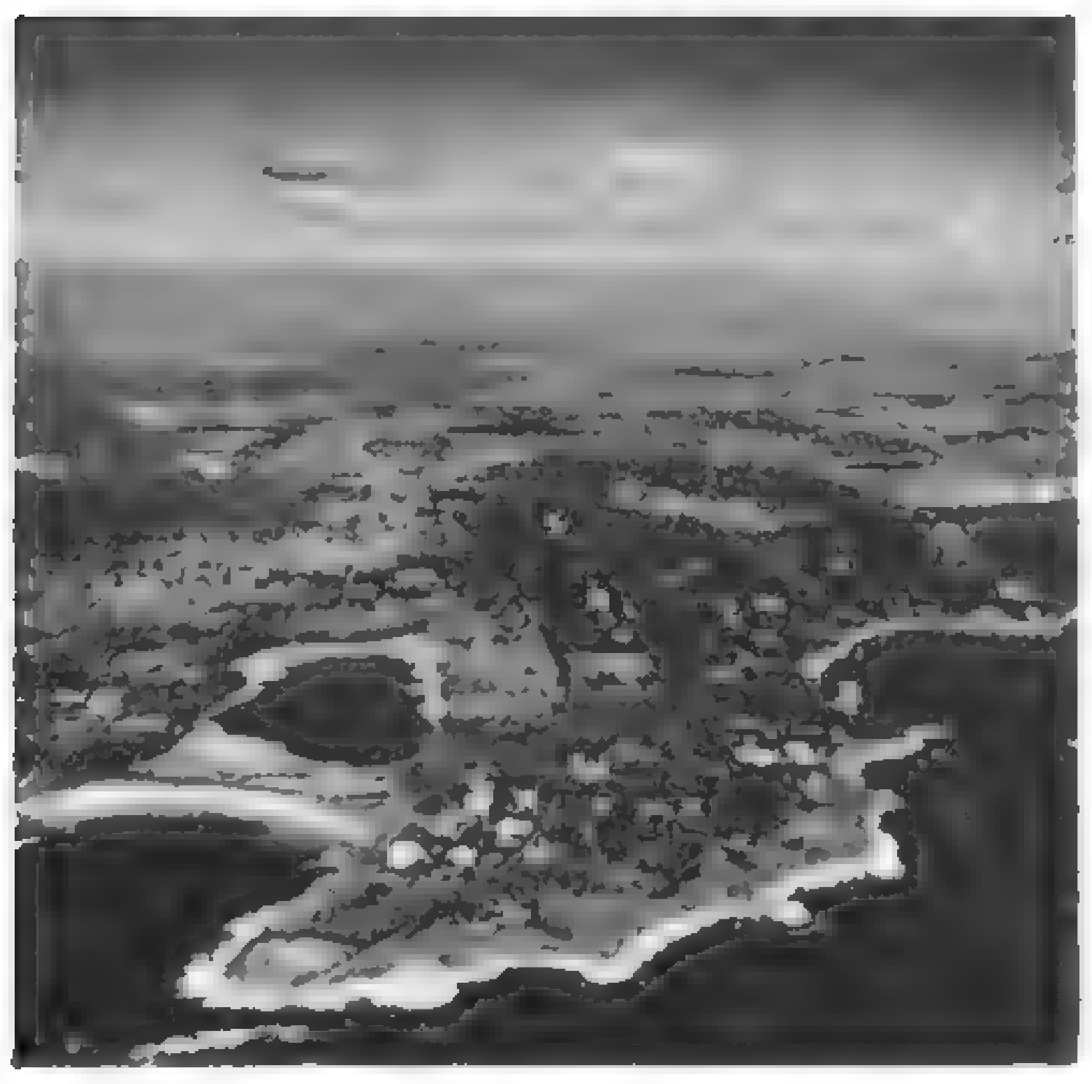
29 *New Mexico* Military Institute, Roswell U. S. 70

30 *New York* Niagara Falls from Prospect Point U. S. 18



31 *North Carolina* New Found Gap, Great Smoky Mountains U. S. 19

32 *North Dakota* Badlands west of Amidon U. S. 85



37 *Rhode Island* Aerial view of Newport R. I. 138

38 *South Carolina* Springdale Track Camden U. S. 1

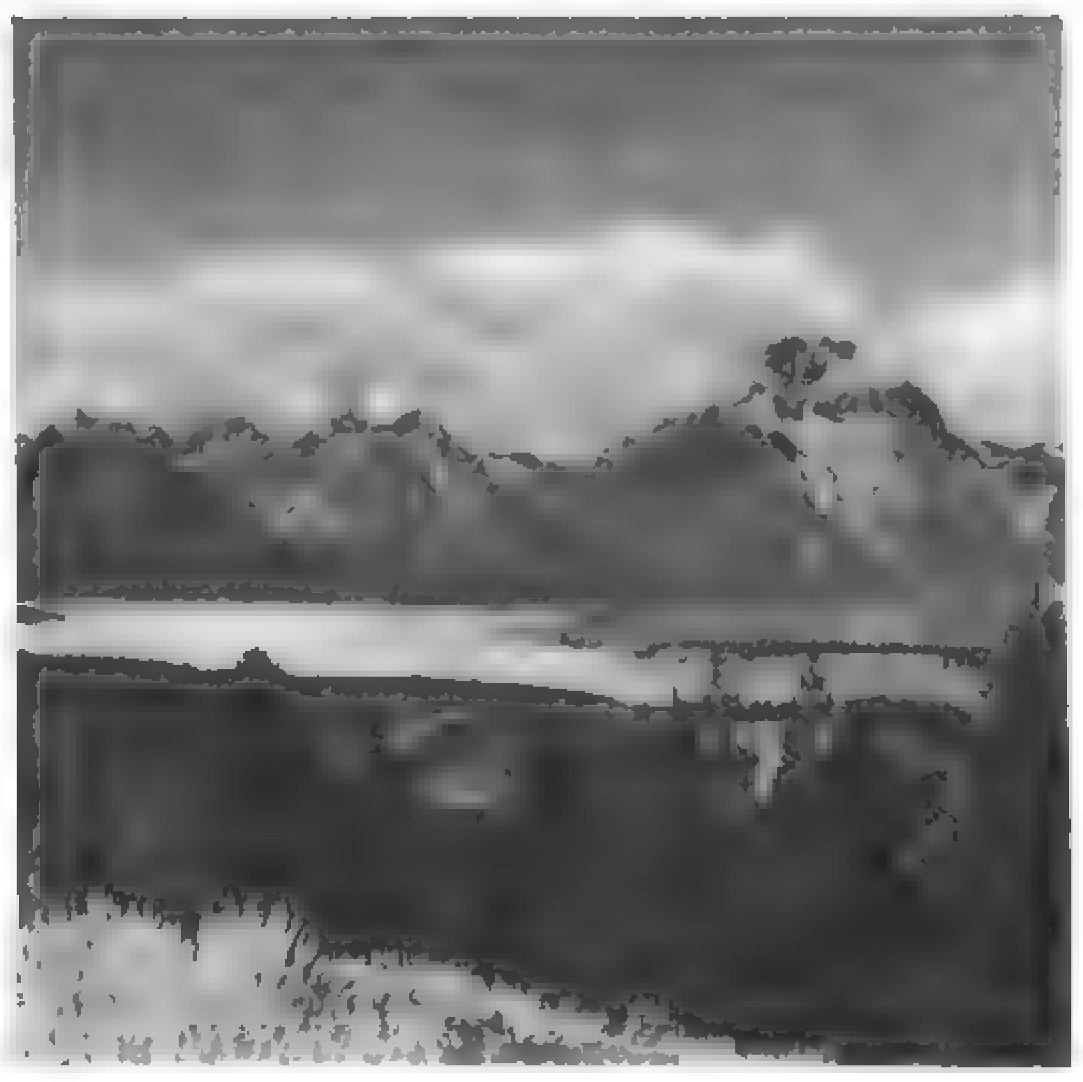
39 *South Dakota* Corn Palace, Mitchell U. S. 16

40 *Tennessee* Parthenon Building, Nashville U. S. 70

45 *Washington* Grand Coulee Dam U. S. 10

46 *West Virginia* Hygeia, White Sulphur Springs U. S. 60

47 *Wisconsin* View of Pattison State Park Wis. 35



48 *Wyoming* Grand Teton Range in Grand Teton National Park U. S. 187

For the Love of Speed

What strange quirk impels three middle-aged Englishmen to keep risking their necks to go faster?

by HAROLD HART

• ARTICLE •

On Wednesday, September 2, 1937, Sir Malcolm Campbell rocketed his speed boat, *Bluebird*, over the calm waters of Lake Maggiore at Locarno, Switzerland, at 126.325 miles per hour, shattering Gar Wood's five-year-old world record by a wide margin. On the very next day, the indomitable Sir Malcolm "tore up the papers" and wrote himself a new diploma at 129.416 miles per hour.

On November 19, 1937, George Edward Thomas Eyston, a retired British Army Captain, heaved his six-foot, two-hundred-pound frame into his seven-ton *Thunderbolt* and whizzed over the flats of Utah at a speed of 311.42 miles per hour, breaking the world's record for land travel held by his countryman, Campbell.

On August 27, 1938, less than a year later, Captain Eyston, scorning his own record, and death, stepped into his eight-wheel racer and sped over the official measured mile of the Bonneville salt beds in 10:42 seconds. This was much better than twice as fast as the speediest streamlined locomotive has ever been driven over rails. Before the test, Eyston had himself strapped into the driver's seat to keep himself from bouncing out of the car. At such a demoniacal speed, it takes only a little pebble on the road to cause a jolt that would make a ferry-boat collision seem as light as the kiss of second cousins.

As a matter of fact, the intrepid Britisher attained such a terrific speed in his record run that the salt churned up by the wheels of his car tore twelve-inch slits through the aluminum cowlings, metal one-eighth of an inch in thickness, just as if it were tissue paper. Eyston had crossed terra firma at the incredible speed of 345.49 miles per hour!

But even as the new record was being made it was already being threatened; for there at Bonneville lurked one John Cobb, a speed devil with a solid reputation of his own, who had temporarily abandoned his business in London as fur broker to bring his new ultra-ultra racer across the sea to fight Time. And Cobb was no empty threatener. On September 15 he ran the *Railton* over the measured mile at 350.2 miles per hour!

But Eyston had hung around for just such an eventuality. Cobb's triumph lasted a scant twenty-four hours. On the very next day the English captain streaked over the course at 357.5 miles per hour, fairly nudging six miles a minute!

Cobb, however, was not done. As far as he was concerned, he announced, the duel was still on. He went back to England to tinker a bit with his 24-cylinder engine and incidentally, to sell a few furs.

Then, about a year later, on August 28, 1939, while an orange sun soaked through a blanket of low-hanging clouds and Utah sat breathless, John blew across the thirteen-mile Bonneville straightaway at a speed that many scientists had declared was an impossibility. Before the excitement had echoed over the telegraph wires, the great rubber-wheeled juggernaut was turned about, and Cobb whistled back over his course officially to hang up a new world's record of 368.85 miles per hour, bettering his own fantastic dream of *six miles per minute!*

About a week before Cobb strained the mechanical timing-traps at Utah, that grizzled swami of speed, Sir Malcolm Campbell, looked at his own record for travel on water and decided it would never do. So, on the nineteenth of August, 1939, at the young age of fifty-four, he again went out a-gunning and shot *Bluebird II* over the clear English waters of Lake Coniston at a clip that was all of 12 miles per hour better than his official record time. Almost poisoned by the gas fumes which filled the cockpit from his 2500 horsepower unit, he was forced to stand up part of the way with his head above the wind screen, ruining the perfection of streamlining which he had labored so hard to establish. But though his skull was almost ripped off by the breeze, the old boy kept his hand on the throttle to skim over water faster than any man had ever done before, breaking 141 miles per hour.

When the run was over and Sir Malcolm, choked by poisonous fumes, emerged from his death chamber—what did he say? "There is a devil of a lot more speed in that boat. I had not even thought of putting in our best engine. When we do, I am sure 150 miles per hour is a definite possibility."

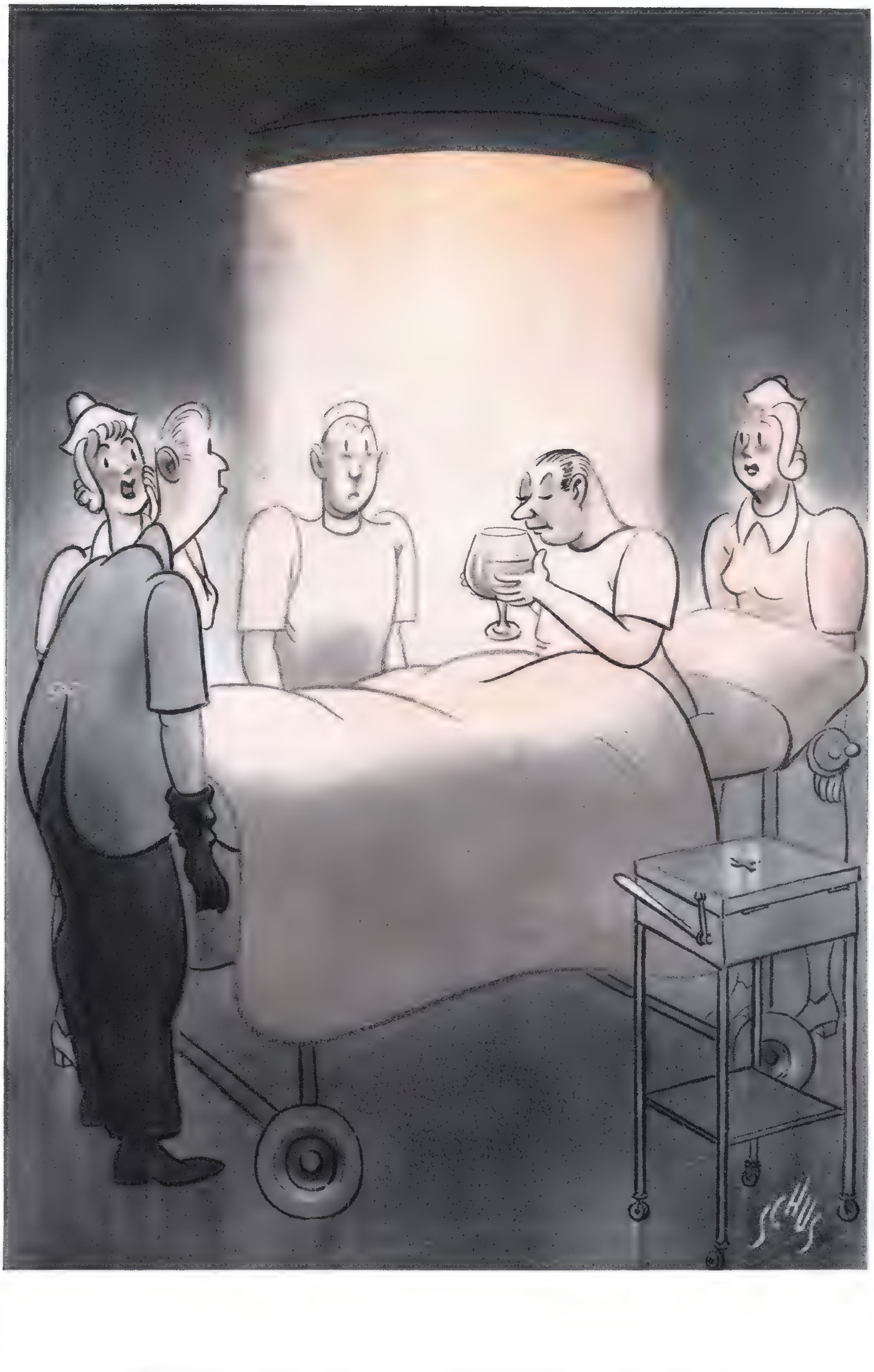
There is a strange parallel in the dissatisfaction of Campbell and Eyston and Cobb with their own amazing records and their hunger for better and still better marks. Speed, speed, and more speed! It seems that man, and those three English musketeers in particular, simply can't go fast enough to be satisfied. Why do these speed-crazy Englishmen, all middle-aged, risk neck and noodle to go faster, faster, *faster?* . . . Money? No, it's not the lure of lucre, for speed racing does not afford an income. Quite the contrary! It entails an enormous expense. For example, Cobb, while tuning up in ten practice runs for his new record, used up forty tires, and those particular racing shoes cost $750 each; so that meant a little bill of $30,000 for rubber alone . . . Glory? Well, somewhat. But Campbell, Eyston, and Cobb, with their names already cluttering up record books, have each had a rather generous share of that commodity.

It must be that speedsters find some deep, sensual satisfaction in *just going fast.* Even Lawrence of Arabia, whose life was steeped in adventure, found the acme of thrill in speed. "I can write you pages on the lustfulness of moving swiftly," he wrote. Campbell

Continued on page 126

NEW YORK
STEVE'S TOWING SERVICE

"First time I've ever seen Mom relaxed with Pop at the wheel!"



"It's the only way we can get him to inhale the ether"

Hapsburg Hospitality

Undoubtedly the saving grace of those command dinners with the Emperor Franz Josef was wine from the Hofburg cellars

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ POTABLES ▪

It would be an exaggeration to say that the potatoes were peeled by grand duchesses. But not *much* of an exaggeration. For all eats that came to Emperor Franz Josef's table in any of his palaces, and most particularly in the Hofburg in the proud heart of Vienna in the days just before Mayerling, were prepared under the administration of Grand Kitchen Master His Excellency Colonel Count Wolkenstein. And the silver and gold plate was under the jurisdiction of Head Silver Chamberlain His August Highness Major-General Prince zu Windisch-Gratz. And game was the specialty of Grand Huntmaster His Excellency Count von Abensperg-Traun. And if anybody had desired horse meat, that too would have been available, thanks to His Serene Highness, Imperial Bodyguard Prince von Thurn und Taxis (no relation to modern motor cabs), Grand Master of the Stable and brother-in-law of the Empress.

I have before me a typical menu (slightly soiled, I am sorry to say) of a dinner at the All-Highest Court-Table. Dated January 17, 1889—only twelve days before the Mayerling tragedy—it runs:

Huîtres d'Ostende
Potage à la Mançel
Truffles à la serviette
Tranches de saumon, sauce hollandaise
Pièce et filet de boeuf
Côtelettes de faisans à la Reine
Hommards en belle-vue
Sorbet
Poulardes de France, salade, compote
Asperges de Brunsvic
Bombe à la Caroline
Fromages
Glaces aux oranges et aux framboises
Dessert

That is to say: Round, deepish raw oysters brought all the way from the Belgian seacoast; Soup; Truffles; Slices of Salmon, Hollandaise Sauce; Joint and Tenderloin of Beef; Pheasant Cutlets, Creamed; Cold Lobster, jellied and garnished; Sherbet intermezzo; French Capon; Salad; Fruits in Syrup; Asparagus from Brunswick; Fancy Frozen Custard; Assorted Cheese; Orange and Raspberry Ices; Cakes, Fruits, etc.

Another Imperial-crested menu, of fifteen months earlier (splotched with wine stains), has a similar setup of courses—oysters at the start, sherbet entr'acte, and same climax of water ices following upon the heels of ice cream; but in this case the fish and truffle courses are combined in individual casseroles, and instead of lobster there is paté de foie gras, and instead of capon, haunch of venison.

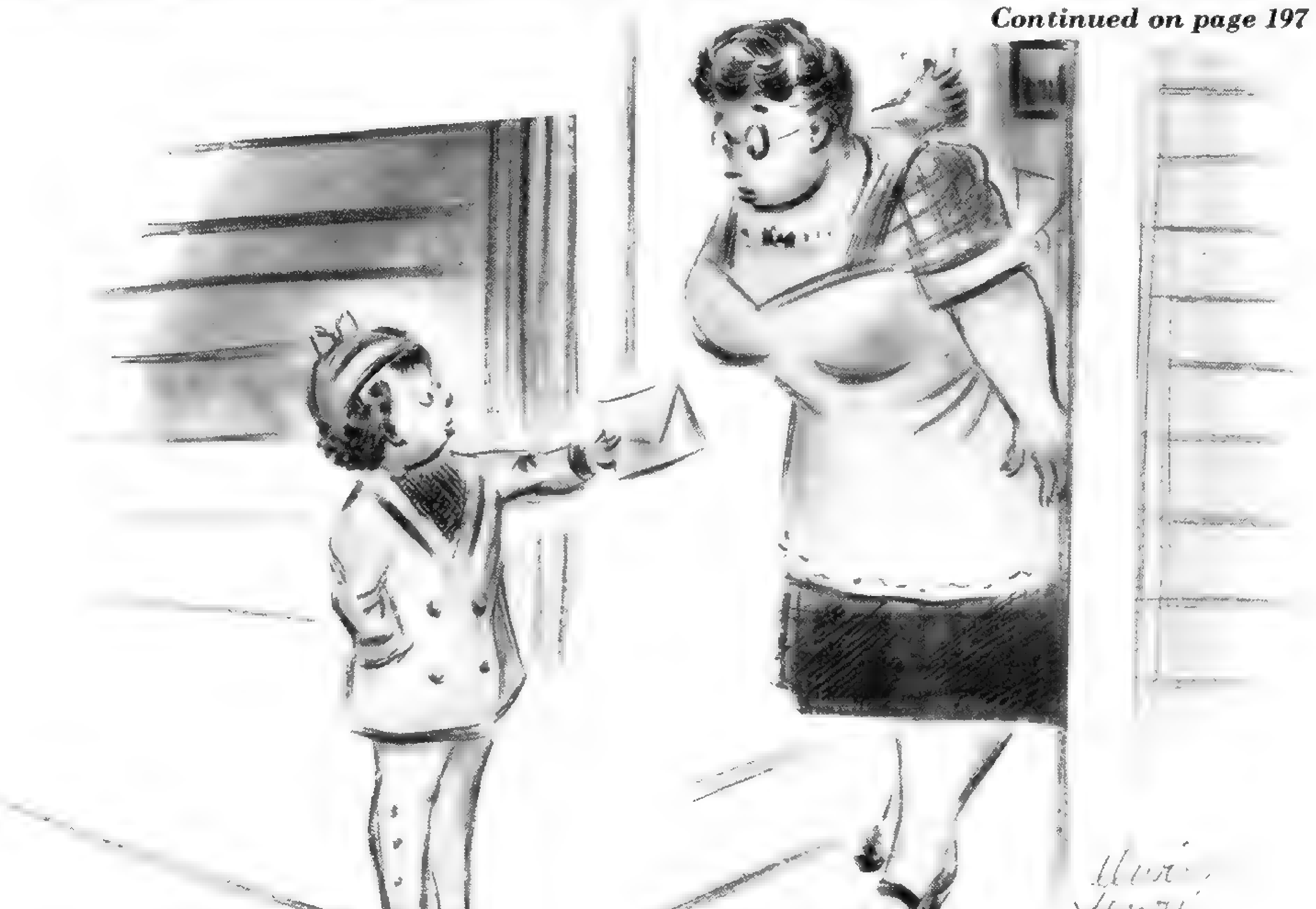
The beverages with which these viands were washed down were not enumerated but we jolly well know that they were good, because the Hofburg cellars were enormous and historic: Franz Josef wasn't head of an empire for nothing. His label insignia "K und K," meaning Imperial and Royal, was as good a brand as any in Europe no matter what bottle it appeared on, and his Royal Tokays were the super-select of the super-select. So we can bank on it that with the dessert there was rare old Tokay *Essenz* of the sort that is born through a goose quill from a cask of sweetness and worth kronen und kronen the drop. (Empress Elizabeth secretly preferred beer.)

As for the general routine of table service, the plates were of silver till the sherbet, and gold from then on. For table favors there were bonbon boxes topped with photographic miniatures of the Emperor, gilt-framed and surrounded with lace and silver-leaved "hero" wreath—uncomfortably suggestive of mortician art work. Place markers (I am toying with one as I write) consisted of four-inch initial letters of gold velvet, stuffed pincushion style. A nearsighted diplomat could find his post without looking at the attached red ribbon, gold lettered with his full name and the date—an instance of mercy for which First Grand Master of the Court, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, was presumably responsible. Conversation, if any, was played close to the chest.

These dinners, staged at the grim hour of six o'clock or sometimes six-thirty, and run off with military precision in about an hour and a half, seemed pretty formidable to my Georgia grandfather. He wasn't even a European! He had a Prince Albert beard, but rather fuller, a coat to match, a rifle ball in his leg acquired at Sharpsburg, and had come to Vienna to represent a nation which didn't have much social standing. As a Brigadier from an army which had ceased to exist, he was a black-clad anomaly in a forest of gold braid, glittering decorations, and ancient titles. His wife, equally on the spot, had memories of blockaded days when for coffee there was only a concoction made out of burnt sweet potatoes, and best dresses were contrived out of parlor drapes, if General Sherman's men had been so kind as to leave any. Now she was all bustled out by the Court modiste, and courage she had aplenty in her quiet way. The Yankees hadn't scared her (frail-built but straight as a ramrod), so why should these courtly wearers of uniforms? But she did envy the Empress's freedom from costume worries. That lady had a dummy figure of herself which was rolled into her dressing room at least twice daily, bearing the costume she was about to put on, with the gloves, handkerchief, and so forth, pinned onto it. Her ladies-in-waiting did the rest.

Empress Elizabeth never wore a Court Costume twice, nor knew what she was going

Continued on page 197



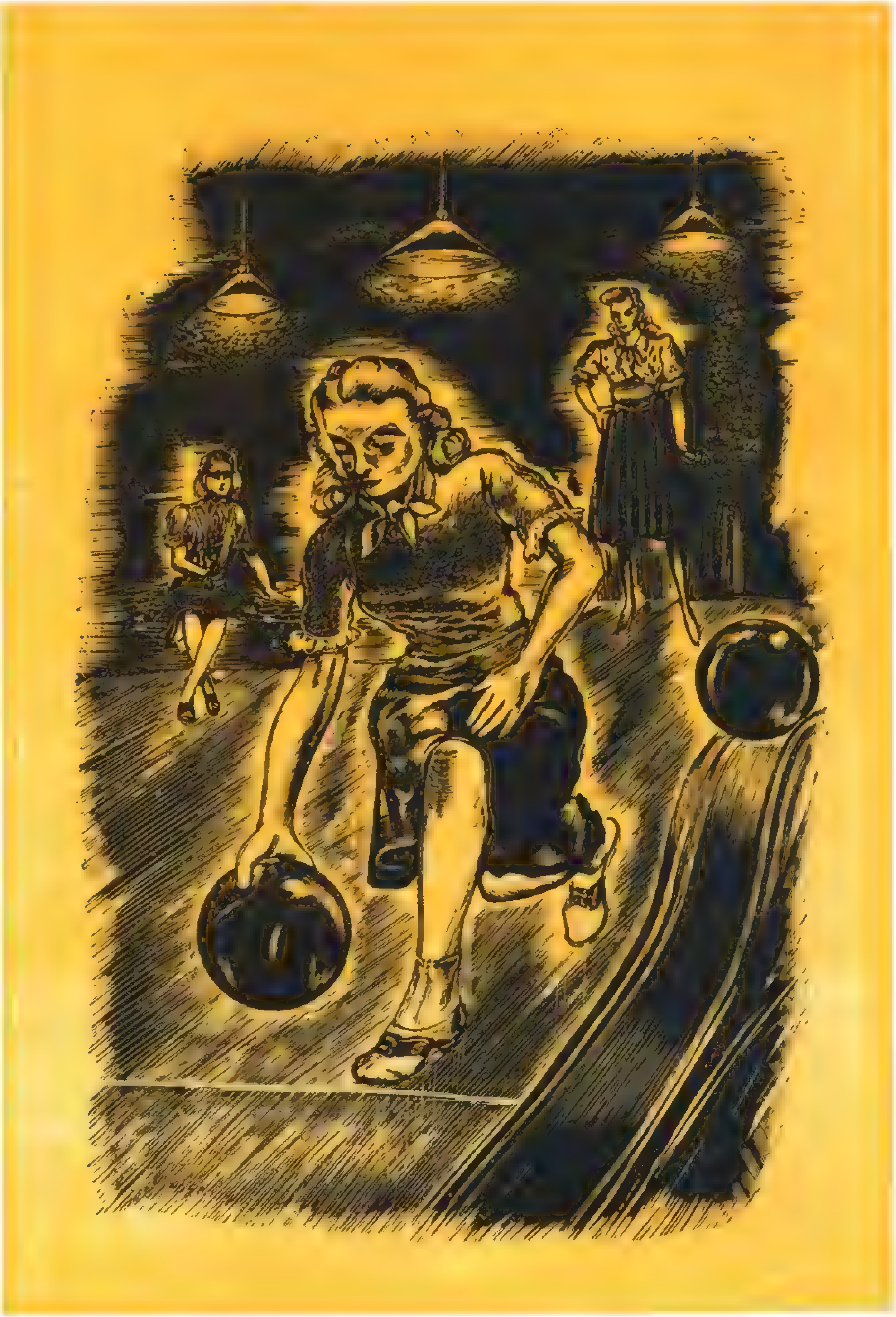
"Mrs. Taylor, my mother would like to borrow your cocktail shaker. She's giving a tea this afternoon"

Set 'em Up and Knock 'em Down

Seasoned pin poppers, along with beginners, can use hints from the champions, Hank Marino and Ned Day

by MORT LUBY & HERMAN DEUPREE

• SPORTS •



WHAT you first thought to be the blast of a steam Calliope turns out to be the voice of authority—your wife's bark—summoning you back to face worse than a firing squad—a continuation of her bowling lesson.

To keep peace in the family, you again yield—wondering why the biggies of Hollywood and Park Avenoo couldn't stay with their own knitting, instead of busting right out into the bowling picture—and dragging your Mrs. along?

You're about set the following night to shoot with your tenpin pals when the call comes in from the big client who has traced you like a G-Man from your home to your favorite hide-out. He "hates to annoy you when you're undoubtedly enjoying yourself, but," he adds, with that you're-the-only-fellow-I-know-who-qualifies-for-the-job tone of voice, that he "has decided to take up the game under the supervision of an expert and he could only think of you to handle the job. And how long would it take you to teach him to average 200?"

Men, women and children, some twelve million of them, from every walk of life, are filling the bowling edifices with their gay shouts as they earnestly pursue their pin popping.

Their scenes of action cover a wide range. Some of them are banging away on modest four-alley layouts; at private clubs; in ritzy modernistic settings. The movie celebs are mixing it with the crowds at the half-million dollar, 52-lane plant, which Warner Brothers recently built on Filmdom's Sunset Boulevard.

Bowlers have entrenched themselves in the halls of learning from Vassar's classic walls to the more rugged domains of Purdue, Minnesota, Michigan, Georgia University, and other colleges and countless high schools of the land.

Yes, bowling has received the nod from the educators, who are putting batteries of drives in the schools for the boys and gals to set up pins and knock 'em down again.

And they all want to roll better.

There's been reams of copy written on how to sink a 10-foot putt or how to poke one 250 yards down the fairway, but few instructions printed on how to knock ten maple sticks into the pin boy's lap.

Looking for light upon the subject of How To Bowl Better we went to "headquarters"—to Henry ("Hank") Marino of Milwaukee. He abdicated the National Match-Game Championship throne, two years ago, with a bushel basketful of medals, newspaper and magazine clippings that placed end to end would reach from Auckland to Zeeland.

Hank certainly has the right to speak on the subject of knocking down sticks with a sixteen-pound ball.

Henry Marino was born November 27, 1890 at Cefal'u, Italy. He came to America when 12 years old, locating in Chicago. Hank started bowling in 1910.

Marino became a star bowler before the last world war and left the bowling lanes to become a member of the American army. Upon his release from service he was appointed by Chicago University as an instructor of the lads and lassies in the art of toppling timber. His success as teacher and his prowess in pin popping earned him a success unique in the tenpin world and he is now a successful bowling proprietor of Milwaukee.

Highlights of his career on two continents may be summarized as follows:

America's Individual Match-Game Champion; Anchor on Heil's Products; America's Match-Game Team Champions; ABC gold medal for share in world's doubles title, with Frank Thoma in 1916 when they totaled 1279; Titles in various events from Central States; Mid-West; Peterson Classic; Chicago City and Illinois State Tournaments; International All-Events Champion in Berlin.

And not the least of his claims to distinction is the fact that his protégé and star pupil is none other than Ned Day, whom Hank developed to the status of the Marino successor to the throne of American National Match-Game Champion.

Hank says the first thing to get settled in talking about instruction in bowling is to set forth the problem. Here is his idea of what the problem is:

* * *

A bowler tries to knock down ten maple pins set in a diamond-shaped arrangement at the end of sixty feet of maple and pine boards not more than 42 inches, nor less than 41 inches wide. Mr. or Mrs., Master or Miss Bowler is equipped with a composition ball that must not weigh more than sixteen pounds nor be more than 9.48 inches in diameter.

The pin is bottle-shaped, fifteen inches tall, four and one-half inches thick at the widest belly line. It sets firmly—oh, so firmly—on a flat base that is two and one-quarter inches wide. These pins are placed so that the distance from center to center is twelve inches.

The net of all those figures for one thing is simply this: when you miss that No. Five Maple stick in the center of the shining lane, you are guilty of an error of about two feet!—if that's any consolation—or encouragement to do better the next time! Just add up the width of the ball twice, to the width of the pin—23.964 inches. Anyhow it looks easy and the fact that it isn't, is what makes bowling a game.

Good bowling like any other physical sports activity calls for "Timing" . . . which means rhythmic co-ordination of muscular effort with the Mind, if any.

The object of the game is to arrive at the foul line in comfortable balance so that you can swing the ball naturally out in front of your body onto the alley, finishing (for a right-handed bowler) with the weight on the left foot and the right foot trailing behind him.

Take your "stance" or position. Be sure you are facing the pins, with shoulders parallel to the foul line.

All bowling instructors are agreed, I think, that a big percentage of success in bowling is to be found in the proper approach—anywhere from 65 per cent to 90 per cent. Therefore, after you have taken your stance you will frequently find that you have assumed a cramped position that will prevent your ultimate arrival at the foul line in the much sought-after "balance."

Also the question of how many steps to take, comes up at once. Well that depends on your height, length of leg, arm, waist and strength and natural instinct. Generally speaking it would seem plain common sense that the Shorter The Approach certainly The Less Chance There Is To Multiply Any Error Before You Get To The Foul Line.

Therefore, in most cases, I favor a shorter rather than a long "run" but find that equally good results are obtained by some persons taking three, four or even five steps and some longer steps than others.

Now an all-important feature is the arm swing. The arm should swing naturally, like a pendulum, comfortably close to the body and in the same perpendicular plane—in other words parallel with the body—not throwing the arm out from the body or around the body.

Tony Palazzo

Watch to prevent over-swinging—watch to prevent bringing the ball from the hip pocket. Now you are getting down to co-ordination of footwork and arm swing—in other words you are trying to get proper "Timing."

Take it easy—don't rush the first and second steps; start the ball in the downward arc as you start to the foul line. Face the pins—keep shoulders straight so that your shoulders are parallel with the foul line.

Remember you want to be bent over—and bend from the waist as you are ready to lay the ball on the alley. Watch this bending! Many students bend their knees but do not bend the body at the waist.

In bending their knees the strong tendency is to drop the right shoulder, which throws them out of proper position to deliver the ball where they want to—or makes them direct the ball in the wrong direction or causes them to flip their wrist around with hand too close to the right ankle.

Now shall we teach the student to throw a Hook, Straight Ball or Back Up? Well, for the real beginner, don't confuse him at first. Let him hold the ball with the weight of the ball in the palm of his hand. That ball feels like it weighs a ton to the novice. Let him get some kind of confidence in his "stance," "approach" and arm swing before you confuse him with grip and actual delivery.

The grip should be comfortable and after the pupil has some confidence and is getting up to the foul line in something like proper timing and in balance comes the time to think about the turning of the wrist that gives him a hook.

Also about "Spot" bowling. In all the years I have bowled I have known very, very few so-called "spot" bowlers—that is men who actually looked at a certain "spot out on the alley and not at the pins. Without getting into any arguments on the subject of "spot" bowling versus "head pin" or "pocket" bowling, it does seem to me that it is easier to throw a ball, a rock, your fist or anything else where you look.

Another thing, as many of you golfers know, great stress is laid on "keeping your head down." It's just as important in bowling—keep your head down until you have delivered the ball. Now it seems to me in watching thousands of bowlers perform that it is easier for the bowler's head to bob up too soon when he looks at a spot nearer the foul line than it is if his eyes are lifted up to look at the head pin or the pocket.

Also I think it is easier to get out of balance by looking at a close-up spot than it is to look at the head pin.

Now after a bowler has perfected his stance, his approach and his arm-swing, and the twist of the wrist that puts "stuff" on the ball, then he is ready to be taught where to put the ball down on the alley. He may glance at the spot as he takes his stance, and he may also glance at the spot out some feet on the alley where he wants his ball to cross on its line to the pocket.

I think we could learn much from the golf "pro" and the good golf players. The golf industry has made a really scientific study of its game. It also appreciates the value of constant practice. Even the greatest professionals and the crack amateurs are constantly taking lessons because they know there is a human tendency to creep into some little error—dropping shoulder, gripping too tight, etc.—that the player himself cannot discover for himself and he knows he must get someone trained in the game to watch him and "see wotinell I'm doing."

Therefore, I would sum it all up briefly—Get instructions from a trained student of bowling—try to be comfortable in stance, approach, swing, grip. Bend over—weight of body firmly on left foot, right foot back of you, as you let go of the ball. And practice. There is no other road to success in any game.

* * *

With these weighty words of wisdom from the maple massaging Maestro we went to Ned Day, the personable 30-year-old pride of the Milwaukee suburb of West Allis. Ned is the game's greatest stylist. The current National Match-Game Champ flows to the foul line with an ease and grace that recalls the rhythm of Bobby Jones and Harty Vardon with wood and iron on the golf course.

Ned's meteoric rise to tenpin headlines covers a brief six years although he started bowling while in high school fourteen years ago. He kept his hand in during his two years at Wisconsin Extension University.

His brilliant career may be summarized as follows:

Member of International Three Man Champions, Berlin, Germany, 1936. Runner-up National Individual Match Championship, 1935. Member of Central States Championship Team, 1934. Member of Mid-West Doubles Championship Team, 1933. Member of City Championship Team, 1936. Average 221 for 486 games on National Tour, 1935-36. (Including one three-game series of 849 on games of 269-300-280. Mid-West Association Doubles Championship, 1938; Won National Eliminations for American Match Title and was acclaimed Champion when Marino abdicated the crown, 1938. Success-

Continued at top of page 123

Roulades and Cadenzas

Since music will never pay its way it should be supported, as in other countries, and offered at low prices

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

An old Polish proverb observes it's no time to talk about roses when the forests are burning. Yet someone must tend the roses. And that, along with other Tom Thumb jobs, has fallen to us.

War or no war, the roses will bloom. Nature and Euterpe carry on. The stars shine, the snow falls. Composers compose, and musicians make music. There is no time for bunk about saving Western civilization. In addition to a better five-cent cigar and a nickel schooner of beer, what we need is a practical plan for getting musical vitamins into the diet of our children—a yen for good music into the red corpuscles of the next generation. The kids should enjoy a matured, nurtured body of art grown out of the soil of our own country, the product of our own way of life. Thanks to our wealth and superior economic position, we've made a start in our customary hit-and-miss way.

Since the last war, it's been obvious even to the rattle-brained that as far as any musical awakening and impulse can spread from one place to another, they must come from the United States to Europe and not from Europe to us. Our achievements deserve a blurb. In the performance of orchestral music we have surpassed every other nation. Foreign symphony orchestras—judged by New York standards—are not first-rate but are merely carefully-worked up second-rate bands. The glories of continental culture, which we were taught to regard with envious despair, are faded, dull and decadent. The quality and variety of musical life on Manhattan Island is not to be duplicated elsewhere.

And, through the radio, the phonograph, traveling hurdy-gurdies and provincial zealots, this trickles across the land. What we have done is good. What we have yet to do is more.

There's not a full-fledged symphony orchestra in the Solid South. We have only two decent opera companies in the country. There is only one first-class concert hall in New York City—Carnegie Hall is infested with subways. We have no well-grounded system of musical education, so that if an embryo talent sticks up its head in Iowa or Arkansas it will be guaranteed a thorough and secure mastery of the tools and technique of the art. If our engineers and doctors had the same vague, haphazard, undisciplined preparation in colleges that our musicians get, bridges would cave in, trains would fall apart, the Holland Tunnel would never have been built, and we'd die on the operating table.

We were unable to whip up a few simple concerts in our World of Tomorrow. We fail to put over music festivals (with one exception) of A-1 quality. Our mania for hustle, our much advertised genius for organization, has flopped in music. Our government (and when I say government, I mean you and me) is practically *non compos mentis* in the arts. We waste, bungle opportunities that in other countries would effect a cultural renaissance. For example, the refugee problem. We offer shelter and encouragement to an enormous number of good, European musicians and at the same time allow them to be dumped bag and baggage in New York City. Hundreds of cities across the country could assimilate them to mutual advantage. In New York, already over-crowded with the cream of the world's talent, they can exist only on public or private charity. Is a government that can devise and administer the income tax incapable of administering such a problem?

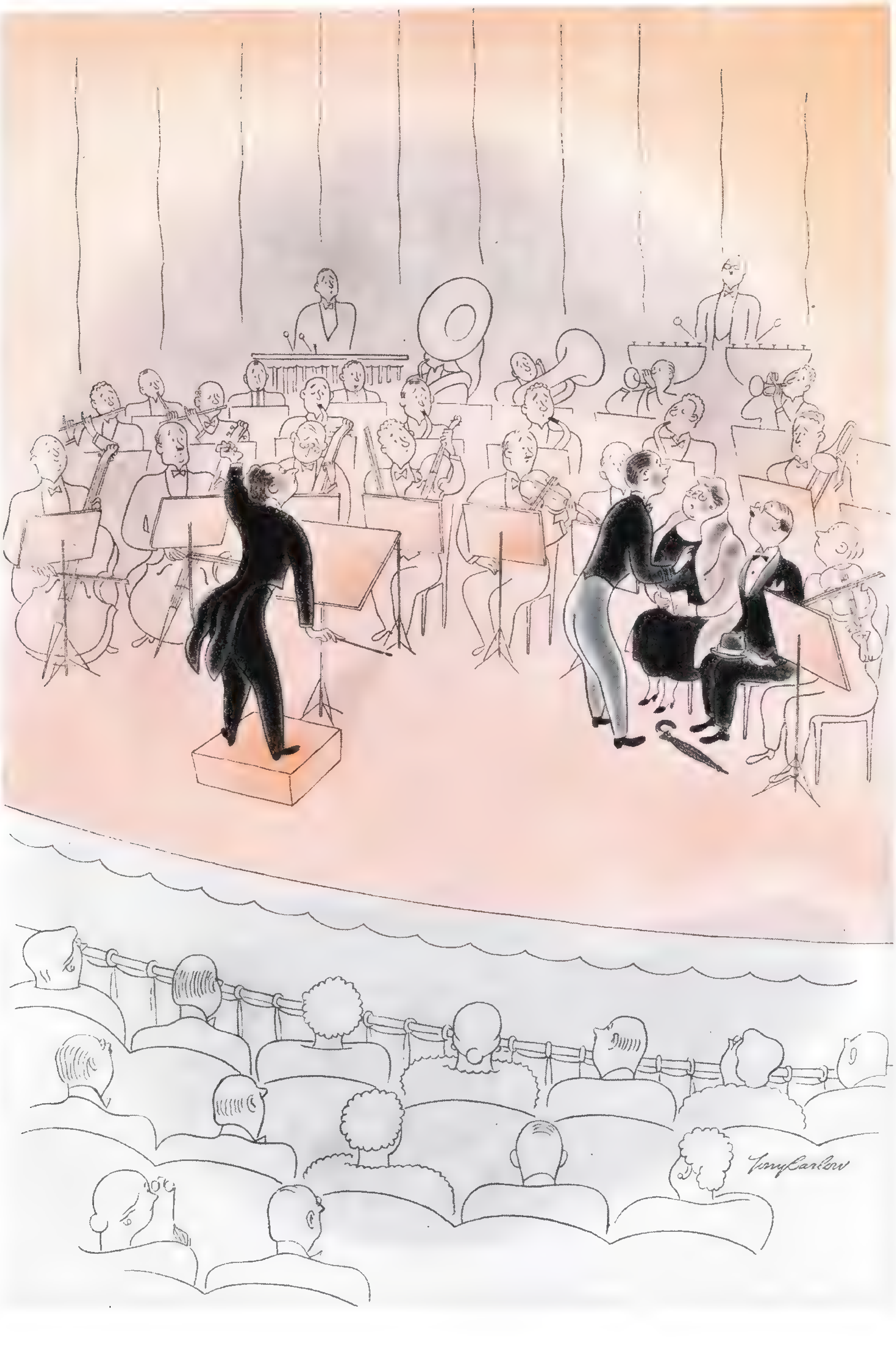
Apparently we will salvage nothing out of the millions spent and the experience accumulated in the Federal Arts Projects. When we undertook, for the first time in our history, to subsidize art—under the guise of making work—we evolved and paid for the most expensive and extensive program of artists' rehabilitation ever taken on by any government. The Federal Project brought into the theatre nearly forty million persons, mostly young products of the talking-picture era who had never seen a play with actors. Twenty thousand orchestral water colors were painted. Traveling art exhibits toured Massachusetts in a broken-down hearse. Over 125 million heard—some for the first time—"living music." A million classes met, and eight million persons received free instruction. Educators beamed: "To blow a horn is better than to blow a safe."

Statistics and platitudes mean nothing—but don't let any droopy-mouth tell you W.P.A. concerts were lousy or that the instrumentalists in government orchestras were loafers and incompetents. The average level of competence was high. Some of the concerts surpassed in quality those of the privately sponsored symphony orchestras in the same community. Their programs were always more provocative. For the first time in his life, the American composer heard his music and heard applause. Thanks to the Composers' Forums, the American concert-goer was no longer a creature "generally female and ordinarily about sixty, who believes everything Walter Damrosch says and prides herself on never hearing anything composed more recently than 1900 or nearer than Paris, France."

The American conductor had a chance. Twenty to thirty promising young men worked with experienced players before an audience—an opportunity that never before existed in this country. All this offered little competition to existing musical agencies. It enlarged the base—brought music to hungry thousands who could not afford the prices

JUST DIVORCED
1137
NO PARKING
HENRY BOLTINOFF

Continued in center of page 134


Tony Barlow

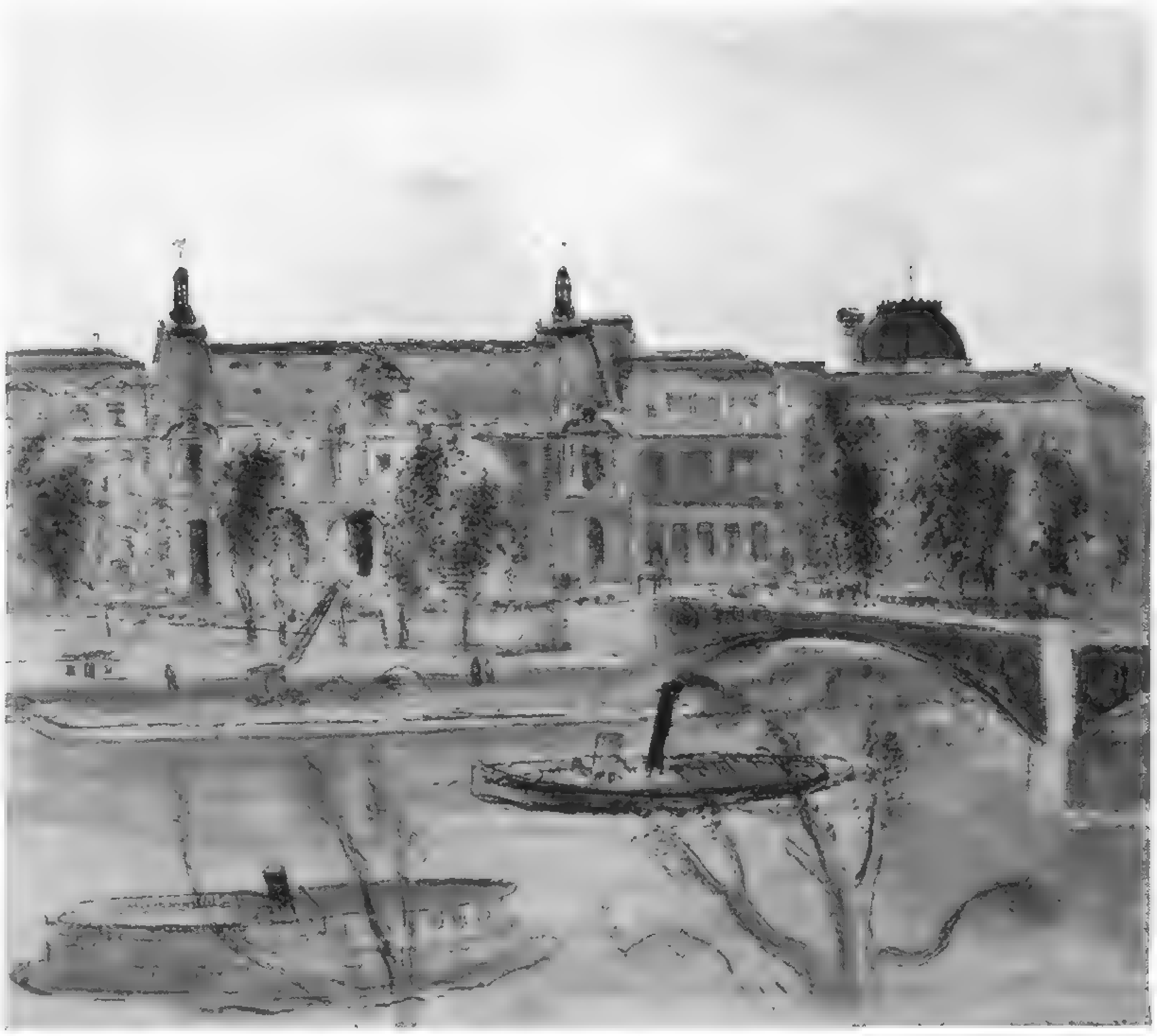
"Could I see your seat stubs, please?"

Thoeny: Between Two Worlds

William Thoeny paints within a limited and rather dark palette, and is eloquent by his omissions

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •



THE LOUVRE

WILLIAM THOENY is a swinging pendulum that has come to quivering rest amidst the towers of New York. When one is no longer a boy it is impossible to forget the past, even when the past is dead and the tonic winter air of the new metropolis whips one's senses into sharper consciousness of the here and now. In his attire and in his bearing Thoeny seems to be another transplanted boulevardier, but every now and then one traps in his eyes that look which refers to yesterday, that look which crosses an ocean and a generation in an instant and in which one may read a wondering inquiry whether things will ever be the way they were. Europe is dead, says Thoeny, Europe is a sickness and, by contrast, America is health and a living challenge to reawaken sleeping powers. Yet every man who, like Thoeny, was born and bred in Europe, educated and polished in its academies and shaped by its culture must rend his spirit in the sincere effort to face wholly westward.

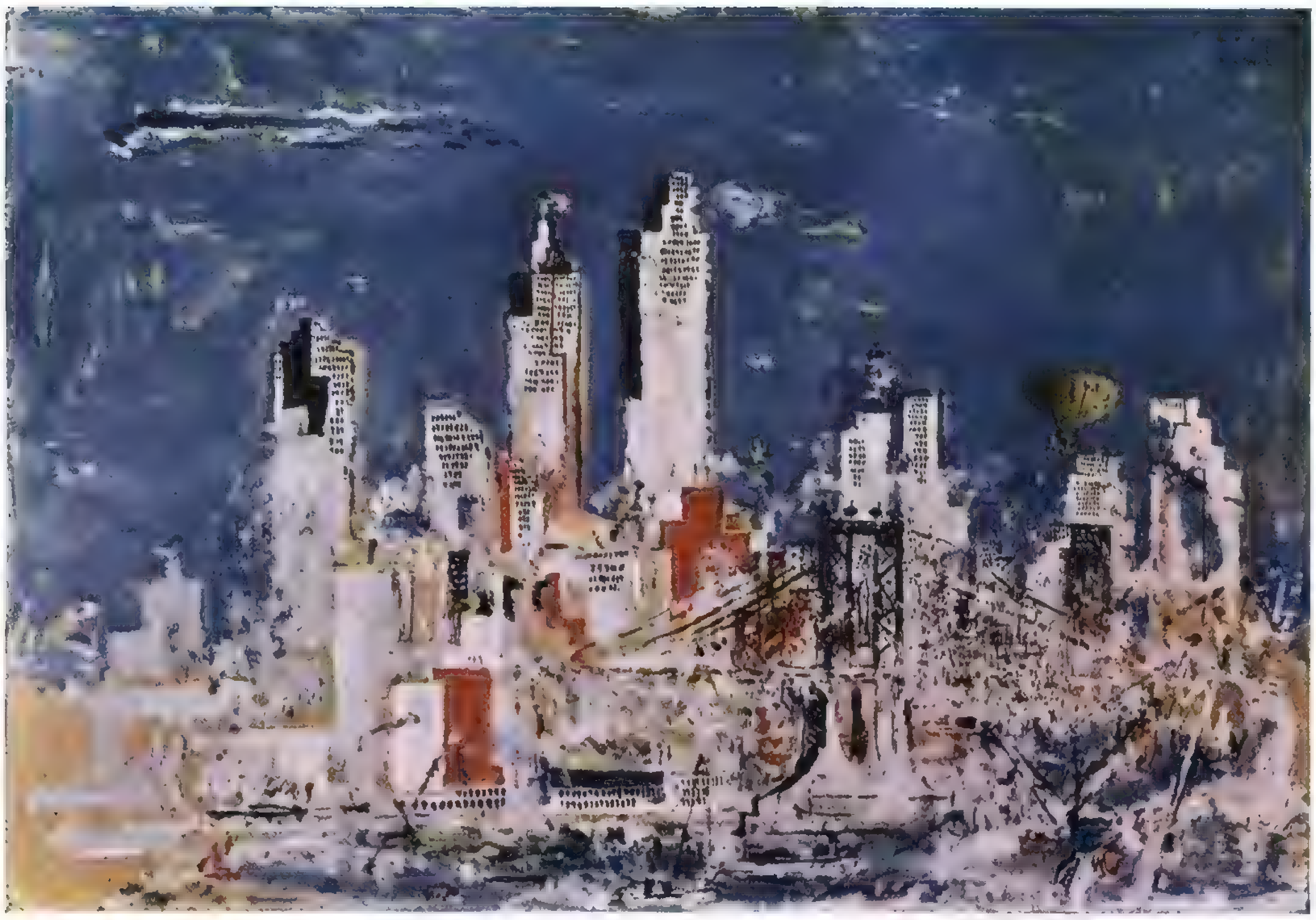
We are all of us European in the sense that the womb of the past in which we were conceived is European, and the culture of the East has been ploughed into the cultural soil of the West. William Thoeny brings something from his native Austria, qualities beyond weight or measurement, which may help fructify our own vision of a world we have taken for granted because, unlike him, we have known no other. Yesterday Thoeny was an Austrian artist, today he is an artist trying to find a point of equilibrium between two worlds, tomorrow he will be an American artist, to which phrase he will bring his personal accent. He has already yielded an umlaut and changed a name in symbol of intention to bring his body and his spirit to a final point of rest. In Germany, in Austria, in France, in Switzerland his name was Wilhelm Thöny, and it was under this name that he made his name in art. But in America, from now on, know him as William Thoeny, the secessionist of art who announces in this name change a personal secession from the old continent.

But before we go any further let it be understood clearly that William Thoeny is not to be counted among the refugees from Middle Europe, for he left Austria in the fall of 1931, about a year and a half before Hitler came to the Chancellorship of Germany, and in Paris, as late as 1937, he was executing an official commission for the Austrian government and receiving honors from it. From Paris, which had been something like his second home, he left for the United States in 1938 at the time of the crisis over Czechoslovakia and he has spent the time since in getting his bearings in the new world, to which he had previously, in 1932, made an exploratory visit. I believe that it can be said of him that he is extremely sensitive to impending changes of climate, for in 1923, when he was riding high in Munich he sensed the approach of the inflation and returned to his native city of Graz, in Austria. Perhaps in every artist, even in the most worldly, there is something of the restless exile, seeking for and straining towards a world closer to art's desire, as well as the heart's.

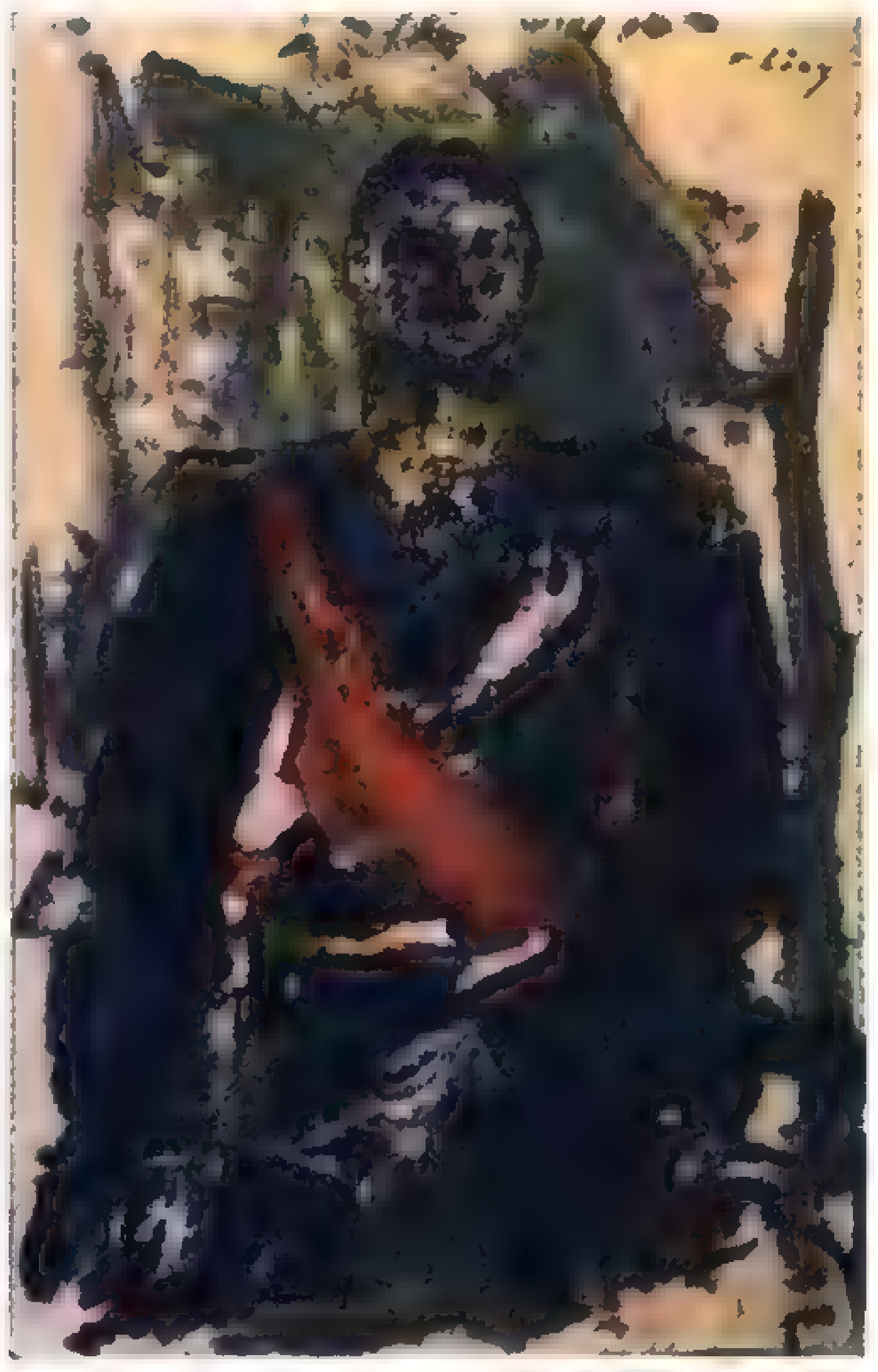
What kind of an artist is William Thoeny? It is hard to delimit him in words. His reproduced paintings and drawings will indicate the nature of his work without putting a name to it. That is left for the labored apprehension of prose. As an Austrian he came within the orbit of Germany, for he was trained in Munich, in the golden Munich of before the war. (At least it should have been golden, with his paternal allowance, freedom from restraint and practically instantaneous success.) He was schooled in academic art (he has no regrets on that score) and was matured in the Secession and New Secession movements which drew their inspiration from the great Frenchmen of the preceding century and reached their terminal in the subjective violence of Expressionism. A French writer says Thoeny was influenced mainly by Daumier, Cézanne, Manet, Van Gogh and the Norwegian, Edward Munch. As a student, in 1912, Thoeny was exhibited, under the aegis of the old Munich Secession (headed by the then rebels, Max Liebermann, Lovis Corinth and Max Slevogt) in the company of such artists as Manet, Renoir and Cézanne.

The war and Germany's defeat in it put their accent on the work of German artists and the sunlight of Impressionism was more thoroughly blotted out in a black despair which compelled us to guess at the nature of the objects the German painters threw upon canvas in their subjective rages. German Expressionism became the work of angry men who were using paint to communicate a state of mind rather than objects of Nature. I do not believe that Thoeny was ever an Expressionist but some of their darkness entered his soul and his pigments and his work has as much of the subjective quality in it as is required to communicate the nature of the painter's attitude toward the objects and figures represented, as well as enough indications of the objects and figures intended. Thoeny paints within a limited and rather dark palette. He is emotional rather than elementarily seductive and his brushwork is a language that neglects to dot the i's and cross the t's on the sometimes mistaken assumption that the "reader" knows enough of the language of paint to collaborate in the finishing out of the sentence or phrase. But you will notice, if you are only half-way intelligent, that the most hasty, the most stenographic line will leave you in no doubt as to what the picture represents and what is the artist's emotion towards it. He has looked at Goya and Forain with profit. Thoeny knows how to be complete, and even eloquent, by leaving things out as well as putting them in. If the *indications* are those of a genius we don't need a blueprint. Even through his most sombre paintings runs a full-throated mel-

Continued on page 163

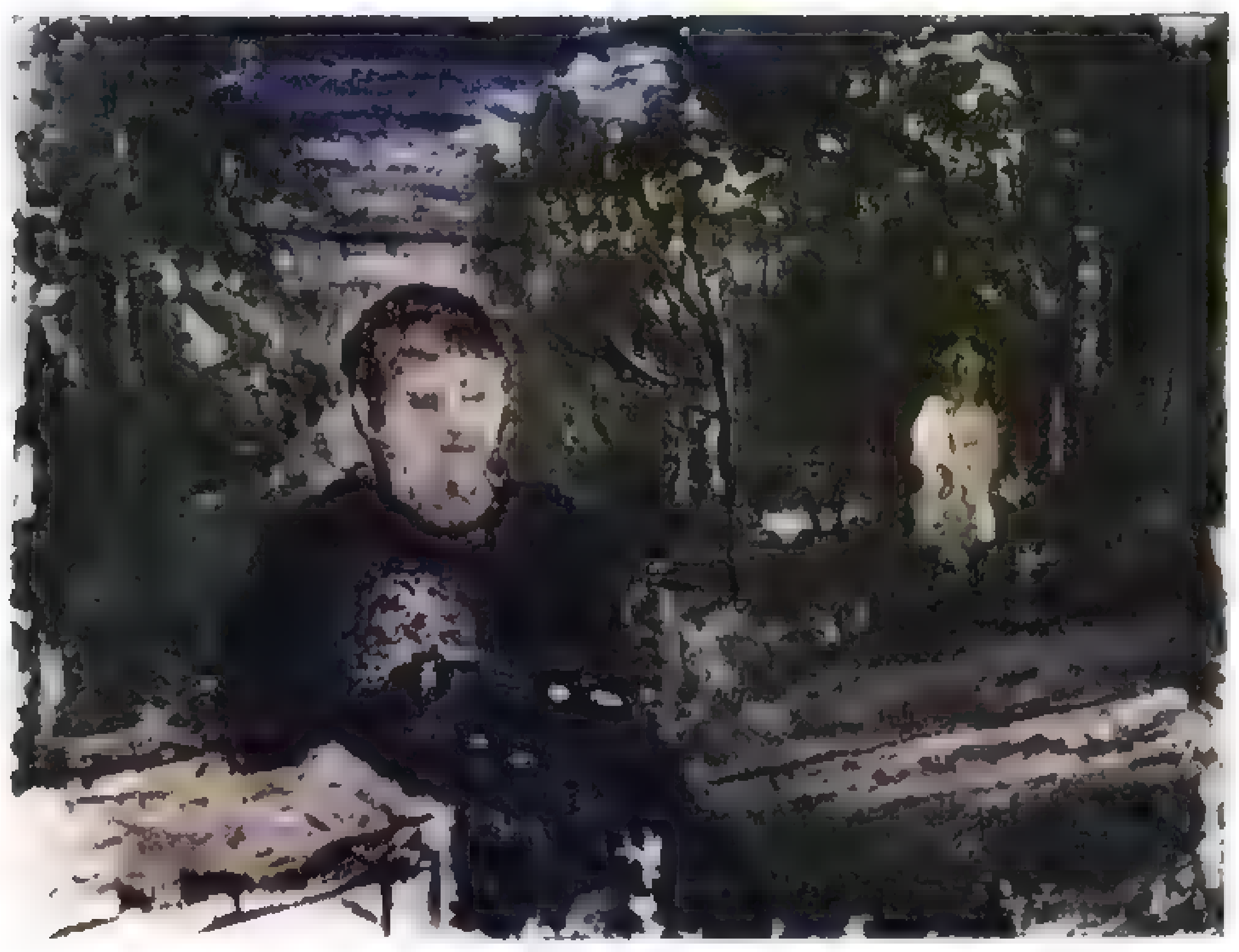

NEW YORK: FIRST VIEW

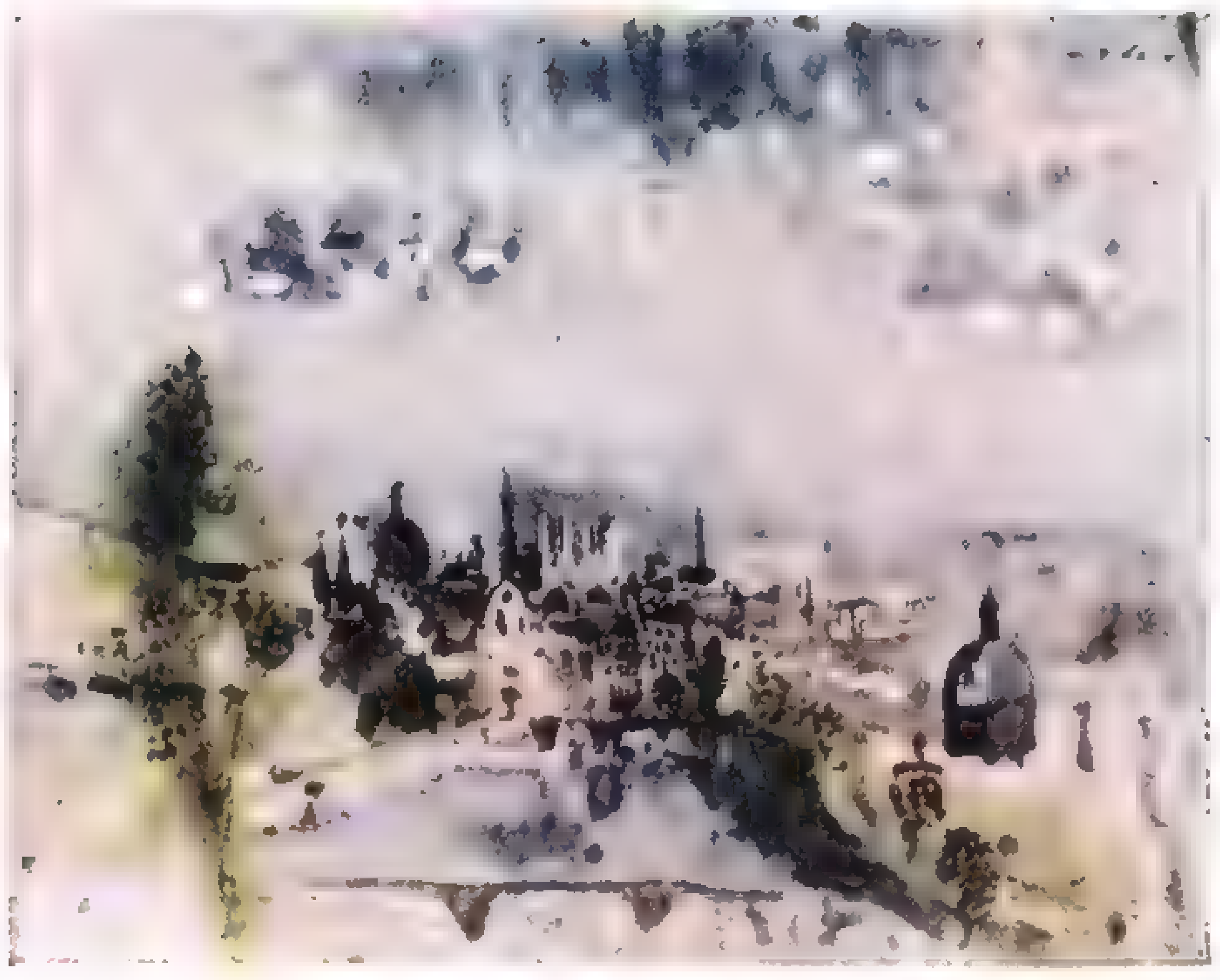
All of these paintings are displayed in William Thoeny's studio in the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, 58th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

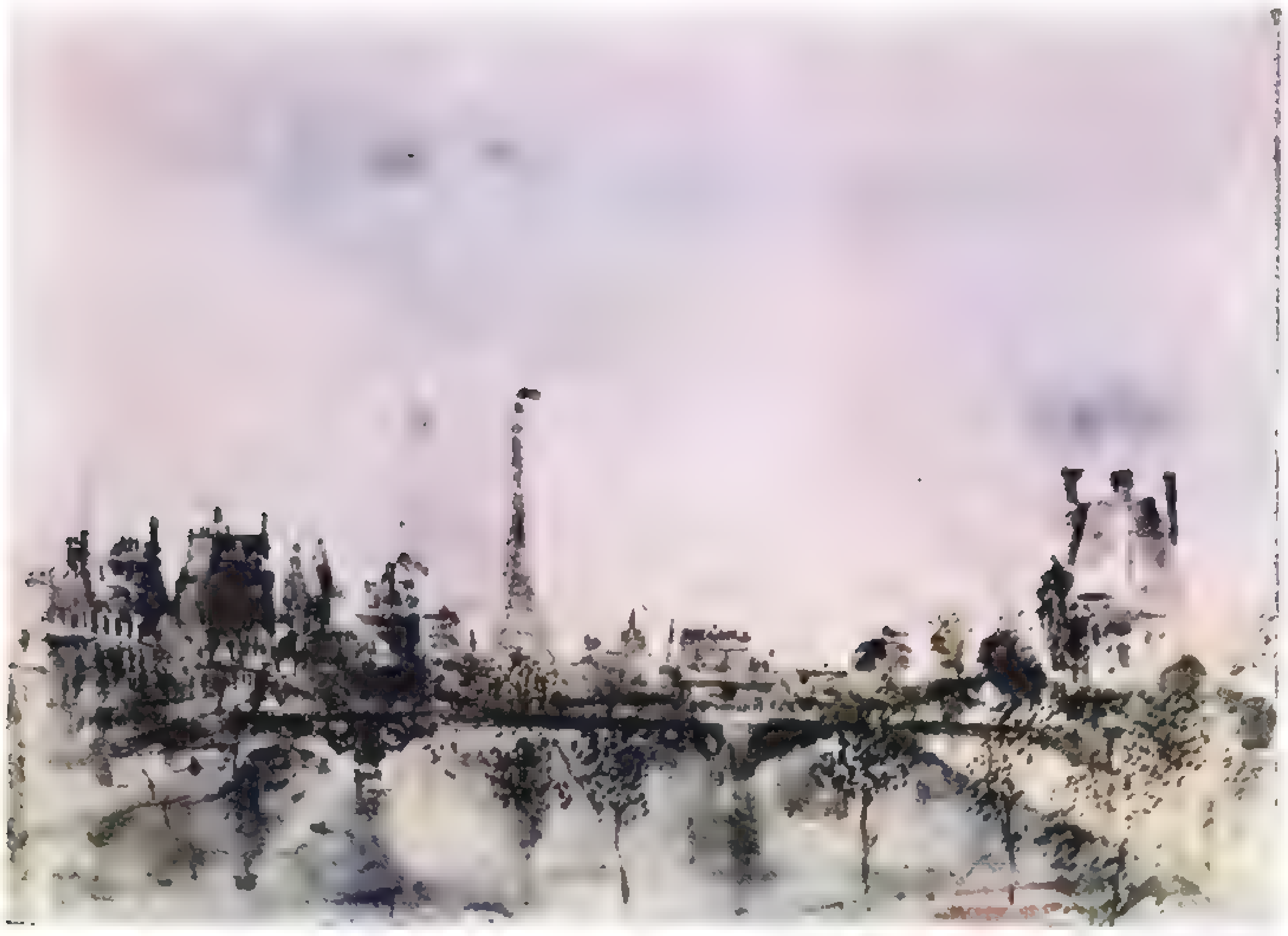

GRAND DUKE

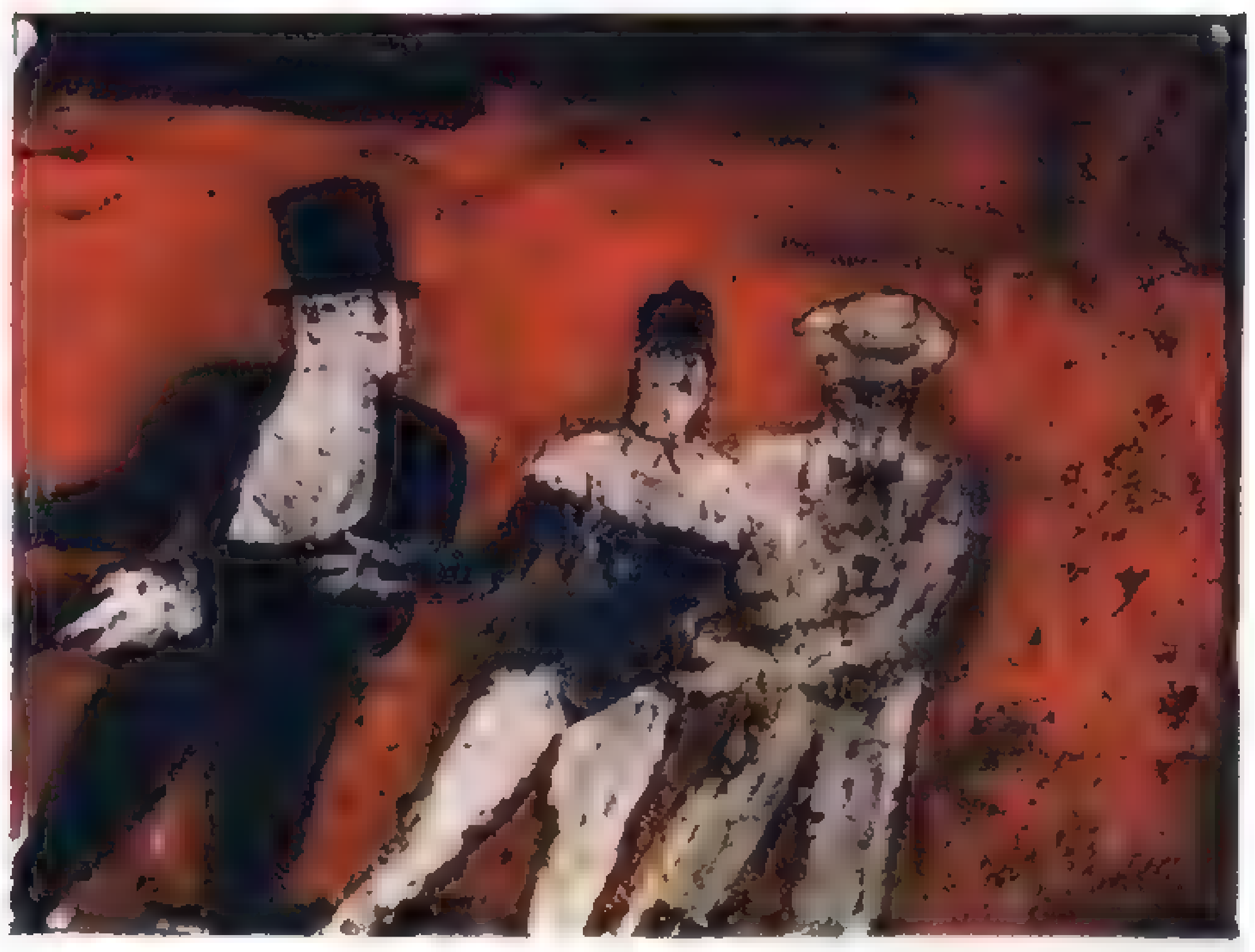
A Collection of Paintings

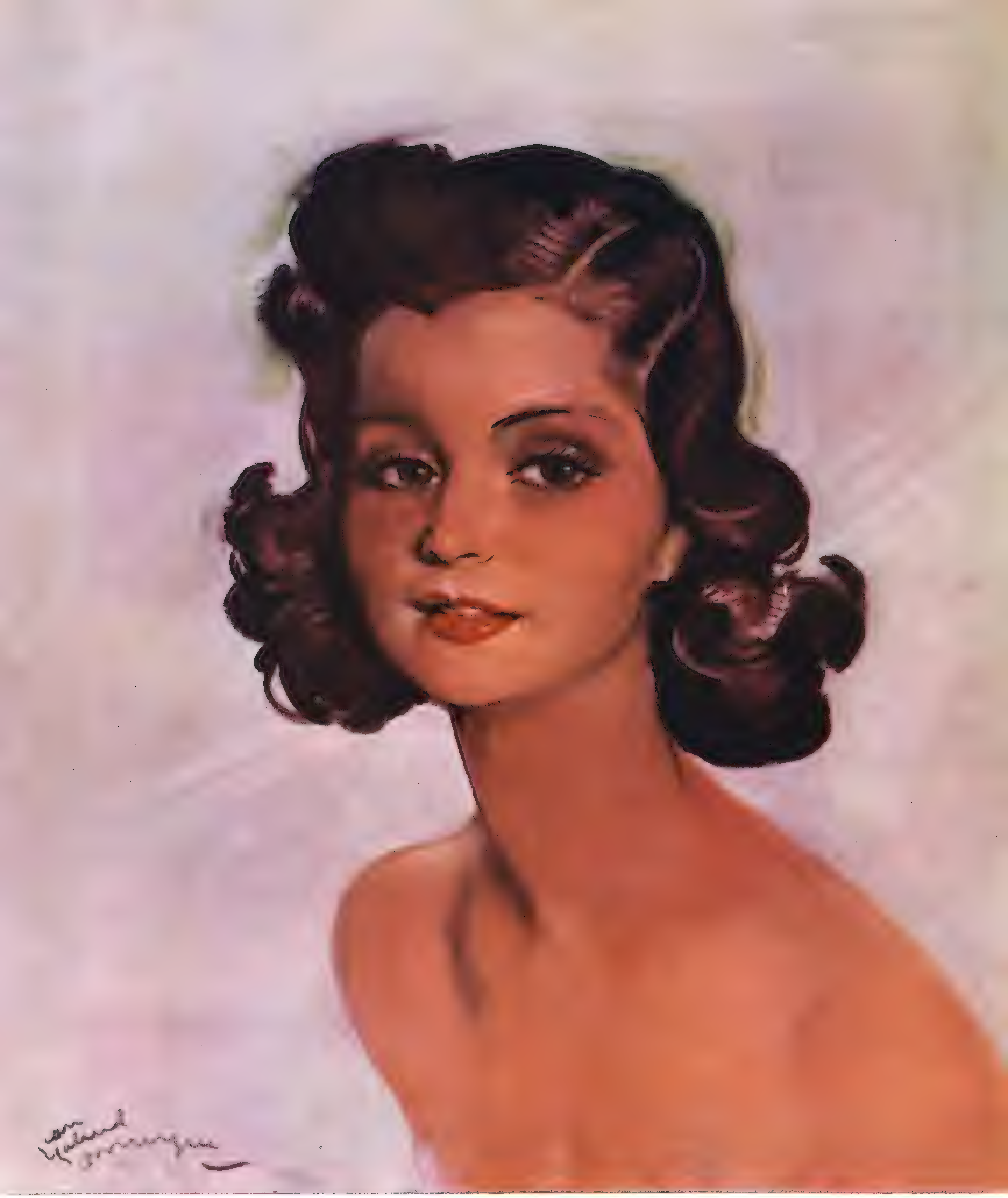
by WILLIAM THOENY


DOSTOEVSKI IMPRESSION


ILE DE LA CITE


PARIS FROM THE SEINE


VAUDEVILLE



FEMININE FACE-CARDS — *MURIEL DE COPPET* — PAINTED BY JEAN-GABRIEL DOMERGUE

THE de Coppet dynasty possesses one of the most solvent of Wall Street firms, a plantation in Haiti, a family chateau in Coppet, Switzerland. Muriel de Coppet, mother of two more de Coppet heirs, looks and talks French, is considered Gallic by even her best friends. Actually, her forebears were Scotch-Englishmen out of San Francisco, where she spent her childhood. Before her marriage she studied dramatics, wanted to go on the stage. Now her children, her triangular itinerary from New York to Switzerland to Haiti, her interest in music and the Philharmonic Symphony League, all fulfill her craving for the dramatic. Domergue's portrait, stopping where it does, can not convey the fact that she is but five feet three inches tall, weighs a handful over 100 pounds, and considers herself very homely.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Who can tell if Barrymore is in his cups or has looked too long upon Olsen and Johnson?

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

The Hellzapoppin Menace. It begins to look as if the Messrs. Olsen and Johnson may possibly exercise an influence on the American theatre even greater than that of Eugene O'Neill and Butterfly McQueen. When their *Hellzapoppin* opened back in the September of 1938 there were those who believed it was simply a funny show, but in the intervening space of time it has become apparent that it may be considerably more than that. What it conceivably may turn out to be, one fears, is a Revolution.

The omens have been in the air for some months now. Working its wicked will on John Barrymore during his long Chicago run in *My Dear Children* (to say nothing of thereafter), the O-J roughhouse brought that erstwhile solemn Hamlet and Richard to indulge in such an extravagant repertoire of audience monkeyshines that the customers, though inordinately amused, were never quite sure whether he had looked too long upon the wine when it was red or whether the program printer hadn't probably confused him with some burlesque comedian playing over in the gashouse or chop suey district. Following this, the Lunts, who hitherto had comported themselves with aristocratic restraint, came so heavily under the influence that, while playing in Los Angeles, they suddenly found themselves going Olsen and Johnson one better by not only ragging the audience but by doing things to *The Taming of The Shrew* that Billy Watson wouldn't have thought of doing to his Beef Trust or even Shakespeare himself to the Dorian W. H.

In New York, things also presently happened. Shows like *The Streets of Paris* began patterning themselves after *Hellzapoppin* not only by converting their stages into a similar cross between Tschaikowski's *1812 Overture* played by the University of Tennessee football team and an election night in Dublin but by pouring booze all over the audience's laps. The business went so far, indeed, that when, on the night of December 6th, two drunks in the audience of *The Time Of Your Life* began cutting up pranks and loudly advising the course of the play's action, no one paid the slightest serious heed to them, believing them stooges deliberately included in the proceedings by Saroyan.

These are just a few of the numerous phenomena that have followed in the Olsen and Johnson wake, but they indicate the way the wind may be blowing. What the end may be, no one can predict. It may not be long before Nora Helmer will scamper up the aisle at eleven o'clock and with a loud bang of the door seek her final freedom in the ladies' lavatory or before they'll be serving free lunch with *The Man Who Came To Dinner.* After all, we can expect almost anything to happen from a show like this *Hellzapoppin* which, on its second showing a year after its original opening, even influenced those very critics who had roasted the tar out of it to turn turtle and say it was simply wonderful. But when the day comes that its influence prevails upon John Barrymore's sister Ethel to do a strip-tease in one of her old grandmother roles or persuades Maurice Evans as Falstaff to come down and do the rhumba with the girl I'm sitting with—when that day comes I abandon the profession of theatre criticism and seek sanctuary and a lasting peace in a front line Chinese trench.

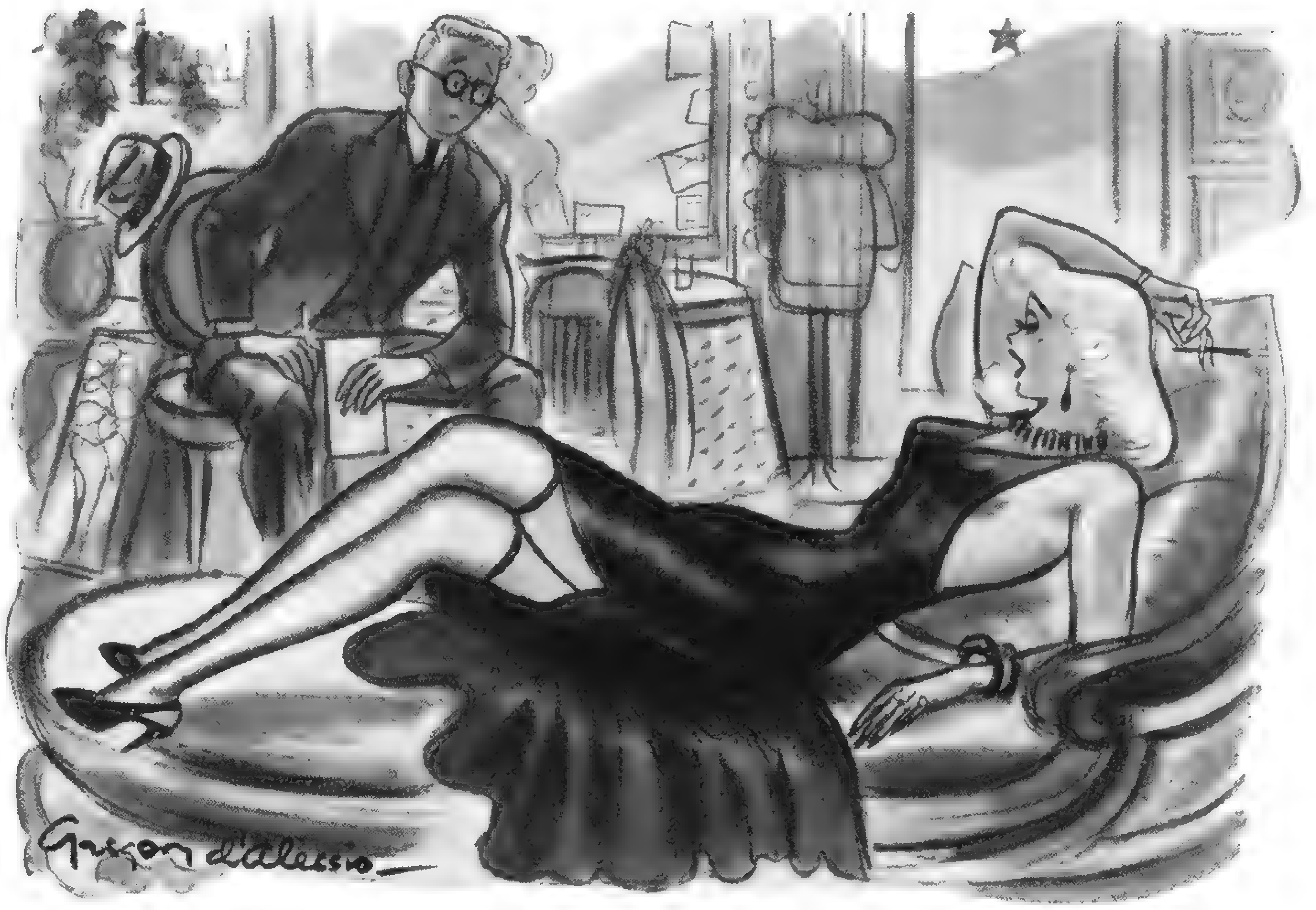
Revaluations. Speaking of Maurice Evans brings a thought to mind. When lately he brought his Hamlet back to New York for a return engagement, the daily reviewers to a man eulogistically observed that he had "read deeper values into the role," that there was "a greatly increased perception and warmth" in his performance, that "a new profundity" was discernible, and that his whole performance of the Dane was "richer, broader, and more luxuriant." They were, to a very considerable degree, right. It is a pleasure to agree with them, at least on this one occasion.

For there are others when they make much the same observations on second view of an actor's performance of a role and when the observations in point seem to be little more than time-honored critical echoes of a time-honored and frequently spurious critical cliché.

For some reason that often has no basis in sound critical ground an actor's performance on second view equally often seems much better than it did on first, even when it isn't and when the first performance was itself plenty good. Why this is, I don't know, but any reviewer who tells the truth will admit that it is so. Maybe it is the reviewer's increased acquaintance with the role that obliquely leads him to believe it is the actor's increased acquaintance that leads the latter, in turn, to give a better account of himself in it. Or maybe a second view allows the reviewer, already familiar with the aspect of the exhibit in its entirety, more greatly to concentrate on the actor and hence to see things in his performance that, while originally there, he had on the first visit overlooked. Or maybe, again, the whole business is nonsense and the reviewer simply mistakes such obvious histrionic tricks as slightly longer pauses, intermittently slower readings, and the like for an increased mentality and perception on the part of the actor.

Whatever it is, it frequently gives issue to critical writing that augments actors' popular conviction that critics know very little about acting. This conviction was again recently brought to light by a survey conducted by the trade periodical, *The Billboard.* Polling the actors playing at the moment on the New York stage, the survey indicated that there

Continued on page 169

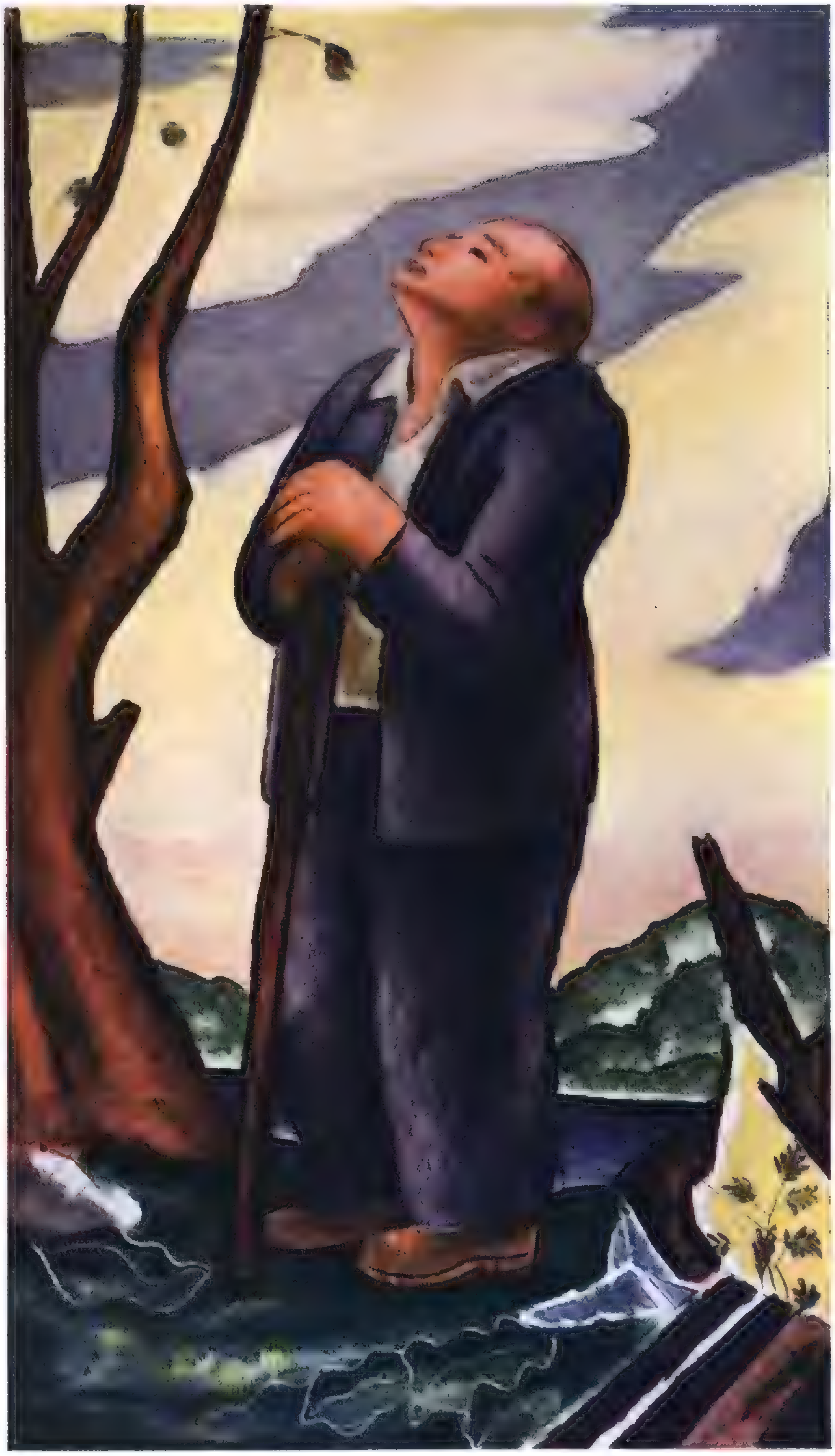


"—Then I have a farm in Connecticut—a lovely little hideaway —my press agent told me all about it"

Poems in Time of Tumult

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN



In This Hour

I pray you, in this hour's confusion, go
Not back again into the old belief
That all man's life is brutish, harsh and
brief,
And that what has been, always will be so.
Earth has seen many a great hope's overthrow
And many a noble dream go down in
grief;
Yet still persists the parable of the leaf
That Spring unfolds above the endless snow.
Be not too sure that evil in this hour
Has strength to make as nothing all our gain
And leave us naked to the whirlwind's wrath.
Through earlier, darker days than these, some
power
Of man, mere man, endured its night of pain,
Then strode one footstep higher up the path.

The Granite Heart

Man does not love enough: we have not given
The well-springs of our spirit to the sun.
Not till the granite of the heart be riven
Can any harvest of the soil be won.
The sproutings will be meager and the yields
A mockery, that are reared on dusty stone.
However rich the seed cast in the fields,
It matters not, if the rains come not down.
Hence will I kneel tonight and make my prayer
To gods or saints or demons, if such be,
Or to the sun, or to the innocent air,
Or to the granite that is part of me—
To cleave the stubborn rock of my despair
And set the clear brooks of my spirit free.

To the Young

Set not in lofty places
The old, but choose anew.
Those grave and mask-like faces,
That well-known seasoned crew—
They wrought the old disgraces.
Try what fresh men will do!

Old men in looking-glasses
Behold their end draw near.
As Death its army masses,
The lands of life seem drear
For them; their own hope passes,
Their faith is hemmed by fear.

Thenceforth, no more deserving
Are these men of your trust.
Though faithful once their serving,
Now are they slaves to dust;
And their slow feet go swerving
From the firm path: they must.

Abjure the old men's guiding!
Call the young men to power!
There is no sure abiding
In a guarded ancient tower.
Send forth the young men, riding
In the teeth of the stormy hour!

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Striking back at poor old Duhamel and pronouncing *The Eagles Gather* a swell yarn in anyone's language

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

▪ BOOKS ▪

When I finished reading Georges Duhamel's *In Defense of Letters* (Greystone, $2.75), I wanted to pound my size 36 chest and sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world. It was 2 a.m. though, so I went to bed instead.

This French physician-litterateur who looks at most contemporary things with a jaundiced eye regards the literary review as a bulwark of civilization. "Reviews are indispensable to the intellectual equilibrium of countries that guard our civilization. . . . The review is the natural vehicle of watchful, tenacious thinking."

It appears that the Rutherfords of the world are doing their bit for what civilization remains to us.

At the same time I realized that Duhamel (a member of the French Academy), although he discoursed readably enough, wasn't saying many new things: The popular arts—movies, radio, newspapers—are commercialized and vulgar. They ruin the public taste for good books. Preoccupation with the tripe weakens the average man's powers of concentration; his mind is too flabby for a thoughtful book.

There's a long sermon on "the fallacies of success." Writers should beware of the dollar and of the corruption of fame. Too many writers are dealing with politics. Constant political thought is unnecessary; it shouldn't take any more time than a man normally spends on his toilet.

At this point, if I were a literary critic in Duhamel's grand tradition and not just a book journalist, I should lay into this reactionary author who believes that writers are obsessed by their social function and are selling out their artistic heritage. I should devote a few thousand choice words and appropriate quotations to exposing the shallowness of the view that writers should not deal in social problems because there is too much material and not enough time to digest it; that, for example, it is silly to write about the New Deal and its effects until the writer has reflected on the subject for several years.

But as I am what I am, I can only say that Duhamel is an old man now, and always was an old man; that he is living in the 18th century, and we are not; that if you want a vivid illustration of how moss-grown his ideas are, compare his *America the Menace* with DuBrieul's *Men and Machines*—one the denunciation of the U.S. by a literary hysteric, the other a sane appraisal of what America means to the world by a skilled French mechanic who saved up his money and came to this country to study it from the workman's bench.

When a man gets elected to the French Academy he should stop writing, or painting, or whatever it is that got him in. He usually has nothing left in him after that but his memoirs.

The literary corner. For those who are literate but don't know what to make of it, *How to Enjoy Reading*, by Charles Lee, Literary Editor of the *Boston Herald* (Waverly House, $2), is a usable primer. There are people who can't travel without tying up with a conducted tour; there are people who can't read unless they can steer by somebody's list of 100 Best Books or weekly box score of best-sellers. These mental anemics will find Dr. Lee's capsules easy to take.

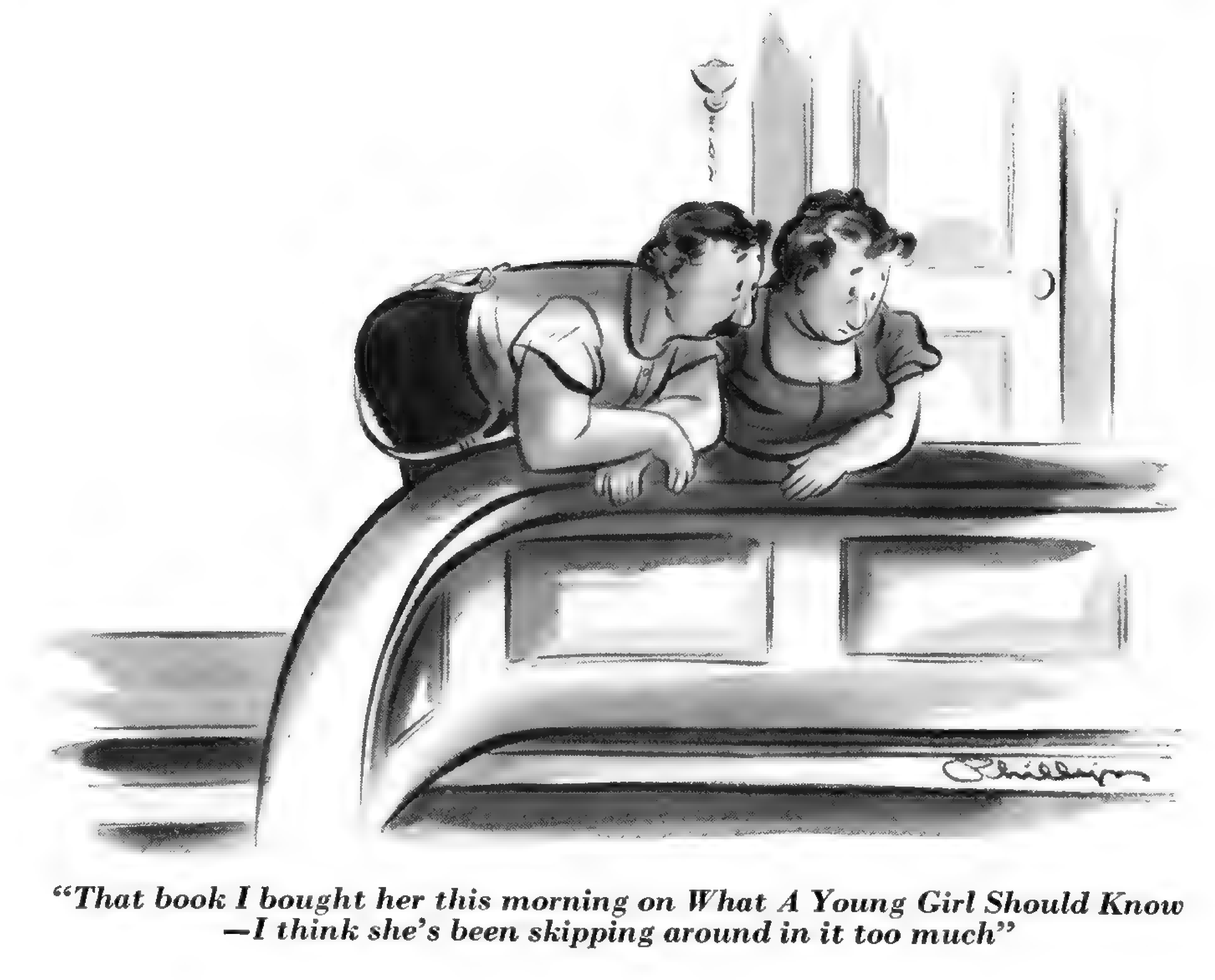
The spring of the year is the time to read Thoreau, or about him. Henry Seidel Canby's *Thoreau* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.75) is an excellent life, scholarly without being stiff, of the great rebel, nature lover, and homely philosopher. My only criticism is that Dr. Canby deals almost entirely with Thoreau as a mind, hardly at all with the man. It's a small carp, however, with which to greet what is probably the best biography of the man who was out of step with his time because he was marching to the beat of his own drum.

Granville Hicks' study of recent British literature, *Figures of Transition* (Macmillan, $2.50) is an enlightening reappraisal of the great Victorians and some of the lesser ones in the light of social criticism today. Hicks is interested in the writers of the late nineteenth century primarily as expressions of middle-class development. Readers who can still remember, however faintly, their college literature, may be surprised at some of the comments on Meredith, Wilde, Morris, Kipling, Hardy, Gissing and Butler. Granville Hicks knows more than the college professors do. If they were more like him, college graduates would carry over into adult life their interest in literature. Hicks lost his teaching job at Rensselaer Polytechnic because he was a Red. Since then he has "taken a walk" from the ranks of his erstwhile fellow-travelers.

Although Joseph Wood Krutch has been the drama critic of *The Nation* for fifteen years, his *The American Drama Since 1918* (Random House, $2.50) is by Krutch, the Professor of English of Columbia University. Although Joseph Wood works on a Left Liberal magazine, no taint of redness attaches to him; he is *The Nation's* most conservative man, and proved in *Was Europe a Success?* that he was about as far to the left as Walter Lippmann.

That has little to do with the present book, a sturdy survey job. The twenty years it covers are the only twenty years in which we can be said to have had a drama. In those years a great deal has happened. Odets has happened, and Irwin Shaw, Kaufman, Connelly, Hart, Anderson, Behrman, Rice, Howard, Barry, Kelly, and the Federal Theatre. (And Saroyan, encouraged by George Jean Nathan, is trying hard to happen.) It is all written down in Dr. Krutch's book with

Continued on page 106



"That book I bought her this morning on What A Young Girl Should Know —I think she's been skipping around in it too much"

The Candid Cameraman

Fight for Life shows splendid work in Chicago's Maternity Center and poses the question: After They're Born, What?

by PATTERSON MURPHY

MOVIES

There is one double bill which would be worth while. For when two films complement each other and teach something, by their juxtaposition, the three-hour sit strain is endurable. Students of the cinema, who want to learn its worst and best possibilities in a single session, might ask their local exhibitors to book Pare Lorenz's *Fight for Life* on the same program with *A Child Is Born.* This is not to say that the Lorenz film is totally great, or that the Hollywood film is totally terrible. But the high and low points of film art and film craft are touched in these respective offerings. And more, they illustrate perfectly the difference between the two main approaches to film: fact and fiction. Since they deal with the same subject, birth, they make it possible for the spectator once and for all to understand what is meant by documentary film, and Hollywood film.

There are rumors to the effect that the pictures were indeed intended to be competitive. It seems that Warner Brothers were eager to get the rights to the Paul De Kruif volume, the *Fight for Life,* a section of which described the Chicago Maternity Center, where a woman and a man, Drs. Tucker and Benaron, have established the world's highest record for safe delivery of babies, in spite of the fact that their obstetrical service is carried out in slum tenements, unspeakably poverty-stricken. The Warners might have seen in this remarkable document a possible co-starring vehicle for Bette Davis and Paul Muni, as the two obstetricians who struggle to keep their institution going, for, in spite of its amazing record, the Maternity Center is constantly in danger of having to close for lack of funds. The story would, of course, have had to glorify the selfless physicians, who are indeed worthy of glorification.

But Mr. De Kruif was dubious of Hollywood treatment. He was probably afraid that his point would get lost, under the sanctification of the medical heroes. He wanted to call attention to the conditions that overwhelmed even the brave attempts of this medical outpost on Chicago's West Side, he wanted to shout out the bitter irony of civilization, where such obstetrical heroics only served to plant children in an environment where malnutrition would make them susceptible to every child disease, and where, if they escaped early death, they were quite likely to grow up to provide prototypes for Warner Brothers' other favorite film subject: Chicago gangsters.

So Mr. De Kruif said, No, Thanks, to Hollywood. He preferred to have the *Fight for Life* made into a film by Pare Lorenz, whose two previous films for the U.S. Government: *The Plow That Broke The Plains,* and *The River,* had made him internationally famous. Since the studio could not get the rights to the Maternity Center story, and since they had multiple babies on the brain, they worked the theme out in a re-make of a Hollywood staple: the maternity ward. These two films form a most enlightening contrast.

Lorenz's photoplay is the furthest extension, to date, of the method called documentary. Pare Lorenz himself is pretty sick of that word, and may have reason to be. For no one knows exactly what defines a documentary film. There is a book on the subject by Paul Rotha, but many documentary film makers don't agree at all with this critical authority, as to the scope and style of documentary. Some forbid the use of re-enactment. Others don't. Some include some newsreels. Some include some story films. So before going any further, it might be a good idea to say how the term is meant, at least in this department.

Let us say that a documentary film is one which deals thematically with reality, primarily for the purpose of education.

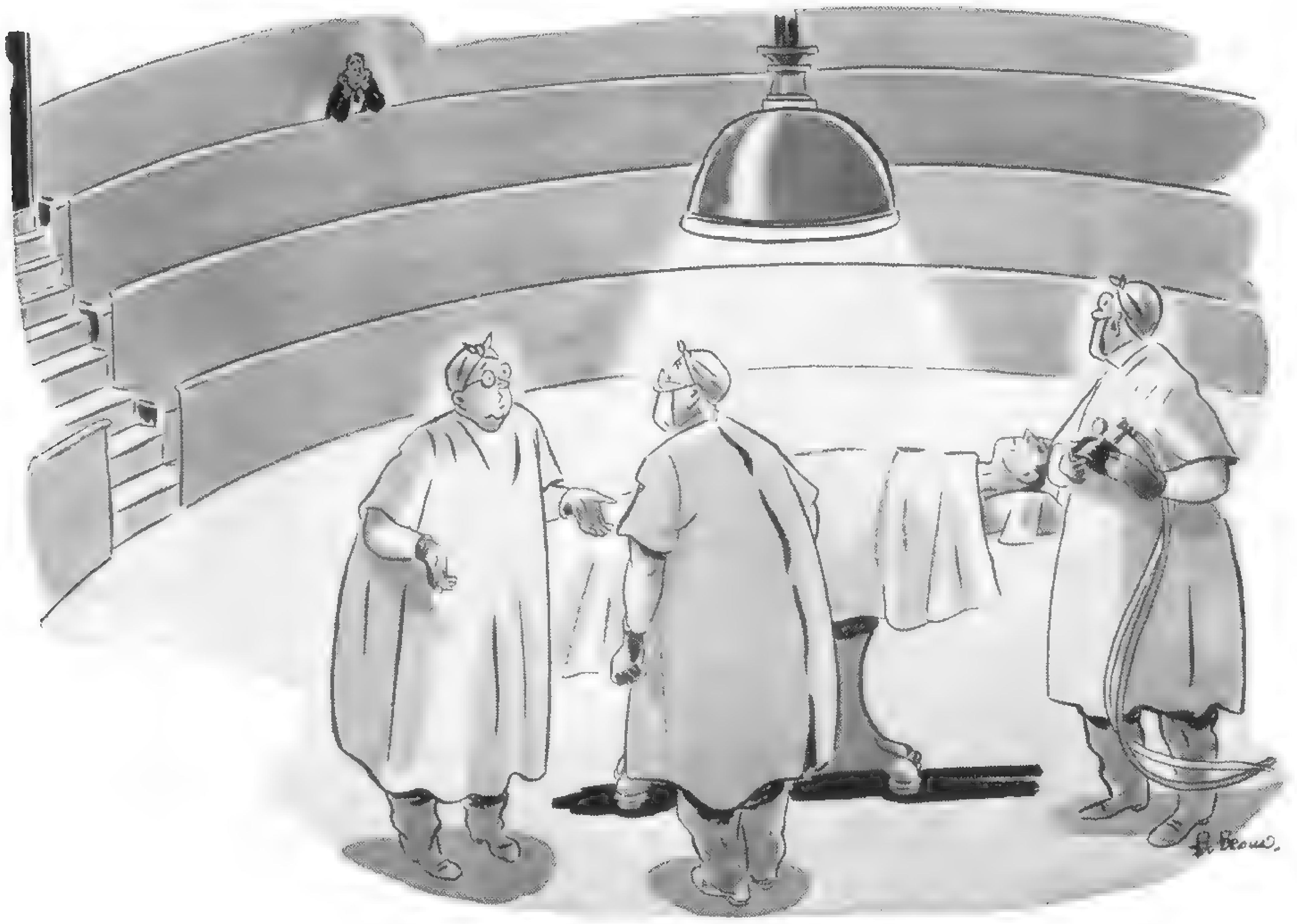
Thus, an essential differentiation between the fact film and the fiction film would be the objective. The fiction film, or dominant Hollywood film, seeks primarily to entertain. In entertaining, it may educate—as did such films as *Pasteur, Zola, Confessions of a Nazi Spy.* It may entertain on a level of comedy, of tragedy, or on a purely visual-aesthetic level. It may entertain informationally, as does a Pete Smith short. There comes the boundary line between the two types of film. For both may use reality, and both may use it thematically. Sections of *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* could have been part of a documentary film on spy-catching. But withal, the purpose of the film was entertainment, and it did not jump classification.

Sections of Pare Lorenz's *Fight for Life* could have been part of a fiction film. The last of his home childbirth sequences, an enacted piece, has suspense, and drama, and poetry, in a style and to a degree that surpasses any single scene created in Hollywood, of recent memory. The film, too, has a kind of story, in the education of a young obstetrician. But this is the type of slight, typical story that Flaherty used in *Man of Aran,* and quite within the boundaries of the documentary. For the documentary film may, indeed must, entertain, if it is to hold its audience. But primarily it is designed to inform.

Lorenz's difficulty, in the *Fight for Life,* was his wish to teach two subjects at once. De Kruif had been able to fuse the two points in his book, but a book permits digression.

He wanted to tell about the fight which medicine is making, to overcome the three mother-killers: infection, hemorrhage, and convulsion. He wanted to show how the means are at hand to combat, and practically to end all three dangers of birthing. Steriliza-

Continued in center of page 123



"I guess we're going to have to start giving away dishes!"

MARY ANDERSON
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph

JOYCE COLES

Hurrell Photograph

Esquire on the Record

Suggesting Beethoven at his best, Mahler recorded in old Vienna and as a novelty, Balinese Gong Music

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ RECORDS ▪

FOR YOUR COLLECTION:

K.P.E. Bach: Concerto for Orchestra in D major (arranged by Maximillian Steinberg). Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-559. Not the well-known Bach, but his second son, who became cembalist at the Court of Frederick the Great, wrote this so-called concerto. Hearing it, you'll realize what a gifted family the Bachs were. K.P.E.—which substitutes for Karl Philipp Emanuel—was, unlike Siegfried Wagner—not an also-ran. He could and did stand on his own feet. This recording is superb, of a quality we have come to expect from Boston.

Beethoven: Quartet No. 12 in E-flat major, opus 127; and *Quartet No. 13, in A minor*, opus 132. Busch String Quartet. Victor M-489 and M-490. A revelation by Beethoven, the Busches, and the recording engineers. Except for the damnable breaks, one again and again loses one's self while Beethoven talks. Music's Shakespeare here is at his greatest, discoursing as only he can. It is more satisfying to listen to these two straightforward, eloquent quartets than to all the pretentious, theatrical profundities torn out by him in his self-conscious middle period. Will persons with culturitis never become acquainted with these works? The *A minor* quartet is an intimate symphony, in which Beethoven expresses himself as simply and profoundly as in any of his symphonies. There is no waste energy, no chaos, nothing perfunctory. With less impedimenta, less apparatus, he has said as much as he ever has said on a larger canvas. Too many have not heard these quartets alone in the quiet of a study. If they had, they would know that everything which has been or will be written about them cannot describe a single hearing.

The recorded performances flow naturally and easily. They are not of a virtuoso nature, nor filled with bravura effects. To some, they may seem dry. The emphasis is not on how it is done: the Busches never stop to think: "*How* are we going to play this?" or "*How* can we make an effect with that?" They play honestly and sincerely—and vitally—and at the end one is aware that their performance is as it should be, completely identified with Beethoven's thought. They are compelling, convincing, unalterably right.

Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde. Recorded at a concert performance in old Vienna, May 24, 1936. Bruno Walter conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Kerstin Thorborg, contralto. Charles Kullman, tenor. Columbia Set 300.

As with cucumbers, you either like Mahler or you don't. If you do, this album will serve you well. Released originally in England in a limited edition, it has been made available here by Columbia. In approving it, Bruno Walter said: "I am not unaware of occasional minor imperfections which are inseparable from a public performance. However, all lovers of Mahler will appreciate the spontaneity and atmosphere of the concert hall which strengthens the general musical impression of the performance." He is quite correct. Audience noises, the inevitable barking and technical imperfections are overlooked because of the spirit and sublimity and flavor of the performance. It was a labor of love.

The old Vienna Philharmonic—its good and bad points amplified—has a particular understanding of Mahler. He was Bruno Walter's idol. Thorborg and especially Kullman have seldom sung better. It'll be many a year before we can match this recording of Mahler's symphonic songs, expressing, as they do, aching regret at the futile transitoriness of the things of this world—a world to which we cling desperately, even while it remains callously indifferent to our longings and aspirations.

Messager: La Maison Grise and *Gounod: Barcarolle.* Sung by Ninon Vallin. Decca G-20328-B. Superbly sung, exquisitely phrased, with an abundance of breath and a diction that never disturbs the musical line, these songs flow.

The accompaniment fits and the result is exactly what the music requires.

FOR THE SEASON:

Balinese Gamelon Gong Music. Recorded in Bali by native artists. Decca 20133-38, inclusive. Maybe you heard samples in the Netherlands Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. Don't think it's all alike—the variations are infinite though subtle. Should you tire after a time, you can come back to it in "the spring of next year."

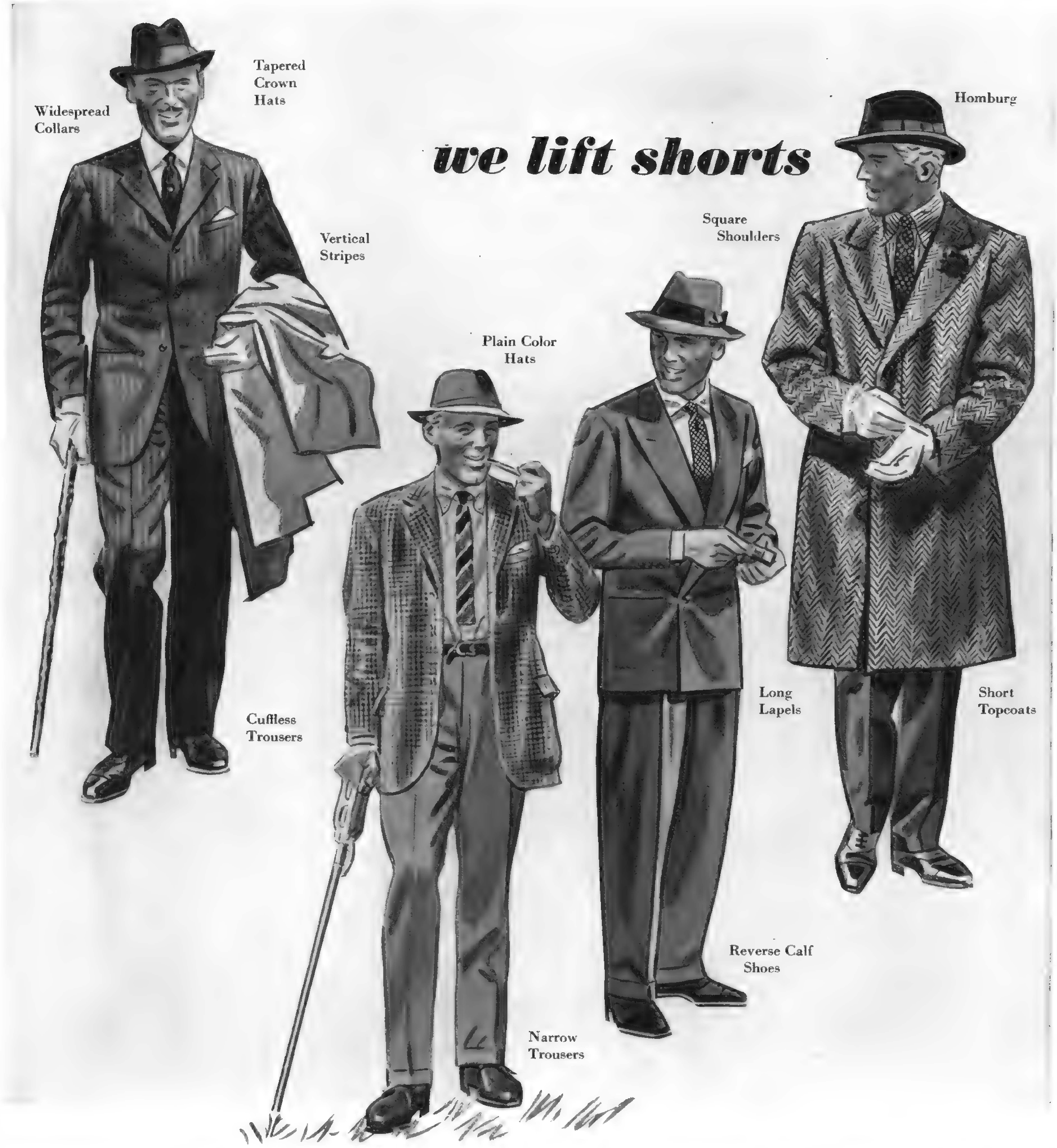
Brahms: Alto Rhapsodie; Dein Blaues Auge; Der Schmied; Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer. Marian Anderson, contralto; the Male Chorus of the University of Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Victor M-555. This album would be a collector's item if an orchestral background had not been senselessly arranged in place of the original piano accompaniment, and if the recorders had not rushed Miss Anderson through the recording session, and persuaded her to approve the results in spite of her better judgment. Made at the end of a season, when her voice is not its freshest, these records are a disappointment. The interpretation, of course, is simple, full of dignity and understanding, but the top tones are metallic and the richness of the voice is not successfully captured. The recording should be repeated, next time with piano.

Chopin: Concerto No. 2 in F minor. Played by Alfred Cortot and an orchestra conducted by John Barbirolli. Victor M-567. France's first poet of the piano looks at the Poles'

Continued in center of page 179

"Heavens! There goes your father again without his overshoes"

we lift shorts



Last month we cast a critical eye, but one with constructive suggestions, at men with more than the average weight. So now, how about those who at one time or another have known the name "Shorty"? Clothes can without question make a man look taller. Route No. 1—Don't cut yourself in two, by pattern, model or color. Emphasize the up and down. Stretch yourself out. Start at the shoulders to build yourself up. We don't mean you should look as though you'd put your coat on without removing the hanger, but we do mean—select jackets with the shoulders squared. Vertical lines can do much to square your shoulders. Look at your lapels. Avoid stubby or short or high rolled lapels. If it's a double-breasted suit you favor, try rolling the lapels to the lower button instead of closing at the waistline. Watch the length of your suit jacket. This is a rather tricky detail. If it's too short it will tend to saw you in half, and if too long will shorten the appearance of your legs. Hats can do much to lift your head above the crowd. Notice the hats shown here. Each has a fairly tall sloping crown. No brim is too wide. Strive for plain colors. Black, such as the hat color shown here in Homburg and Lord's models, is your best bet for business wear. Above all—always wear a hat outdoors no matter what the weather. A hat automatically builds you up. On the other end of yourself, shoes should carefully be selected. Don't wear models that make your feet look trim and small. Quarter brogues, reverse calf, blucher and monk fronts will increase your height appearance. Cuffless trousers also emphasize the vertical line. In suit fabrics, choose vertical stripes, narrow herringbone, or for sportswear fuzzy plain fabrics that will add bulk. Try collars that are widespread to add to square shoulder appearance and also emphasize the vertical line of the tie. Narrow shape four-in-hands are not only top fashion today, but a boon to the short-statured as well. Narrow is also the byword in trousers and slacks. You should always have your trousers tapered more to the bottom than any stock model carried in retail stores. Topcoats and overcoats should be no longer than knee-length and their lapels should also be long-rolled. All of which goes to prove that a man can pick himself up by more than mere bootstraps.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Man the Kitchenette

Skipping American gals' terrible tastes, here's how to cook snacks for some of the foreign lovelies

by ILES BRODY

▪ EDIBLES ▪

It is astonishing and regrettable how little the young women of America appreciate good food. They dine in perfect happiness on hamburgers or a ham and cheese on white, and plate of lettuce leaves, peaches and mayonnaise (horrors!) plus a cup of coffee. Foreign women think of their stomachs perhaps even before they think of their lovers, intrigues or toilettes.

I like a hamburger. Especially when the meat is cut and ground under my very nose; this process gives you an added appetite, as one eats with greater relish the game one has shot oneself. I am skeptical when it comes to chopped meats, and prefer to believe what I see. I like a hamburger, but it pains me to think that a charming and often beautiful American girl's gastronomic imagination does not stretch beyond this viand. If she happens to be a sophisticate she might ask for squab or a filet mignon, a few peas or *Carottes à la Vichy* or *au Béchamel.* But these are exceptional cases.

To prove my statement I will cite a notable instance. Not so long ago I asked a very pretty New York girl in for a snack at home, *à deux*, because I know and fully appreciate the value of atmosphere, dim, flattering lights, and good cheer. Since at that time my bachelor establishment was still built on tins, I ran out to hunt up the best and most extravagant canned food I could locate in New York, where, as we all know, you can buy anything. I had in mind a whole goose liver, most delicately prepared by a European munitions factory's expert chef; no doubt the benevolent head of this firm, like his Swedish colleague Nobel, wanted to counterbalance the devastation and suffering he had caused to mankind with his machine guns and shrapnel. Instead of giving fat purses to scientists and authors and personages who talk eloquently but unavailingly on peace, the munitions magnate aimed at gourmets with his magnificent goose livers, ironclad of course. I found and bought this rare delicacy at the upper end of Manhattan, and I also went out of my way in every respect to purchase downtown a cold boiled lobster, for this also was ready to eat, and I remembered my Byron and a charming line about a fireplace and a lobster salad.

I prepared the lobster salad myself, and beat up a good mayonnaise, thick and not sweet at all, but *à la Casanova.* With great care I selected a Mersault *Goutte d'Or*, 1915, and a *Nuits St. Georges* of much earlier vintage, but I am not going to tell the exact year because it happened to be the same in which I was born. With the white wine reposing in the refrigerator I proceeded to make the preliminary preparations for the coffee. I am exceptionally proud of my coffee; it has been made the same way for years, strained through a white sock—not always the same one—into an earthenware pot with water that has been standing some time. There is no percolator at my house, and there never will be.

The whole thing thereafter happened with dramatic suddenness. She came—and asked for a medium Sherry. I gave her a glass of Goutte d'Or, and she remarked that it was a funny wine! She tasted the goose liver, and declared she did not like it. She could never eat crawfish; she disliked it. I had marzipan from Lübeck, the real thing, that I had been saving for a great occasion, and she said it was much too sweet and rich. The coffee was too strong, and she asked for cream, which I did not have because I am not in the habit of disguising a flavor when I like it. Finally she asked me if she might use the phone, and told me she was telephoning to the corner drugstore. You must believe me when I tell you—and I am willing to furnish further evidence—that she actually ordered a bowl of Chop Suey, a chocolate pecan nut sundae with whipped cream, and "send me a container of coffee with cream." She stirred the weak coffee with a paper spoon and drank out of the paper container and while her face radiated satisfaction I sat there sad, confused and speechless, as one does after having told what one thought a good joke. She was a brunette of medium height, with unbelievably large blue gray eyes, and the lovely skin that is the heritage of those of Irish extraction, a type that particularly appeals to my sense of beauty. We never saw each other again.

But I am ready to admit that it was my mistake that the little dinner was a flop; I am not trying to put the blame on anyone else. I should have asked her what she wanted to eat, and in order to make sure of being luckier in future I made a survey of what women want from men in the way of food, with particular emphasis on dining in. As New York is now crowded with foreign women each of whom has a very definite, almost mannish idea of what she likes to eat and what she does not, and because American women have disappointed me by very rarely being gourmets, I gathered my information from a score of young foreign women, excluding the Americans. I have made this survey for your benefit; you ought to know from this day forward how to conquer the female representatives of diverse nationalities through their stomachs.

England. I spoke to several young English women who are now living in this country, and I selected Anne Curzon as the mouthpiece. Anne was an actress in London; she is the prettiest Britisher I know in town, and has the least exaggerated English accent.

"I want to ask you in the not too distant future," I fibbed, "to a very special din-

Continued on page 175

"Mrs. Gross, I'm a newlywed. How many kisses are equivalent to a ten cent piece of ice?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 99

clarity, discernment, and vigor.

Esquire boy issues scrapbook: All morning long, out in my garden (this is down South, suh), a Philadelphia school-ma'am has been chuckling over George Jean Nathan's *Encyclopedia of the Theatre* (Knopf, $3). Every now and then she lies back and gives way to an unladylike belly laugh. No reviewer can go beyond this tribute to the wit of the ex-generalissimo of the Dramatic Critic's Circle.

Nathan's *Encyclopedia*, from Abacus Britannicus to Zapfenstreich, seems to be the odds and ends of his recent criticism. It demonstrates a rich mind always itching for a brawl. Nathan puts on as good a show as does the George Abbott he so dubiously admires. The man is full of verbal surprises and apt and homely metaphors. That he knows the theatre is beyond argument. But what makes him readable beyond, say, Krutch, is his inability to write about plays and actors without bringing in everything else, including the kitchen sink.

Even while I bump my head before this colossus, honesty compels me to recognize a couple of clay feet. My favorite Esquire author reads better in short doses. That notorious Nathan-Mencken style rings pretty hollow by the time you reach page 50. One of its tricks is to make an exaggerated claim, leaving a knothole of escape through a "by and large" phrase. Another is dogmatic assertion in highly colored lingo designed to distract you from too close attention to the author's illogic. A third is to build up a straw booby resembling nothing in existence. This is bludgeoned and kicked around. When all the straw has been knocked out, the article, essay, or paragraph is over. All this is not the mark of a man scrupulously honest in his thinking.

Drama critic's success saga. In *Forty-five Minutes Past Eight* (Dial, $2.50) Ward Morehouse confides in detail how a young reporter out of Atlanta made good in the Big Town as a play reviewer, and how, not content with that plateau, he stormed the pinnacle and became a playwright and a Hollywood scriptist. It also takes in Europe, South America, the Near East, and a tour of the U.S.

But Morehouse of Georgia, whether he found himself among the Inca ruins, Cairo slums, London night life, or the American hinterlands, had only one hanker. Broadway is his spiritual home and the subway a bigger thrill than a trimotored plane on its maiden international flight.

Forty-five Minutes Past Eight is crowded with gossip and information about the theatre and its sideshows. The man who has attended about a thousand first nights does not spare you—he even includes a list of veteran first-nighters. It's a breathless and I suppose absorbing chronicle of twenty years on B'way for those who are interested in anyone's twenty years there. I'm not, particularly. I'm mildly amazed at the Morehouse ingenuousness. He is still a kid just out of Atlanta who has landed a $50 a week job on a big newspaper, and can't really believe it. He has found something to write the folks about. As a distant cousin who was once familiar with Broadway, I suppress a light yawn over this enthusiastic chronicle of tittle-tattle and Big Names.

Two comedies. Whoever gets around to writing a History of the Drama of Our Time will have to make some mention of the fine publishing job Random House is doing with contemporary plays. Two this month are George Kaufman and Moss Hart's *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, and Samson Raphaelson's *Skylark* (each $2), which make as lively reading as they made good performance.

The Kaufman-Hart comedy, inspired by the idea of the superman Alex Woollcott marooned by an accident in a bourgeois home in an Ohio small town, is the happiest of this team's collaborations in point of wit, complication, and general high jinks. Raphaelson's *Skylark* is said to be his biggest hit, surpassing his *The Jazz Singer* and *Accent on Youth.* A nice play, it ribs the advertising game but not in a mean spirit. The theme of a wife's jealousy of her husband's love for his job is certainly not new on the stage, but when I closed the book I felt that Raphaelson had scared a couple of real rabbits out of the bushes which he couldn't very well pursue in his comedy vein.

War, and war makers. *Verdun*, (Knopf, $2.50), the eighth volume of Jules Romains' epical *Men of Good Will*, may not be another *War and Peace*, but it is a great and a brilliant novel. The story is enough of a unit to be read by itself, without acquaintance with the previous volumes, but the chances are that after you have read *Verdun* you will want more of Jules Romains.

Verdun takes in a whole nation at war, from the front lines to the back parlors. And through the thoughtful words of the thinker Jerphanion, lieutenant in the front lines, the madness of what went on then, and what is going on today, becomes unbearably pointed. Here are some extracts from Jerphanion's letter from the front to his friend Jallez:

" '*Nothing can be worth this*.... This is the final word of wisdom so far as the war is concerned. Everything else is mere fine writing....

" 'The whole business reminds me vividly of the Middle Ages. We are rapidly taking on again the mental outlook of the Middle Ages: lack of reverence for the human carcass and for mere flesh whether living or dead; the very large part, on the other hand, which we accord in our preoccupations, to this same flesh; the mocking unconcern which we show for those aspects of the human body which are most degrading, such as excreta, carrion, skeletons. . . .

" 'Look at the thing how you will, it is now proved beyond power of contradiction that millions of men can tolerate, for an indefinite period and without spontaneously rising in revolt, an existence more terrible and more degraded than any that the numberless revolutions of history were held to have terminated forever. They obey and they suffer as unquestioningly as the slaves and victims of the most bestial periods known to us. . . . All our talk of man's dignity is but mockery unless and until a day comes when certain things will under no circumstances be required of him or accepted by him as inevitable. . . .

" 'We know now that men can be made to do exactly anything—after a hundred years of democracy and eighteen centuries of the Christian faith. It's all a question of finding the right means. If only we take enough trouble and go sufficiently slowly, we can make him kill his aged parents and eat them in a stew. I foresee appalling developments. We may live to witness the revival of human sacrifice. We may see thinkers sent to the stake or the electric chair for having preached heresy. We may see witch trials and persecution of the Jews as bad as any that took place in the Middle Ages. . . .' "

In *The Eagles Gather* (Scribner's, $2.50) Taylor Caldwell carries on her story, begun in last year's *Dynasty of Death*, of an American munitions family. Here is proof that we have a new novelist of power and sincerity, who can handle a large number of complex characters and build a tense and dramatic story around a big idea.

The action takes place in the reign of Calvin Coolidge, a rest period between two wars. The Bouchards, grown a little fat in the last war, are busily preparing for the next one, and keeping in touch with English, French, Czech, Italian, and Swedish munitions makers to bring about fascism in Germany with a general war to follow.

United when the clarion calls, the six Brouchard brothers and cousins engage in a bitter war for control of the company and its subsidiaries. An outcast Brouchard returns to take revenge, another to furnish humane relief and get the desirable girl.

A stirring yarn in anyone's language, I have no doubt it will take care of itself and reach the best-seller classification—which *The Grapes of Wrath* proved could be held by a novel that has nothing of the cream-puff about it.

Good man on wrong assignment. Leonard Ross's *Adventure in Washington* (Harcourt, Brace, $2) concerns a super-reporter who bucks up the defeatist senator, pins the crime on the crooked financier, saves the investigation, and gets the girl. First published serially, it is a model for any budding author who aspires to write the hoke that pays. It is the child of a cross between Plotto and the Government Printing Office. The formulas were old decades before Sam Goldwyn enriched the world. Spencer Tracy and Joan Blondell, yoo-hoo! Take it, Hollywood, it's yours.

Is this Leonard Ross the man who created H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n and wrote *The Strangest Places*, and the Leo C. Rosten who added a sweet bit to our understanding of the press with *Washington Correspondent?* Although the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming, it's hard to believe.

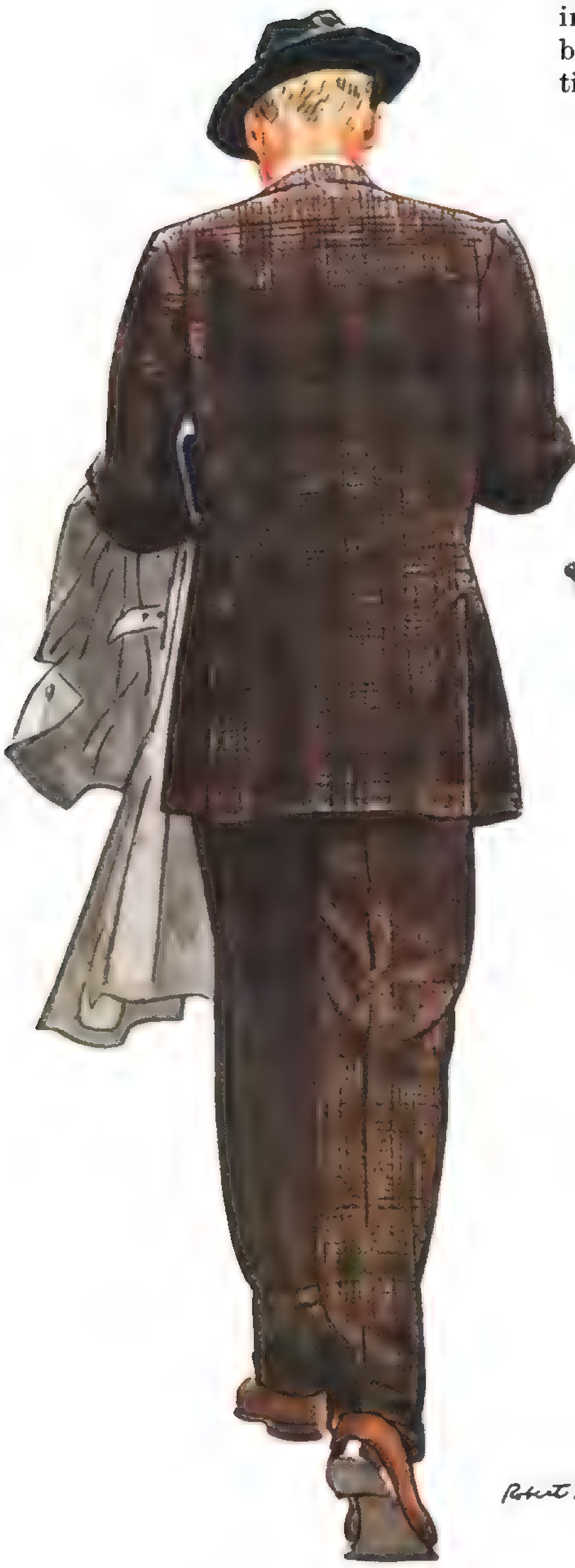
Shave & haircut through the ages. Twenty years ago a wandering Swedish barber who had trimmed beards in St. Petersburg, cut hair in Paris, shaved whiskers in Berlin, and shampooed scalps in London, stood before some frescoes in Cairo's National Museum and was shaken to the core. The frescoes, which portrayed barbering in ancient times, changed his life. He kept on barbering, but struck by the ancient and honorable history of his craft, this modern Figaro thereafter devoted his spare time and money to research into the history and traditions of barbering. Now Master Barber Charles De Zemler, from his dazzling shop in Radio City, is able to maintain that his collection of the utensils, instruments, and artifacts of his profession is the most extensive in the world. And now at long last he has written his knowledge into a book: *Once Over Lightly, The Story of Man and His Hair* (privately printed, $3.75). Plentifully illustrated, it's instructive and entertaining. Mr. De Zemler, like the good barber he is, could not resist buttressing the historical and literary chapters with a practical section of tips on the care of the hair, and with a philosophic chapter, *What of Tomorrow?*

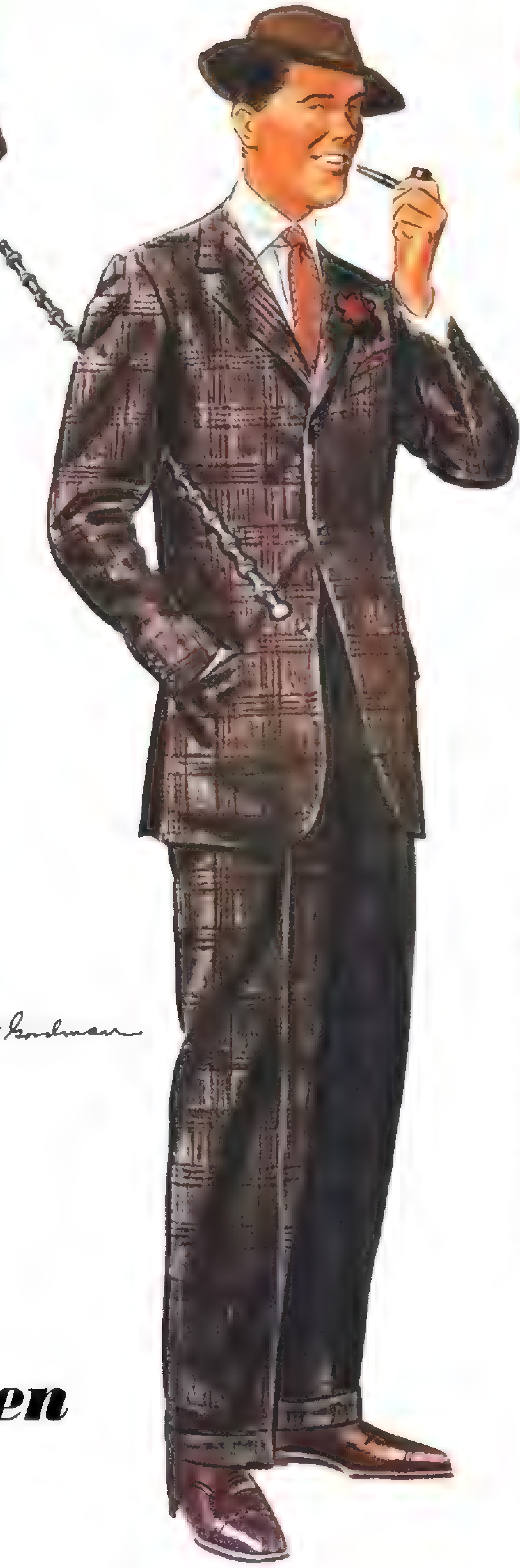
Hitler—washed up & doesn't know it? If it wasn't that two years ago I read an authoritative "inside" book that proved Japan's internal economy couldn't stand the strain of a China war for more than eight months, I'd pluck up a hope or two from Heinrich Hauser's *Battle Against Time*, "A survey of the Germany of 1939 from the Inside" (Scribner's, $3).

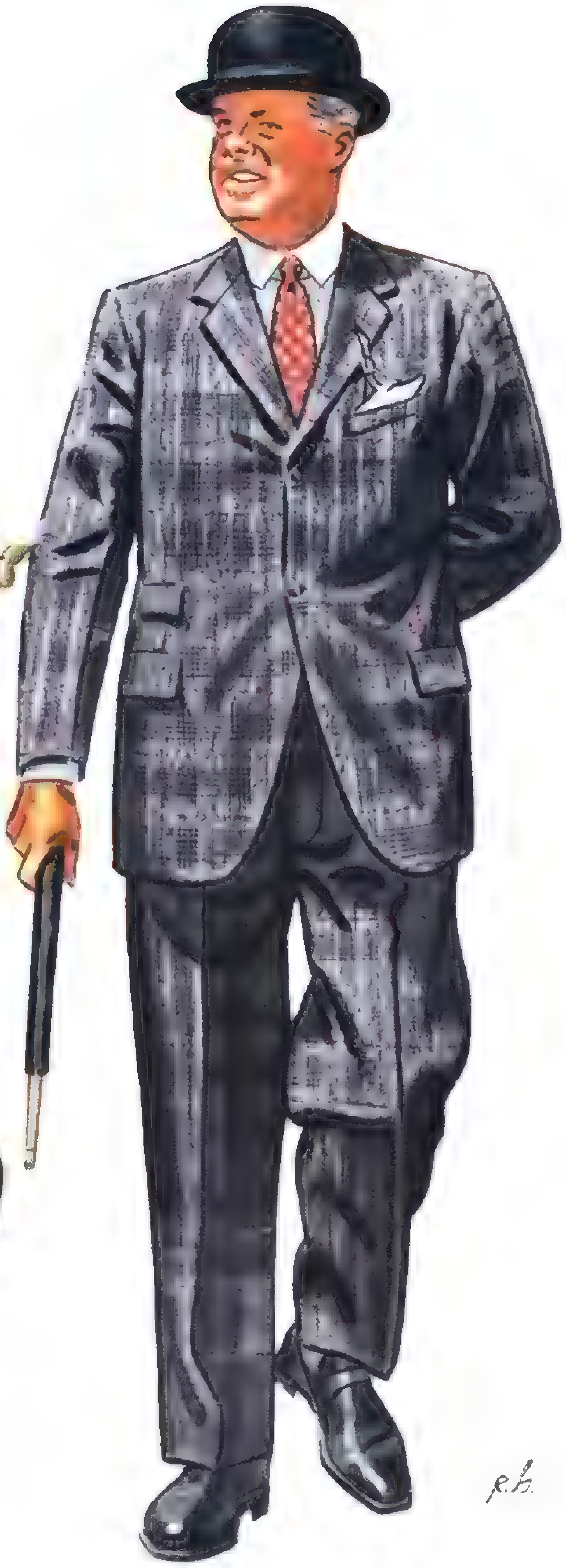
Mr. Hauser believes that Nazi Germany cannot stand three years of war, and that the Hitler government will not survive. He has produced 377 pages of fact about the labor situation, the debit and credit sides of the Four-Year Plan, the plight of the peasant, the motor highways and the "miracle" auto, the State Youth, the attempts to gear in the Austrian economy, and the military strength of the Third Reich. There is a good chapter on Goering and an-

Continued on page 108

YOU'VE seen Glen Urquhart patterns in their various manifestations often enough before in these pages to know that they never have been out. This all-Glen fashion roundup, however, should serve to emphasize the fact that they are definitely in today, at the same time affording an up-to-the-minute review of the latest trends in Glens. Mild and ultra-subdued versions have held favor for some time, but the current swing to informality and lustier leisurewear brings Glens back with all the authentic, richer colorings of their originals.







HERE are three Glen Urquhart suits, correct for semi-sports, town, spectator or travel occasions. At the far left is a bold pattern that blends to create an all-over effect despite the rust overplaid that enriches the brown ground color. At left is a fawn color three-button notched lapel model with deep side vents. Note the double red overplaid. Above is a paddock model with single breasted front, bottom button *at* waistline. The long line thus achieved adds desired height to the portly, as do the vertical stripes and cuffless trousers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

the wearing o' the glen

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 99-106

other on Ley and his Labor Front. The first chapter, *Berlin in the Summer of 1939* is a vivid piece of writing which brings Germany closer to the understanding than many statistics and documents.

I have read too many books about Hitler and Nazi Germany; I'm groggy. Yet I must admit that they have been on a high plane, far more worthy of respect than the parallel crop on the U.S.S.R. And there hasn't been a better one than Heinrich Hauser's.

DELUGE HITS BRITISH RAINSTICK. For an understanding of England I recommend with enthusiasm Helen R. Kirkpatrick's *Under the British Umbrella* (Scribner's, $2.75), a bright, up-to-date report. Helen Kirkpatrick, a foreign correspondent and formerly of the Foreign Policy Association's League of Nations staff, is friendly but has a keen eye for weaknesses in British character and policy.

The book is really in two parts. The first five chapters explain the workings of the English mind and institutions: the cabinet, the civil service, the press and its lords. The picture of the low living standards of the underdogs, the "depressed" classes, is appalling. Forty-seven per cent of working class children are below normal height for their age (also 4.8 per cent of the rich), and only 19 per cent of poor children have normal red-blood content. Fifteen out of every thousand children in the industrial center of England are tubercular, and 52 per cent are underweight. This is one of the two countries commonly referred to in our press as a democracy. In the other one, France, conditions are as bad and in some cases worse.

Miss Kirkpatrick says the spirit of experiment is almost totally lacking in the Englishman. (Did you ever, as host to a visiting English cousin, try to interest him in American foods?) She reveals how voluntary press censorship had kept the people blind, so that at the end they were taken utterly aback by Nazi moves. She recites in detail the colossal stupidity of British policy (Chapters 6 to 18), exculpating Eden, naming Austen Chamberlain as the only post-war British statesman of caliber, and stripping Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain, and Simon bare. Laval and MacDonald come out very badly, but excuses are found for Hoare. To Miss Kirkpatrick, Sir John Simon is old, calculating, overambitious, insincere, and the man who more than any other is responsible for the sellout of China and Ethiopia. He sabotaged disarmament and is the real father of appeasement, which began in 1932 vis-à-vis Japan. Runciman, Monsell, and Lord Swinton are also down on the Judas list.

Even though it ends on the pious better-day-coming note, which also characterized this type of book in the last World War, *Under the British Umbrella* is a splendid job. I rank it above Sheean's *Not Peace but a Sword.*

THE CARIBEES, BORNEO, 40° BELOW & THE TRAVEL ITCH. Two books that are more fond of nature in the raw than they are of the domesticated variety are *Caribbean Treasure*, by Ivan T. Sanderson (Viking, $3), and *Land Below the Wind*, by Agnes Newton Keith (Little, Brown, $3).

Caribbean Treasure, by the author of *Animal Treasure*, tells the adventures of a scientist and his wife in search of odd creeping and crawling things in Trinidad, Haiti, and Dutch Guiana, enlivened further by Mr. Sanderson's excellent drawings of animals you might have dreamed in a nightmare but never thought existed. His intimacy with these monstrosities, and his love for the wild and beautiful country where they live, makes one pause to wonder whether, after all, civilization is the pleasant mode of life we generally think it. We might be having a better time consorting with the bat, the peccary and the anteater, far from the bleating radio.

Agnes Keith's book won the Atlantic $5000 non-fiction prize. The *Land Below the Wind* is North Borneo, where the American Mrs. Keith went to live as the bride of an English colonial. She has written an original and entertaining book about her life in Sandakan, capital of North Borneo, and her trips to the enchanting islands around it and into the interior. Her description of Englishmen dressing for dinner in the wilds and keeping up the social amenities is vivid and amusing, but more sympathetic and understanding than usual. Here is one place an American finds Englishmen good.

The Canadian Arctic is feeling a boom. Copper, silver, gold, and pitchblende are being mined by a new set of pioneers. In the pitchblende field alone the new production of radium has brought in fortunes and at the same time resulted in a price drop of the world's most expensive object from $70,000 to $25,000 an ounce.

Edgar Laytha lived among the miners, and in *North Again for Gold* (Stokes, $3), he turns in a true-adventure story that will keep you reading. (Incidentally, he notes that Esquire is the favorite magazine up there.)

An agreeable book on traveling and the wanderlust is Tibor Koeves' *Time Table for Tramps* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3). Mr. Koeves, a Hungarian journalist now living in the U.S., looks back on his odyssey and writes nostalgically of the new countries, sites, and customs he discovered and of the strange passion that moves people to brave hostile customs officials, hotels, foods, and railroads, in a species of knight-errantry devoid of a specific object. In the bargain he gives us a picture of Europeans working, loving, and amusing themselves up to the first of September, 1939.

CRAZY OVER HORSES. The horse, who has worked for man, fought for him and amused him, is celebrated in two good books. *For Gold and Glory*, by Charles B. Parmer (Carrick & Evans, $3.50) the first book to give the complete story of thoroughbred racing in America, is a racy narrative, illustrated with 22 photographs. Mr. Parmer has amassed such an amount of information and dispensed it so brightly that I think *For Gold and Glory* would convert a reformer into a reader of the *Racing Forum.*

In *The History and Romance of the Horse* (Waverly House, $3.75) Arthur Vernon covers more ground. He begins 45,000,000 years back with Eohippus, the Dawn Horse, and ends with some guesses about the animal's future. In between are chapters on wild horses, including zebra, Asiatics, mustangs, and the art of taming; the horse when knighthood was in flower; coach horses and pony expresses, glamor horses, working horses, military horses, racers of turf and track, the main breeds and strains, and the ass, mule, and pony. Drawings by E. J. Donelly are excellent. ⧻

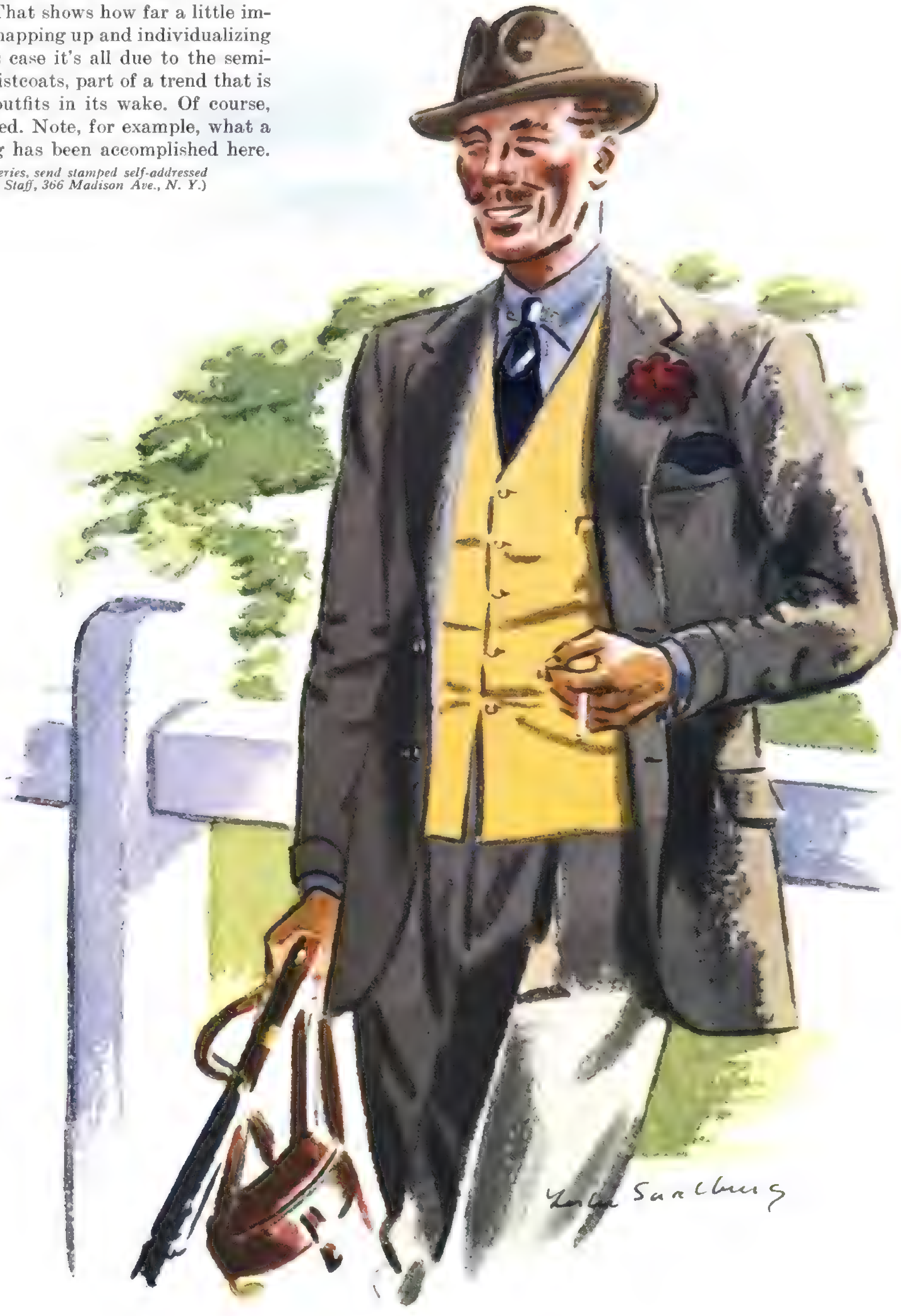
A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MYSTERIES

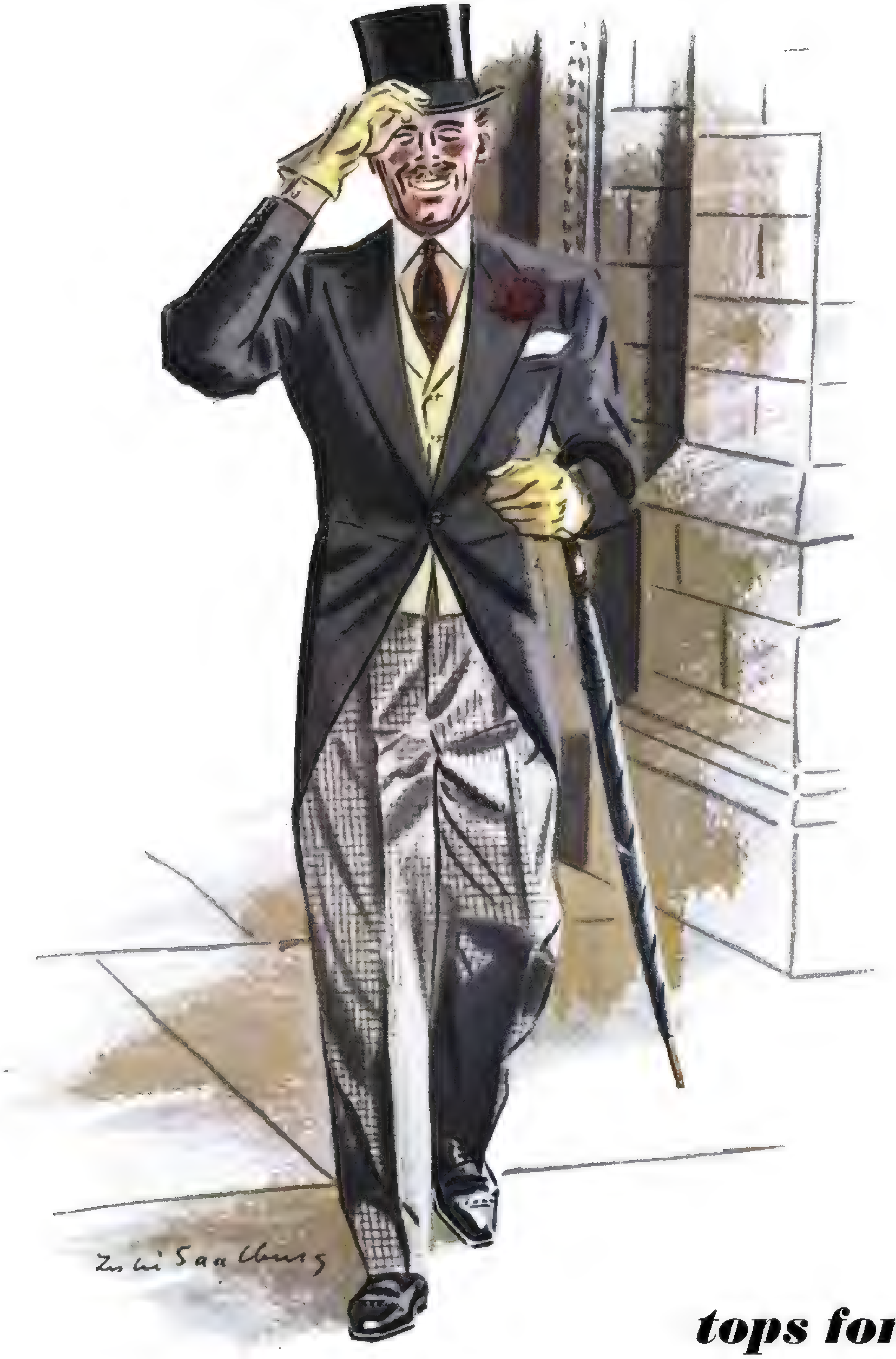
Name and author	Locale	Sleuth	Characters	Plot	Corpses	Style	Rating*	Remarks
The Theme is Murder, by Gavin Holt (Simon & Schuster, $2)	English country manor	Joel Saber, ex-Scotland Yard, now on his own	Darren family, servants, hangers-on	Luke Darren hires Joel to protect him from sudden death, but Luke's brother turns out to be the corpse. Bottled passions, a phony Russian princess, a temperamental composer, an underground tunnel, beautiful women.	1	Swift, humorous	☆☆☆	Why must we have tunnels?
The Case of the Deadly Diary, by William Du Bois (Little, Brown, $2)	From newspaper office to a Fla. hideaway	Jack Jordan, ace reporter	Newsmen, and men who are news	Publisher Carey is going to print dirt-spiller Larry Ray's diary, telling all about people in high places. He's killed before he can do it, and the diary's stolen.	3	Snappy	☆☆½	Flat finale.
The Stars Spell Death, by Jonathan Stagge (Crime Club, $2).	Small town of Kenmore	Inspector Cobb, but he doesn't matter	Dr. Hugh Westlake, relatives, spies	Dr. Westlake finds his own dead body one night, and that starts lurid events involving a will, a horoscope, and Foreigners.	4, strictly speaking	Pleasant	☆☆	Too bad the stars got mixed up in it.
The Winter Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine (Scribners, $1.75)	Rexon Manor, N.Y.	Philo Vance, last appearance	The rich Rexons, and guests	Vance is asked by friend Carrington Rexon to help guard his jewels, and arrives in time for murder of a caretaker.	2	Don't you know?	Story is little more than a skeleton, as Van Dine left it.	Shows Van Dine's faults glaringly.
No Wind of Blame, by Georgette Heyer (Crime Club, $2)	English country house	Hemingway from Scotland Yard, with a sense of humor	Pleasantly crazy Carter and a suspicious guest	After much buildup of character tensions, Wallis Carter is killed in plain view of his friends. No trace of the killer.	1	Slow, but with humor	☆☆☆	More action for mine.
The Corpse with the Purple Thighs, by George Bagby (Crime Club, $2)	Mad college reunion	Inspector Schmidt, with sore feet	Assorted old classmates and crooks	In midst of drunken spree, George finds corpse in an alley and summons help; meantime, corpse has left.	3	Humorous	☆☆☆	Weak close.
Dragon's Cave, by Clyde B. Clason (Crime Club, $2)	Chicago and the old rundown Wellington mansion	Theocritus Lucius Westborough, scholar	Ma, brothers, beautiful sister, and friends	Old man Wellington, collector of ancient weapons, is found in his arms room half minus a head. Motive motive, who's got the motive?	3	Good and bad, or bad and good	☆☆½	Theocritus is stuffy.
Death at the Bar, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown, $2)	English hamlet	Detective Inspector Alleyn, Scotland Yard	Local denizens and vacationers.	Nasty barrister killed at dart board. Who put prussic acid in the iodine, and why?	1	Straight	☆☆½	Not up to her last two.
The Norths Meet Murder, by Frances & Richard Lockridge, (Stokes, $2)	New York	Detective Lieutenant Weigand	Pam and Gerald North, and friends	The Norths find a naked corpse in the empty flat upstairs, where Pam was going to give a party. She gives that party, finally, but to trap the killer.	2	Smooth, humorous. Tops!	☆☆☆½ *Four stars is tops	Let's have lots more of the same.

a pinch of spice

GRANTED a grey flannel suit is the essence of conservatism. Granted a blue tie and blue shirt cause no alarm. And granted a brown hat isn't headline news. Granted? Then how do you explain the alert appearance of the outfit shown on this page? That's right—all of these passive fashion ingredients are brought to life with a sporting dash of hunting yellow in the form of a square front postboy waistcoat. That shows how far a little imagination will go toward snapping up and individualizing the male uniform. In this case it's all due to the semi-sports influence of odd waistcoats, part of a trend that is leaving drab, monotone outfits in its wake. Of course, judgment must be exercised. Note, for example, what a neat job of color blending has been accomplished here.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)





tops for Easter

If you emulate this paragon of sartorial perfection comes Easter morning, don't forget the leather handled umbrella. You'll need it for beating off the photographers. Well, all right, maybe it isn't quite that good. But you will have to admit that, reading from the black silk topper to the black and brown calf shoes, or vice versa, this outfit stands at the head of the daytime formal class. It goes like this: black unfinished worsted morning coat, small check Saxony cuffless trousers, cream color linen waistcoat with step collar and almost square front, light tan broadcloth shirt, white starched collar, brown beige and red check tie, stickpin, red carnation and yellow chamois gloves. Quite an outlay—but what a layout!

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Passing of the Last Playboy

Continued from page 58

himself in the newspapers. Because they insisted on having proof he went back and had a newsreel man take a picture of him making the dive, nearly killing himself in the attempt. His classmates said the picture was faked. But they could never quite believe—for some of them knew him personally—that Halliburton was really a phony. Inwardly, the main thing they held against him was that he had seen, done, and felt more in a single year than they did in all their lives, and that he made plenty of money doing it. Eventually Halliburton's antics were to give the 1920's the only neurosis from which Freud and Jung could not deliver them.

The intelligentsia pretended to forgive the foolhardy stunts of Halliburton. It was his colored prose that made them howl. He professed himself, said his swivel chair critics, to be on the side of youth and daring. But he expressed his faith in these virtues in too lurid language. He was the agent provocateur of youth.

The undergraduates, in particular, were sure as they always are, that they were pretty fast numbers themselves. They were anxious to stop this fugitive from a University Club membership committee. Ten years out of college, when he should rightly have been showing a round spot on his belly and on the back of his head, he was making their own cocktail-nourished youth appear pallid. He could dish it out, but they couldn't take it.

Sometimes Halliburton, all unwittingly, drove those whom he fettered with envy to extreme lengths. Imitating Leander, he swam the Hellespont. An American naval captain named Mannix had done so at the time of the Greco-Turkish war, but nobody remembered. For two days Halliburton was reported drowned, and then he came up alive. Quite innocently, he got a heavy press break. The summer afterward, a group of undergraduates from the Ivy Three, together with some girls from Smith, thought so hard about the impertinence of this exploit that they determined to show up the impostor themselves. Triumphantly they swam the Straits and told the papers they had done so. They felt that in this way they must have silenced the poseur forever. But they were wrong. They did not understand Halliburton. The flattery of imitation and the barbs of jealousy were both lost on him. He simply went ahead with a plan to swim the Panama Canal.

The one or two friends who were close enough to Halliburton to know him well understood that Dick did not consider himself a high diver or a long distance swimmer any more than Hemingway considered himself a bull fighter. He started out doing things because of a deep inner dissatisfaction with experience as recorded in poetry, plays, books, motion pictures and other secondhand derivatives. He swam the Hellespont, incredible as it may seem, only because he wanted to feel what Leander felt. He did not have in mind commercializing his exploits when he first undertook them. *The Glorious Adventure* carried him on the trail of Ulysses, but when he started out, he was not after a book, but only a good time. He happened to get both. When he found that what he had told of his experience, this bubbling and frivolous narrative—which he himself described as naïve, but harmless—pleased millions of simple people who infinitely preferred the sensual to the intellectual approach to life, he was boyishly delighted. Could a steady livelihood and more sea-changes be so easily combined? Then he would combine them.

It is undeniable that his ingenuous, perhaps immature nature, frequently betrayed him. To many persons it is the height of ridiculousness for a man who wishes to get the feeling of the magnitude of the Panama Canal to go to the trouble of swimming its length from one ocean to the other. It is either banal or blatant, depending on how you look at it, for anyone to weigh himself in as the good ship *S. S. Richard Halliburton* and pay corresponding tax by the long ton as he passes through the Gatun locks. It is not very funny, and probably it is a little crazy.

Next month Esquire begins a new feature, portraying representative dogs of various breeds, as photographed in full color by Henry Waxman.

Before you condemn him for being an eternal sophomore, ask yourself whether you now experience anything as deeply and excitingly as you could in your sophomoric time. To many people it is as nonsensical to swim from Scylla to Charybdis, as Halliburton attempted to do—and failed—as it would be for a man who wished to understand the magnitude of the Empire State Building to walk up all the 101 flights of stairs. This might be a way to apprehend in his natural body something of the titanic upward effort against nature involved in this edifice. But it would be a hard way. It was Halliburton's way. He was not satisfied to observe the giants of our day. He wanted to try himself against them, conquer them if he could, be conquered if he could not.

The industrial age has increasingly limited our apprehension to our intellect, cheating us of nature, narrowing physical sensation upon the limited field of erotics, politics and war. But Halliburton from the beginning dismissed these kinds of escapism. He cast about, like Rimbaud, for the fantastic adventures still open to the body. And he recited them—contrary to the charges of enemies most of whom were too jealous of his sales to read his books—with all the modesty and self-deprecation required of a good republican, and even with disarming good spirits.

He traveled light, dressed in suit, shoes and socks all black, rather like an undertaker. Unlike Richard Harding Davis, his earlier prototype, who affected the English manner and dressed for dinner even at Vera Cruz, Halliburton came across a new border with no personal baggage except an extra pair of socks stuffed in his typewriter and a toothbrush upside down in his breast pocket. His first anxiety, when he hit a new place, like that of D. H. Lawrence, was to get the feel of it. He went neither to governmental statistics nor to foreign correspondents, who habitually see the country where they are posted through the ridiculously narrow prism of the current pattern in politics. Instead, he immediately reached out for the common man; somehow whether he knew the language or not, he managed to talk to everybody. From the common man he got the feel of the country. Little of his technique of acquaintance, at which he was a master, appeared in his books and all of it was badly written. "I don't know how to write," he would say. "I depend on history for inspiration." For years he had been secretly at work upon a biography of Rupert Brooke. He had almost a groveling admiration for creative and experimental writing. Hollywood, on the other hand, he considered a kind of burlesque house.

To get the feel of the country was a necessary preliminary to the stunt that he wished to undertake. In Russia both the Communists and the resident correspondents were incensed because he sneaked into Siberia and managed to get a really sensational confession of the jailer and the executioner of Tsar Nicholas' royal family. Stalin had him escorted to the border. He was carried aboard a Black Sea steamer while he was ill with a high fever caught in the Caucasus. But before the Communists expelled him for *lèse-proletariat*, he had written two delightful pro-Soviet sketches of a circus school near Moscow and a Christmas Eve party in a prostitutes' reform house, where a playlet made a reformed streetwalker become Communist ambassador to Washington.

In those days the magazine *Vanity Fair* had not only a *Hall of Fame*, a root of the inane celebrity madness of our own time, but also a department called, if memory serves, *We Nominate for Obscurity*. Halliburton was honored by being included in this supposedly lethal chamber, and the smart editors hung on him some phrase about having betrayed and commercialized the ideals of a generation of adolescents. Still the poseur refused to die.

It was Halliburton's fate to sound more pretentious than he was. As an author he might consider himself to be a hack, and say so, unashamedly. But he knew that he was not a fraud. All his arrogance and the flaunting of himself that the college set charged him with was their own accusation of themselves, no more. If he was well paid to appear before a woman's club or in the auditorium of a department store, he behaved as what the theatre calls "a swell trouper": he gave them a good show for their money and everybody was satisfied.

He was a generous friend. To many a man and woman attempting to coast their way through the cynical 20's and the heart-breaking 30's, he gave money without giving advice or asking an I. O. U. Both publishers' row in New York and writers' row in Hollywood found him, for a playboy, a bafflingly acute businessman. While we are being soft on him, let's admit even worse: he deeply loved his father and mother, sent gifts by scores to them in Memphis wherever he went, and dedicated his first book to them. But he never piled up much money and with eel-like suppleness he avoided marriage. In this sense only he lived the dashing irresponsible life attributed to him by those who wished they might have filled his cracked black shoes.

To his hosts all over the world he remained, even after the last gangplank fell, a faithful and frequent correspondent. *Partir c'est mourir un peu* was almost his favorite phrase. Yet, though he paid for all hospitality in entertainment and usually in cash, too, he rarely forgot to write a bread-and-butter letter as well. There was even a streak of formalism in him, perhaps from his Tennessee origin. He rarely answered personal mail on the typewriter, but wrote pages of longhand to his friends, holding to even the obscure among them with firm affection. Unlike most adventurers, he was genuinely interested in the ceremonies of the civilized savages

Continued on page 112

The Passing of the Last Playboy

Continued from pages 58-111

of every country, including his own, and respected them all. He could swim in the pool of the Taj Mahal and yet fundamentally admire this faith, and every other.

Halliburton was repeatedly charged with falsification. To these accusations he made no answer in his entire career, except a stray shot or two from the lecture platform. Shortly before leaving for China he made his first and last reply, his only apologia and in a way his testament. It was occasioned by a letter from a nineteen-year-old freshman in an Eastern college who wrote to tell him that the bull sessions in his dormitory abhorred Richard Halliburton.

"Do you know what my friends say?" wrote the boy. "They say your books are not true, that you make it all up. They say that everybody knows the pool in front of the Taj Mahal, where you claim to have gone swimming, is only three inches deep. They say you never were on Devil's Island; that you never really swam the Panama Canal, but had a boat pull you through; that you never got across the Alps on your elephant. All the newspapers reported that a dog bit your elephant as soon as you started and made you run back home. Now, how shall I answer them? What shall I believe? I defend you every step and every word, but they only laugh at me. I show them the pictures in your books—the proof. They only say, 'Probably made in Hollywood.' And so that's why I'm writing to you. I want to find out the truth. Am I being taken in? Was the most exciting adventure I ever experienced—my first discovery of the *Royal Road to Romance*—really based on a false faith and a false prophet? Won't you please come to my rescue? If you'll just write me one line—three words, 'They are true,' I'll stand up before all hell's devils in your defense."

It was this letter that snapped Halliburton out of his indifference. The accumulated weight of false accusation welled up within him. Instead of writing three words of answer, he wrote almost 3,000. He answered every quibble. "Contrary to the claims of 'several critics,' *Time* Magazine and your skeptical friends," he wrote, "let me assure you that my books are true stories and that the photographs which prove them true were taken with a perfectly honest camera on the spot claimed by the captions. Like yourself I have found that my severest critics are those who have not read a line I've written, but are only repeating legends they have heard from other non-readers. And the more absurd the legend the more firmly it seems to become fixed—the sooner it becomes a 'fact.'"

Everyone who knew Halliburton had seen him plow through dozens of adulatory letters from boys and girls in the high school age, which his publishers, Bobbs-Merrill, shipped him in fortnightly batches. What was there about this one letter that stung him to answer? Was it a premonition that this crossing of the Pacific was to be his last? I doubt it. Probably he simply sensed the boy had a heart and quickened to this loyalty. To be defended was such an unusual experience that it won him utterly.

"For fourteen years," he wrote, "the most august literary journals in America have held up to me, and to their credulous readers, the 'fact' that the Taj Mahal is only three inches deep; and with this as a text proceeded to scoff at the veracity of my books in general. But the error is not mine. The error is caused by the blindness of the average tourist who visits the famous tomb. There is a long reflecting-pool, ten feet wide, kept clean of vegetation and adjourned with fountains, stretching down the Taj gardens from the entrance gate to the tomb, which is three inches deep. But in the exact center of this reflecting-pool, one not only finds a raised lily pool five feet deep and twenty feet square, but one actually has to mount up to it and walk around it, in order to pass from the garden gate to the Taj itself."

Halliburton swam in the pool in 1922 and again in 1932, telling about it in the *Royal Road to Romance* and again in *The Flying Carpet*, but it was still believed that he was deceiving the world. The freshman did not accuse him of having faked his climb of Fujiyama in midwinter, but Halliburton, in this last declaration of honesty, went out of his way to defend himself, as though he knew he would have nothing more to say from the slow weeds on the Pacific's floor. He pointed out that the Japanese newspapers had accepted the story because they perceived that his pictures of the great crater filled with snow—the first of that kind ever taken—were unquestionably authentic. Even the Japanese mountaineering clubs had given him credit for the daring climb.

As time went on he became a worse messiah of do-and-dare but a better newspaperman. By the time Hoover had gone, the early Halliburton had also vanished. But he was not cast aside, sucked dry, like so many darlings of the 20's. He became a good word-a-day hack, with an increasingly competent newspaper style for which the feature syndicates which filled the Sunday scandal sheets were ready to pay at steady, if not lavish, terms.

Among his personal and trusted friends—he had literally tens of thousands of publicity mollusks who eagerly claimed to know him and were silent when he was derided, but only a handful of friends—among these he led all the rest in making fun of his own writings. "I never get a letter from anybody over eighteen years old, except people that want money," he used to say. He considered it a great joke that anyone could write as badly as he did and still make a good living out of it. At the same time, he refused to accept the poseur's brand that his own jealous contemporaries tried to thrust upon him. He may have been a hack, but he had to work hard even to be that much. Of course, it griped him profoundly to be accused as the self-seeking messiah of a pilgrimage of high school adolescents. But in a sense his soul was more at peace than those of his enemies. He had known the adventures and the money was rolling in, while his critics could only envy him both of these.

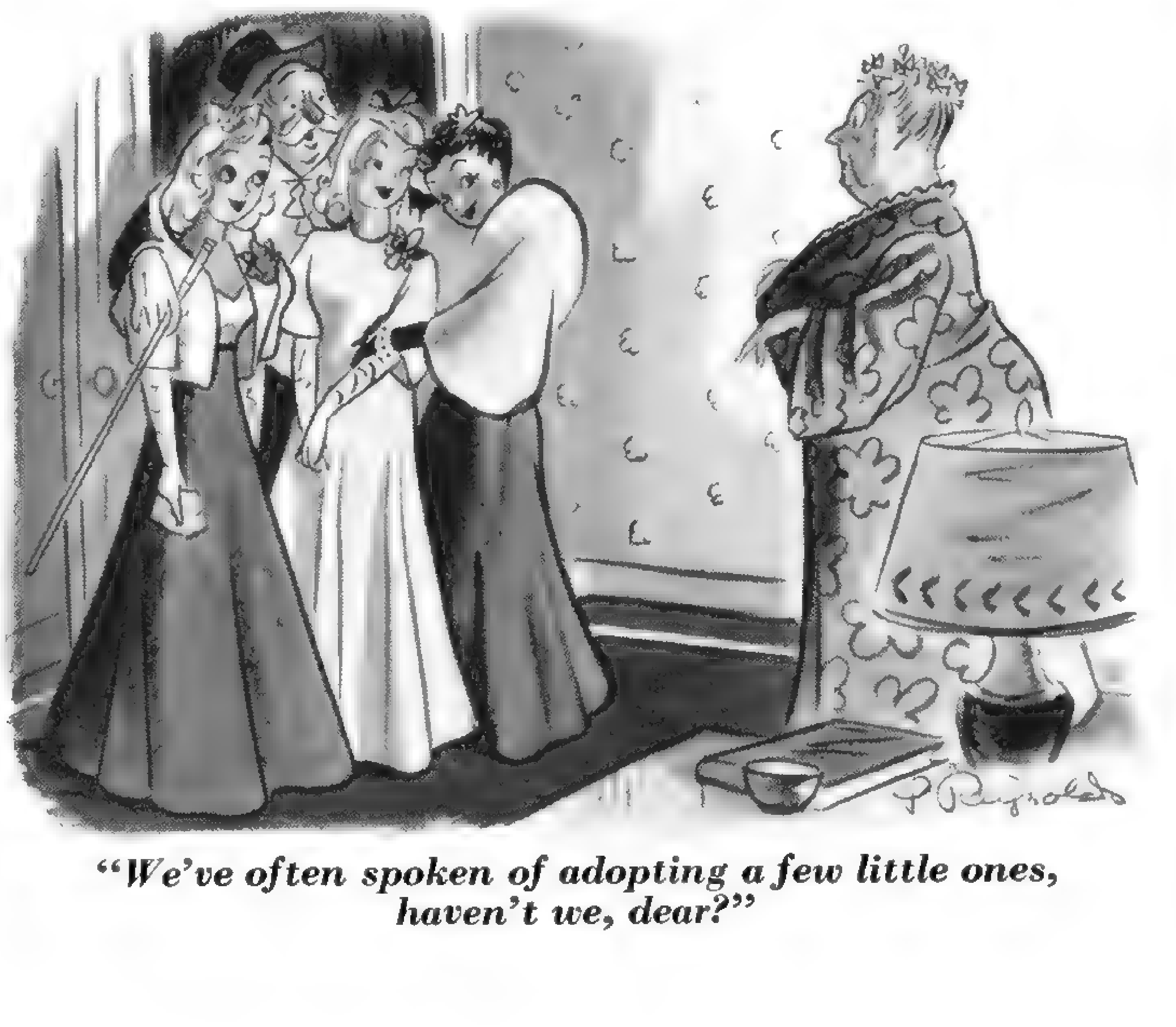
Halliburton had so much plain courage that if any of his stunts had been done in the service of any creed or organization, it is probable that he would have been made a hero. If he had been dramatizing a political party when he climbed the Pyramid of Cheops, if he had gone through India and wrestled with a cobra in the name of some Occidental religion or faith like Buchmanism (which he detested and helped chase out of Princeton), if he had claimed he visited Devil's Island, Dr. Mudd's Shark Island and swam the Canal all in the interest of a patriotic citizen inspecting our Caribbean defenses and peering for spies—then he might have had a pattern for posterity. But Halliburton lacked evangelism. He did all his exploits for himself alone, for his own independent pleasure. Against the creeping collectivism of the present such a simple purpose can be made to seem not only selfish but immoral.

Halliburton's fatal adventure was, relatively speaking, not his most dangerous one. The Chinese Junk *Sea Dragon* was a substantial 75-foot craft, specially fitted for a trans-Pacific crossing. Her poop was high, of course, but the rocking chair appearance of these craft does not make them unseaworthy any more than the Spanish galleons which knew these same seas. Moreover, Halliburton had placed in command over himself and the dozen-odd men who sailed with him Captain John Wenlock Welch, an Australian master mariner of unlimited rating in both sail and steam, who had taken grain clippers around the Horn and United Fruiters to Central America, a technician of the sea so able that he advised in motion pictures for both Universal and Fox.

They met their typhoon when they were a month out of Hongkong, about 1200 miles west of Midway Island. Captain Welch sent his last message to his old friend Captain Collins, master of the *President Coolidge*. It read: "Southerly gales. Squalls. Lee rail under water. Hardtack. Bully beef. Wet trunks. Having wonderful time. Wish you were here instead of me." That night the seas ran the height of a four-story building, and the *President Coolidge* had to cut down from twenty knots to six. Whatever happened to the *Sea Dragon*—a smashed rudder? a sidewise turn before a giant breaking sea? a sudden yielding of seams? only the sea knows. The radio itself was quenched without a word. Even the date is uncertain, for the junk was just crossing the 180 degree international date line.

It was a strange way for Halliburton to die, in a Chinese junk in mid-Pacific, and not alone, as he always had been. But, leaving all questions of heroism aside—the adventure only being a nonsensical part of the San Francisco World's Fair—it was not, on the whole, a bad way for Halliburton to pass on.

He went out tracelessly, courageously, in mid-adventure, and in the pattern of heroes without claiming to be one. He had friends as brave and foolhardy as himself to ride with him on his flying carpet toward this last glorious adventure, this royal road to romance. It is hard to think of him dying, but to imagine him accompanying the century into its forties is painful. Perhaps it is better that Richard Halliburton crossed the dateline of time and life, too, 1200 miles west of Midway. ⧺



"We've often spoken of adopting a few little ones, haven't we, dear?"

An Affair in Tahiti

Continued from page 77

did not want me to see his eyes.

"Nice night," I said. And then, impulsively: "Care to come down to my cabin and have a slug of whisky? I can't sleep."

To my amazement he accepted. He *did* want to talk to somebody! When he asked to be excused for a moment first, I gathered that he wished to wash his face.

In a passageway I encountered Arnold Gerich.

"Just looking for you. Why don't you come up and join us? We're all stinko. We'll make the guy keep open."

I shook my head. It was not that I disliked Gerich. He was loud-mouthed and rich, a heavy drinker, but good-hearted enough. All he asked was to have a grand time. He had been in Tahiti five or six busy weeks, and liked to talk about women. He might have left a few babies there. He had certainly left a lot of money.

"I'm working."

"You're a hell of an author. If you're going to keep people awake, why not do it with your lungs instead of a typewriter?"

I grinned, and slipped past him to my stateroom, and rang for ice. A few minutes later Harmon came in, his face clean, his eyes scarcely red at all. We drank. We never did get the ice.

Later I learned that Harmon had eaten only one orange all day. The drink I poured must have been stronger than I thought, and it hit him, with his empty stomach, very hard. Twenty minutes afterward, I'm sure without having intended to do so, he was telling me the story.

It was an old story and familiar. Harmon had fallen in love, and he took it seriously, which was too bad; for in Tahiti love is not a condition to moan and groan about, a thing involving fervent vows, sacrifice, suffering, deprivation, but rather, like so many other things there, an excuse for a party, an occasion for having a good time. The lover in those parts does not weep by moonlight or with rolling eyes forlornly amble through fields of daffodils. He laughs and sings. If his *vahine* is unfaithful to him, which happens often enough, he floors her with a right hook and afterwards embraces and forgives her, or else he goes out and gets drunk and finds another woman. He doesn't search long.

"I know what you're thinking. That I lost my head over just another native girl. Well, it isn't so. I'm not pretending that Tita was any spotless virgin when I met her—"

"Tita?"

"You know her?"

"Well, there are various Titas. Go on."

"Well, I know how they take things there. I know they don't attach any importance to chastity and so forth, and never have. It's just the way they are, and all the missionaries in the world couldn't change them. I know that. And as I say, I never for a moment believed, and Tita never tried to make me think, that she was a virgin when I met her. I'm broadminded. I'm no fool. What's past is past.

"But she was no town girl! She was no bum! You never caught her hanging around Quinn's or the Col Bleu. And I know that she really loved me. I *know* that!"

He glared into his empty glass.

"We had a little *niau* shack out in Punaauia. All the stories you've ever heard about people being happy in the South Seas—"

Of course he had snapshots. Fancy a lover without them! Very soon he was passing them to me one by one, carelessly asserting of each that it did not really do her justice, and watching my face for signs of approval. He must have read more than approval there.

"You do know her, then?"

"Well, slightly."

This was a lie; for I knew Tita very well. She was one of the best looking girls on the island. She was all of twenty, and in another year or so she'd be getting fat and laughter-flabby, but at the time she was sheer loveliness. She was petite, she was well formed, and had supple joints, large vivacious eyes, a swift grin. Her feet were not notably large, as is too often the case among local beauties, and best of all she had good teeth. Good teeth are seldom met with in Tahiti, where the native diet or the air or something works against them. Fully many a tourist who has read Melville, Stevenson, O'Brien, Maugham and the *Bounty* books, as Harmon had done, gets a shock when his first Papeete cutie flashes her smile. He is reminded then of the window of a jewelry store; but the display is not pearls. Tita, however, did not have a speck of gold in her mouth. Whether she had any in her heart is something even I, who knew her well and indeed had lived with her some four months, would not venture to guess.

When I list myself thus blandly among the men of Tita's past I claim no rare distinction. She was a girl built for love, who wasted none of her talents, and by this I mean not the slightest disrespect. In civilized places there is something inherently disgusting about a woman, howsoever otherwise glamorous, who flits from bed to bed. In Tahiti there is not. And I must insist that the difference is not merely one of formal ethics but also of racial customs, tradition and training, or if you will, lack of training. The women in that favored isle are not straitjacketed from childhood with the idea of original sin. If they love you they'll be true to you, but only as long as they do love you. And while their love is always warm and merry, and sometimes tender as well, it has about it a fluid quality which eludes the ropes and stakes of European morality.

Tita had loved me for a while. She had left me for a large and appallingly ignorant stevedore who was half Swedish, one-quarter Tahitian and one-quarter Chinese, an event which caused me to feel very bad for almost a week: in those days I was new in Polynesia and had not quite got the swing of things.

"We had this little *niau* shack . . . She used to go into town every other morning on the early truck, and do the marketing. Then we'd just fool around all day. We used to climb up the mountains sometimes, or go walking up the Punaaru valley and swim in one of those fresh water pools . . . God! it was wonderful!"

I could believe this. The days I spent with Tita were among the happiest I had known. But I did not mention this fact to Harmon.

"She had a guitar, and I used to get her to play native songs. The only one I wouldn't ever let her play was *Papio*." He looked up at me. "The words are all filthy, somebody told me."

"Well, yes, they are."

"Well, so I'd heard, and I didn't like the idea of her singing it. She wasn't sore. She used to laugh at me about it."

He wetted his lips.

"I would have married her. I wanted to. But it was sort of difficult to explain."

"Don't you speak French?"

"A little. I had a couple of years of it in high school, but I never had a chance to practice it and I'd forgotten a lot."

He had been there eight weeks, and during that time, knowing Tita, whom he had met the first day, he did not care to know anybody else. In the friendliest place in the world he was without a friend. Though he'd arrived with every intention of studying the native customs, seeing all he could see, making notes, storing away a variety of memories, he had seldom been budged from Punaauia. Tita was enough. After all, what more could a man ask? All this he had in the honesty of his soul tried to explain to his parents back in Trenton, New Jersey. Many a cleverer man might have failed as he did.

"I wanted to marry her. I could have got a job somehow, if Dad had only sent me a little more money, and after all it doesn't take much to live out there. I'd be willing to give up all sorts of little luxuries, like canned food and so forth."

He was just out of college. An only son—he had four sisters—he was to go into business with his father. The coal business. His people were not well-to-do, and until he came to Tahiti he had never traveled. For years he had dreamed of the place. To a large extent he had worked his way through college. He had worked during vacations, too. His promised reward was this trip. He was to have stayed in Tahiti four weeks, between copra ships. Meeting Tita, he had doubled this time, and he would never have left the island at all had not his money run out and his father by wireless refused to send more.

"I could have got a job somehow, if I could just have lasted a little longer and picked up a little more of the language. I could have paid Dad back, after a while. But it was hard to make them understand that. And the mails take such a long while."

Getting married out there takes a long while too, what with the posting of banns. Tita, it seemed, startled and somewhat amused at the proposal, more or less gave her consent. Harmon was never quite sure of this. Tita spoke only a sort of pidgin French and no English, and Harmon, who had not had time to pick up much Tahitian, often got her meaning, if he got it at all, by means of the tone of her voice or the expression in her undeniably expressive eyes. So she had seemed to consent; but by that time he had to go back.

Then they had their first and only fight. It was three days before his ship was to sail. Harmon did not tell me much about this disagreement, and I didn't press him for details, but I gathered that it was little more than an ordinary lovers' tiff. *He* believed so, certainly.

"She went in on the early truck, to go to market, and she didn't come back on the morning truck, the way she usually did."

He was not then greatly troubled, though he was repentant and prepared to beg her forgiveness. He simply supposed that she had missed the truck and would come in the afternoon, or else that she'd got a chance to return in some friend's car and so save five francs. But when night fell and she still wasn't there, he got panicky.

I could picture him pacing the beach, kicking shells and chunks of coral, every now and then scampering back to the hut in the hope that she had returned. I could see Tita, too, for though I actually lived with Tita for only four months I had known her for that many years. I knew several of her lovers, for instance, and often ran into her on parties. Tita was no souse. She liked a little wine now and then, or a rum punch, but she never needed or wished to get drunk. She had enough natural gaiety to make alcohol unnecessary. What she did like, and lived for, was a good time. She loved to get around, to play a guitar and sing, to dance, to have men try to make her. The admirable but so serious-minded Harmon must have flattered her with his adoration but must have bored her at the same time. Once loose, she would have fallen with the utmost naturalness into a party.

"I got frantic. I went to Rivnac's and 'phoned for a cab. It cost me eighty francs, which was a

Continued on page 114

An Affair in Tahiti

Continued from pages 77-113

lot of money the way I was fixed then, and even when I got into town I couldn't find her. I looked everywhere. I even went to the police, thinking she might have been in an accident."

The police knew Tita, of course. Everybody knows everybody else in Tahiti, and Tita had once carried on an affair with one of the better known sergeants. I could picture their amusement when Harmon came anxiously asking about her.

They would be polite. They were French enough for that. At the same time, they were Tahitian enough to tell everybody about the incident afterward. It was odd that I had not heard of it. No doubt I would have done so had I not spent most of the last days before sailing in the near-by island of Moorea.

"I haven't seen her since. I looked everywhere, but I simply wasn't able to find her. But I was sure she'd come down to the ship to kiss me good-bye. After all, she knows I'm not going for good. I'm just going back long enough to scrape together a little money somehow, and then I'm going to return to Tahiti and we'll get married. She knows that. We've talked it over lots of times."

Arnold Gerich came barging in, hammering at the door, shouting. He knocked over an ashtray, shook hands with Harmon when I introduced them, and demanded to know what the idea was.

"Sneaking off for a shot all by yourselves! Come on upstairs and have a few with the gang. They're all passing out on me. Need fresh blood. Say, did I tell you about that Raiatean dame one night out at the Lafayette—"

It took some time to get rid of him, and Harmon had lost the desire to talk. Harmon went back to his stateroom, and I turned in.

Well, that was the story and there was nothing I could do about it. The thing had happened too often before. What made this case so tragic was the fact that Harmon unquestionably believed that Tita must have met with some mishap to keep her from being at the quay; and indeed, knowing her as I did, and knowing Tahitians generally, I myself wondered at it; for there is nothing they love so much as waving a ship off—unless it is greeting a new ship. But Harmon believed that she loved him completely, as he loved her, and that their quarrel had been no more than an unfortunate spat which could be forgotten once they were together again. He believed that in spite of it she would wait for him to come back. For he was sure he would come back. How long it would take him to scrape together enough money he didn't know, but he'd do it somehow. What he regretted was that they could not have had last fond words together. He was afraid that she felt as badly about this as he did, and he didn't know how he could explain to her and make her feel better. He would write from Panama, of course, but he didn't know enough French to write a reasonable letter, and a little in English she would have to take to a third person for translation. He did not like the idea of that.

I think he wanted me to offer to write that letter for him, in French or even in Tahitian, which I know fairly well; but I did not happen to do so.

What could I say? I felt sorry for the kid, but he was too intelligent to be consoled by the usual methods, and good advice is notoriously the worst thing you can give a man in love. If I said that Tita, while she might have fallen whole-heartedly in love with him, would forget him with the same ease, he would not believe me. Suppose I told him that Tita would soon grow fat? It was true of all other Tahitian women; but can the girl one loves grow fat? Obviously not. Love wouldn't be love if it didn't believe in its own immortality; and I decided that the best way to treat Harmon was to talk about something else.

Contributing to the gayety of Esquire, E. Simms Campbell next month offers more of his double spreads which have enlivened this issue, notably one in full color serving as pictorial obbligato to a verse-sequence by Langston Hughes, *Seven Moments of Love.*

The fact that I knew he would get over it in time, did not make the contemplation of his agony any the less poignant. It is never pleasant to witness suffering.

I do not mean that he thrust himself upon me, grabbing my lapel and forcing me to listen to maudlin memories. It is true that he did not make the acquaintance of anybody else aboard, but unless I first spoke to him, except for a good morning or good evening for three days he did not speak to me. I never saw him weep again. He appeared briefly at meals, and the rest of the day he leaned against the forward rail staring out over the sea. I would lean there beside him from time to time, and talk about other things. Casually I offered to lend him some books, but he thanked me and said no. I mentioned the fact that the commandant was a friend of mine and asked Harmon if he would care to go up on the bridge some day and look at the navigating instruments, but though he agreed, he did so in such a listless voice that I knew he was merely trying to be polite.

"I know what you're thinking," he said once, suddenly. "You're thinking I'm just another damn' fool who's lost his head about a Tahitian. You're thinking it's no use telling me they're all the same and that they'll all forget you as easily as they'll go to bed with you in the first place. I understand. I haven't any illusions about the Tahitians. After all, I was there for eight weeks. But Tita is different . . ."

The passengers had by this time settled into a routine. We were not in the middle of the Pacific but in democratic bourgeois France. Mamas, plump and watchful, sat in groups motherhenning their broods, knitting, darning socks, jabbering all the day long. Papas, picking their teeth, strutted the deck or with loud shouts played shuffleboard, in the morning clad in sun helmets and pajamas, in the afternoon in sun helmets and shorts. People shook hands on all possible occasions. The stewards stopped to chat when you met them in corridors. The headwaiter invited you to have an *apéritif* with him. The barman, when it was late, sat at table with you and smoked cigarettes and practiced his English. Even the ship's drunks, the *pochards Americains*, were taking things easier. They allotted hours for a certain degree of sobriety, and walked the deck and porpoised in the bathtub-like pool in order to restore vigor and get into proper shape for a really big binge when we reached Panama.

"She never used to care much for swimming, but she'd sit on the beach while I'd go into the lagoon with a pair of those diving goggles on, and float around on my face. Every now and then I'd see a particularly lovely chunk of coral, and I'd dive down and get it for her, and swim in with it. Then she used to laugh and laugh . . . Sometimes she'd throw her arms around me in a regular gust of passion, laughing all the time, and drag me up toward the house. 'Come on, come on,' she'd say. That was about the only English she knew, 'Come on.'"

I nodded, looking at the water. I had taught her how to say that.

"I can talk to you. But anybody who hadn't been to Tahiti . . . It's going to be hard trying to explain to the folks. They'll think that because she lived with me first, without being married . . . But it isn't the same with Tita. It's different."

He shut up as abruptly as he had started, and together we watched the sea, which is like staring into a fire: it's the same all the time, yet it's always changing.

A sailor came up and asked if I would go to the bridge, where Monsieur Le Commandant had requested my presence. There was, he blurted, a stowaway. Then knowing that I was American and thinking that perhaps I had not understood him, he repeated this in different words.

But why, I asked, did the commandant want *me?*

Because, the sailor explained, I understood Tahitian.

Now Harmon knew just enough French to get the gist of this. He stiffened, gasping. He started for the bridge. I grabbed his arm.

"Don't be a fool," I said as gently as I could. "It's just some kanaka who thought he could get a free ride to Martinique."

"He said 'she'!" cried Harmon. "'Elle'—that's 'she'!"

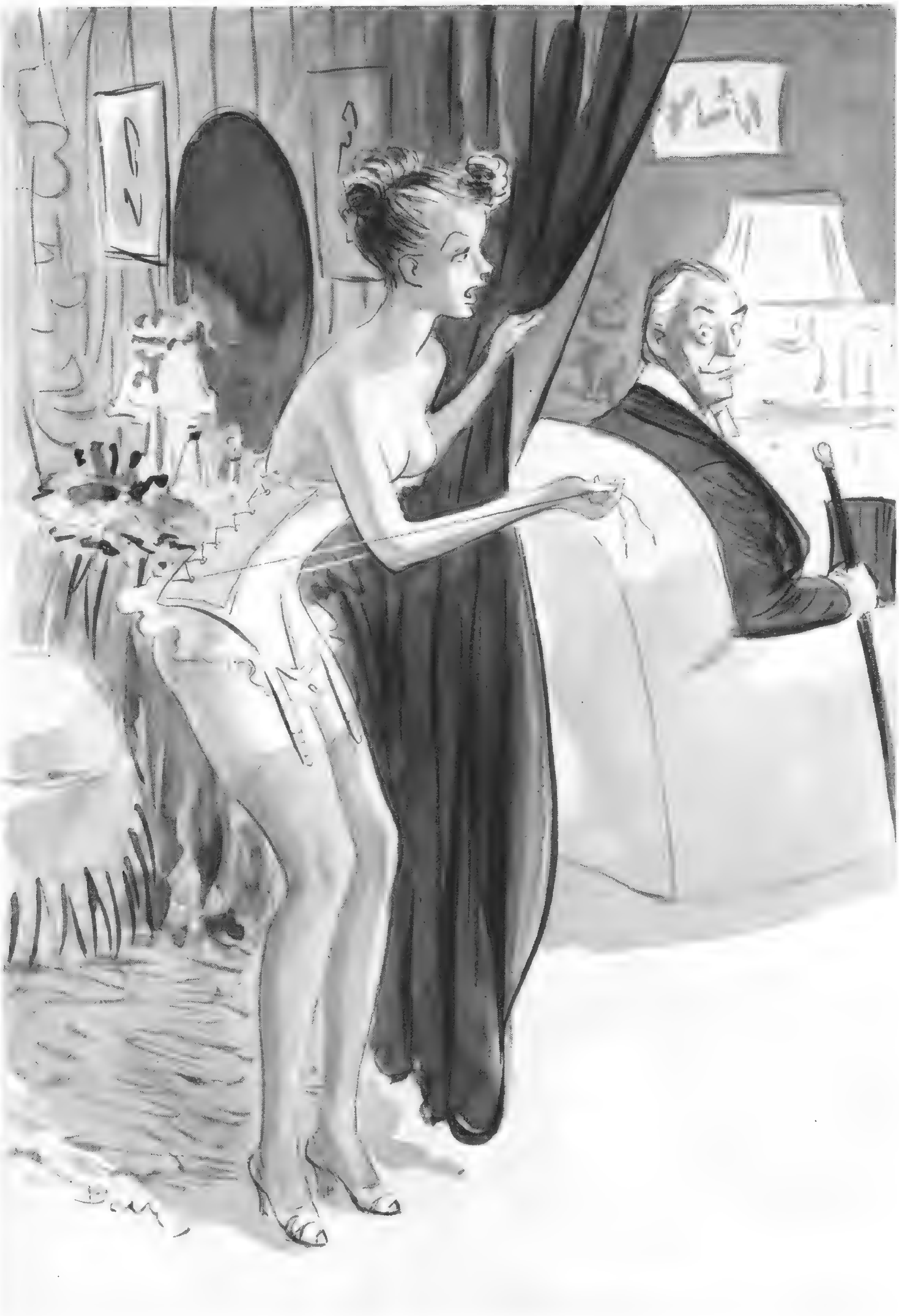
"The French word for stowaway is feminine," I lied. "It has not anything to do with the sex. You stay here." I became stern. "There's no sense making a damn' fool of yourself."

Nothing could have given me a greater shock than the sight of Tita, her hair down her back, her eyes wild, her knuckles and fingertips covered with blood, her pareu dress splotched with grease. She was badly scared, half-starved, and so excited that she simply could not speak French but poured out a torrent of Tahitian. When she saw me she gave a glad cry of recognition and started to babble her tale so rapidly that I could only catch every third or fourth word.

It seems she had hidden herself in some sort of locker far below, and when she tried to get out, after the sailing, she found the door blocked. Presumably some cargo had been shifted, covering it. She had pushed, she had screamed, she had been sick. She had torn her fingers and bruised her knees. With an original fund of provisions consisting of a small piece of cheese, eight bananas and a bottle of red wine, she had remained in that cramped dark place five days and nights, and she might have died there had not a sailor by chance—for he was seeking something else—got near enough to hear her feeble cries.

All this took some time for her to tell. And before I undertook to interpret it, I asked her why in the world she had done such a foolish thing. Tita was temperamental, to put it mildly, but she was not in

Continued on page 116



"Now please don't ask questions, Mr. Brentwood—just take hold of these strings and pull"

An Affair in Tahiti

Continued from pages 77-113-114

the habit of locking herself in dark places.

It was because of her man, she cried. She much resembled a wild bird taken in a trap. Yet despite her condition, for to be frank about it she stank, she was a lovely sight. Because of her man! The man she loved!

"*Tita!*"

Harmon, disobeying me, unable to restrain himself, had come up on the bridge in time to hear this answer. The words themselves meant nothing to him, but the expression did, and the look in Tita's eyes.

"*Aita! Non!*"

She pushed him off, laughing a little but affectionately, not cruelly. Tita never held any grudges against her past lovers.

Her head jerking back and forth, she looked more than ever like an animal entrapped. She ran to one side of the bridge and looked down on the promenade deck. She ran to the other side and looked down on the little forward deck, where the swimming pool was. She saw Arnold Gerich.

He had just come out of the pool, and he had a hangover. Water rivuleted down his great muscle-bunchy chest. He was probably thinking that a stiff shot in the cabin while he got dressed, followed by a few cocktails in the smoking room, would make him feel a little less terrible. It was late afternoon, which was a good excuse.

"*Le voilà! Mon homme!*"

She darted out of the bridge and all but fell down the ladder to the deck, and a moment later she was in Gerich's arms.

His laughter boomed across the empty sea. He forgot about his hangover. This was the funniest thing he had ever known.

"So you did it after all? What a girl!"

Laughter Tita could appreciate, and she responded to his boisterousness, giggling hysterically, clinging to him, caressing him. He had the insolent assurance of a man who had never met another man he couldn't lick and precious few he couldn't drink under the table, and who had always been rich. He was good-natured. There was nothing mean or disagreeable about him. When Harmon grabbed his arm and tried to shove Tita away from him, he was not offended.

"Excuse me, this is my girl. She—"

"Excuse *me*, pal, but it isn't! Some mistake, eh?" Again he laughed. "You know how it is with these Tahitians. Are you the guy she was with before? She told me about you. I met her three nights before we sailed, and we were together all the time after that."

He chuckled, and looked down at her. She was snuggled against his chest, giggling, crying a little.

"What a number! She said she was going to stow away, so's to be with me, but I really never thought that she'd do it. She told me—"

He stopped then because Harmon had punched him in the mouth. Harmon was no weakling but he was mad with rage and too wild to fight well. Gerich, startled, but not at all sore, pushed Tita aside and with a short right hook sent him back on his heels.

Harmon swung. Gerich slipped under the blow and hit Harmon once in the belly and once on the point of the chin, and Harmon went down.

He got up again, but we were all there by that time, the officers from the bridge, a couple of deck hands and me. We held him back. We only consented to release him when he agreed, blubbering, his head averted, to behave himself.

I took him below and stood with him while he washed, and then I went up and walked the deck with him for a while. It was getting dark.

"Would you rather I left you alone?"

He nodded, and I left him and slumped into a deck chair in the shadow of the bridge house. He walked up and down, steadily, stiffly, his legs and arms swinging like mechanical things.

An officer came and whispered to me for a while. The French are very liberal about these things, very sensible. The line could of course bring a criminal charge against Tita, but that would involve trouble and publicity, not to mention expense. She was, after all, a French citizen, and she could be permitted to disembark at Martinique provided somebody would pay her passage. This, Arnold Gerich had agreed to do. She was even going to travel first class. Naturally they would not go so far as to permit her to share Monsieur Gerich's cabin, but— The officer shrugged. So long as they behaved themselves in public, where was the harm?

He stood beside my chair, watching Harmon walk back and forth. By this time Gerich had dressed and had settled the passage business, and though we could not see them we could hear his voice and the voices of the crowd he hung out with, in the smoking room. They were having a wonderful time. We could hear Tita's voice too.

"Do you think he'll be all right, Monsieur?" the officer asked, meaning Harmon.

"I think so. I'll keep my eye on him for a while."

"Thank you, Monsieur. We wouldn't want to have any—"

"I'll watch him."

Ten minutes later Harmon swerved in midstride and plopped his elbows on the rail. He was forward, in the same spot he had occupied so much of the time these past five days. He didn't smoke a cigarette or anything, just stood there. The bell rang for dinner but he did not move.

I was worried about him. I'd grown to like the kid—you could not help liking him, he was so decent about things, and so clean. My chair was in deepest shadow and I do not believe he could have seen me sitting there even if he tried, even if he had been interested. The ship throbbed and shushed along. The bunch in the smoking room were cocktailing noisily. The deck was deserted.

Yes, I am sure he did not know I was there. I wanted a cigarette and did not have any left in my pockets. I knew there was a pack in my stateroom. I slipped out of the deck chair without a sound, watching Harmon all the while. He never turned his head, never stirred.

I could not have been gone for more than half a minute. When I came back somebody on the bridge was yelling something, and a deck hand, who appeared from nowhere, was running forward. Harmon was not in sight.

Horrid fear was crammed down into me as though by an outside force, choking my throat and chest. I could not swallow, and it is amazing that I was able to move. But I think I did not hesitate. The paralysis was mental: my limbs worked. I ran forward to the spot where Harmon had been standing. Faced with an empty deck, I ran aft and slid to a stop at the open door of the smoking room. Why I did this I do not know. Probably I meant to yell for help.

I had been afraid I would see a boy die. Well, I did see that happen; but at the same time a man was born.

Harmon was walking across the smoking room, wading through silence as a man might wade through waist-deep water. Tita was there, among others, with her guitar, but she ceased to play and sing when he entered. He ignored her. He ignored everybody but Gerich. His right arm was outstretched.

"I—I'm sorry for the way I acted this afternoon."

It took guts. Gerich laughed as he gripped the hand.

"Hell, forget it, kid! Sit down and have a drink!"

Harmon had half-turned, and saw me in the doorway, and he must have read in my face what I had feared. He shook his head a little.

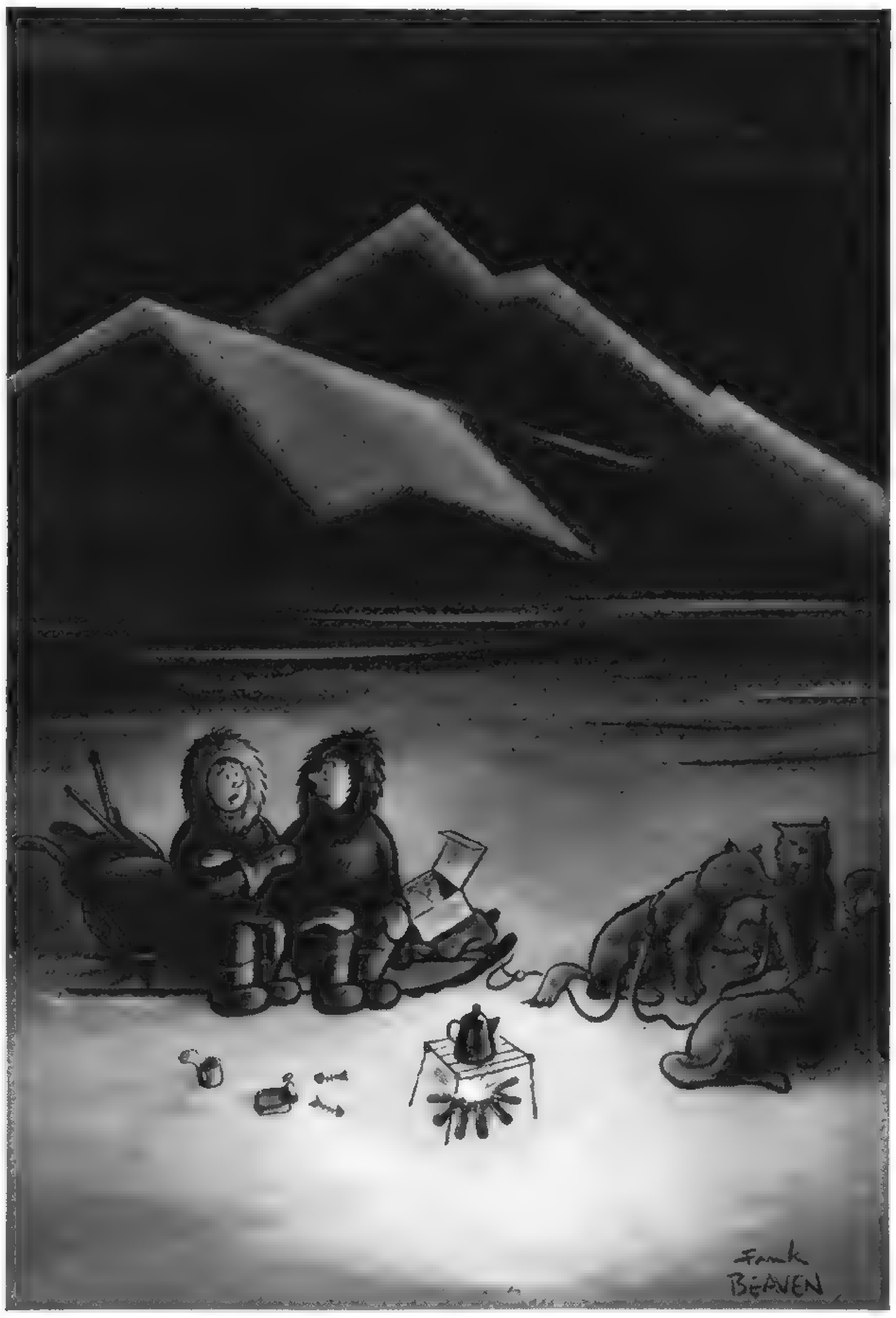
"No," he said softly, so that only I could hear. "No, I thought of that. But I decided on this. It's harder."

He turned back and sat down.

"Sure, I'll have a drink. Garçon! We'll all have a drink." He looked at Tita. "Play something for us. Play *Papio*."

She grinned and began to play, happy. For she knew he was all right now. He was one of the gang. ⱡⱡⱡ

There will be a crime story by Donald Barr Chidsey next month: ***Pick Up Your Money.***



"If it weren't so chilly, I'd like a chocolate nut sundae!"

Broadway Bad Boy

Continued from page 49

man, though the obituary writers in the *Times* and *Tribune* didn't say which was which. Being gentlemen of taste, they could hardly hint at Jackie's love for the lotus juice. They could hardly hint at everybody's disappointment in a career thrown, with amazing irresponsibility, to the dogs.

* * *

There never was an actor more molded to the Broadway pattern than Jackie Osterman. For one thing, he wasn't even born in New York. Toledo still claims him for its very own. His mother was one of the great actresses of her time and his father was a producer about whom they still spin great legends. Jackie visited every big city in America before he was one year old and he traveled, appropriately enough, in a trunk. When the boy grew up he wore suits that were light and gay and cut around the shoulders with a T-square. He always wore a white carnation in his buttonhole. (He wore it even in the gutter.) He wore white hats turned down at a Jimmie Walker angle. If his shirt was black his tie was green or white. Sartorially, Jackie was certainly the apple of many an actor's eye.

Osterman made more comebacks than Harry Lauder, although he never retired. With Jackie it was not a matter of coming out of retirement; it was simply a process of coming out of a stupor. Producers hated to kick him out, but it was the one alternative when the fever came upon him. Jackie would imbibe most freely, head for a convenient blind alley, roll in it for a while, and then make a sensational comeback. Had he been able to control his lust for the stuff he could have been the biggest thing in the business. He was offered tremendous opportunities. He was one of the few comics capable of writing his own material and he could always farm out what he dashed off in his spare time. He wrote skits for the *Ziegfeld Follies*. He made several excellent starts on the radio but he never stuck them out. He could have supplied his friends with script material at top prices. He wrote for Rudy Vallee many times. Eddie Cantor jerked him out of a period of decline and hired him to write for the Cantor program. Hollywood would have taken him if it had not been frightened by news of his spasms. The Marx brothers wanted him to write a picture for them. He was always bursting with ideas, always ready with wise-cracks which the smaller fry among the comics were quick to snatch from him. His sense of showmanship was acute. He taught Texas Guinan her "Give the little girl a great big hand" routine. He advised a blackface comedian to wipe off the blackface and be his own lunatic self—Ted Healy. He advised a musician named Richard Himber to get out and form his own band. The English movie makers gave him $3000 a week to appear in English films and when he was riding the crest of the wave over there he gave a job to a pudgy unknown actor, name of Laughton. Jackie gave him acting lessons.

When he was down and out he could be frugal, inventive, and on the wagon. As soon as his fortunes started to climb, because he was behaving himself, he went back to the saloons.

When the blondes and the blind pigs had taken all his money the rejuvenation process would start. Having alienated himself from the affections of all the people of influence in show business, he had an uncanny way of squirming back into their good graces. Broadway, which favors the sentimental turn of phrase, called this a "lovable" quality.

In 1934, when he was a has-been for the thirteenth or fourteenth time, he went to Hollywood, without an invitation. He hatched an idea, probably because he was penniless. With a sum total of $50, he and a friend named Irving Strouse hired a theatre, printed tickets, and recruited talent for a weekly vaudeville show. Jackie lined up a lot of stars by seeking out the old-time vaudevillians who were hanging around waiting for a break in pictures. For three feverish weeks before the first performance Jackie's behavior was exemplary. He went out himself and sold tickets in the studios. Partner Strouse began to believe that the Broadway Bad Boy had reformed for good. On the Friday morning before the fateful Sunday night, Jackie called up from a suburban jail. He was drunk and Strouse had to bail him out.

He was resuscitated in time and the first Sunday show was a great success. Jackie, of course, was master of ceremonies, and in fine fettle. In the Sundays that followed the Strouse-Osterman shoestring grew until the partners were collecting $1000 a week, net.

The bubble burst when Jackie felt the paper money in his pocket. He took to the bottle in the sixth week of prosperity, a new long-distance record for Jackie. Though alcohol never dulled his wit or kept him from laying 'em in the aisles, he was apt to lose his sense of the fitness of things after he had blotted up a few. On the sixth Sunday a prominent Hollywood columnist was in the audience. Jackie, thoroughly tight, walked out on the stage carrying a copy of the columnist's column for that day. All he did was read it out loud, but he kept his hand on his hip and the growl he used for a voice in the latter years kept climbing up to falsetto. The columnist left with a disgusted toss of the wrist. Though the audience was convulsed, it was but a momentary triumph for Jackie. After that, no prominent Hollywood personage would attend Jackie's shows so long as the personage might be singled out for a sample of Osterman's razor-edged ribbing. Nobody dared heckle Jackie, not even the best hecklers in the business.

If Broadway had a weakness for forgiving Jackie it was only because Broadway had so much respect for his natural gifts. He was the most spectacular of the masters of ceremonies. He might lose his manners but he was always quick on the draw. Any impresario brave enough to hire Osterman knew that sooner or later his employee would do something quite original in an obstreperous way. Vincent Lopez fired him from the Casa Lopez because Jackie one night rose from the sidelines and brought a female cash customer down with a flying tackle. Any man who hired Jackie merely waited, and prayed for a postponement of the inevitable.

Until the awful moment came Jackie could give any impresario his money's worth. He was, first and foremost, the greatest singer of second verses in the world. In the language of the trade a second verse is a chorus in which the orchestra performs its duty slowly and sweetly while the singer goes into *recitativo*, with gestures. You know what Al Jolson does on the second chorus of *Mammy*. The trembling lip, the clenched fists, the tears, the bended knee—this is perhaps the most famous delivery of a second verse in our time, and on it hangs the most part of Mr. Jolson's fame. But, in the trade, Osterman was always the acknowledged master of the technique. He may even have invented it, although this is a fine point still being argued out by the authorities. Jackie never memorized his second verses. He concocted a new one every time he sang a song. Once he wrote a wretched ballad called *My Mom*. From anybody else's lips it would have been treacle too hard to take, but Jackie got away with it. On the first chorus he would sing, or rather imitate, the tune in a voice that had the rumble of ash cans in it. (This was a simple defect he could always cover up by stamping his feet, punching the air, and waving his cane like a sword dancer. Jackie never claimed to be a singer. He was a "deliverist.") Came the second verse. Jackie would remove his hat. Slowly, he would start to talk. "My mom. . ." he'd say. "You should of known my mom . . . gray-haired . . . sitting in the old rocker . . . knittin' socks. My Mom! I can still see the gold in her hair, hear the laughter in her voice . . . though she's left this cruel old world . . . she lives in my memmawreeee . . .!"

And so on, finally working himself into a crescendo that shook the chandeliers. Needless to say, while he indulged himself in this sort of epitaph a few dozen times a week his own mother was very much alive, and quite well.

The song that was almost Jackie's own was *When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbin' Along*. He wasn't sentimental on that one, he was merely exuberant. He hacked with his free arm, threshed with his cane arm, and growled it out. Inevitably, the house came down. The song is not one of the great folk tunes of our time—in a class, say, with *Old Man River*—but Jackie gave it a minor-key immortality. Whether Jackie was up or down he was always "the performer's performer," a designation that must be pronounced with the same tone of awe as the phrase "an artist's artist." That superb technique, that mastery of all the tricks of show business—these were always appreciated by his brothers in the profession and Jackie's audiences were always full of show-wise people. They knew that when they heard him sing *Red Robin* they were eye-witnesses to one of the landmarks in the theatre, something to rank with Booth's *Hamlet*, Bernhardt's *Camille*, and Jolson's *Mammy*. It was almost as if Jackie had proprietory rights to the song, which he hadn't. When vaudeville was in flower a singer would always make acknowledgments to Jackie before he went to work on the *Red Robin*. The technique of acknowledgment was changeless. "Ladies and gentlemen," the singer would say, "I would now like to give you my impression of Jackie Osterman singing *When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob-Bob-Bobbin' Along*." He would then start to sing the song in a style that bore no resemblance to the style of Jackie Osterman.

Jackie developed his singing style after he had been in vaudeville a year or two, and he was in vaudeville when he was seventeen. He was born under a spotlight. His mother was Kathryn Osterman, leading lady of the great American road and one of the first of the silent screen stars. (Jackie took her maiden name when he went on the stage.) His father was J. J. ("Syndicate Jake") Rosenthal, press agent, manager, and, when the spirit moved him, a poet. The elder Rosenthal, an enormous man whose smile was once described as "cavernous," was the composer of a lyric famous in its day. Its last line was, "The dame you thought was sweet sixteen will never see forty-two."

From such roots Jackie's career could take only one straight course. His parents couldn't keep him in school. The Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy found him too militant, and the Ethical Culture School asked his mother to remove him after he refused to make a jelly omelette in cooking class. At Townsend Harris High School he wrote a song during an algebra examination. It was called *We're Glad We've Got You Mr. Wilson, You Kept Us Out of War*. George M. Cohan published it and it was a hit. So, when he turned fifteen Osterman was playing bit parts in

Continued on page 118

Broadway Bad Boy

Continued from pages 49-117

the melodramas of Al Woods. When he was seventeen he was ripe for vaudeville, which was then in its last heyday. Jackie bought his first act (price—ten dollars) from Eddie Cantor. It was Cantor who coached him for his first vaudeville appearance, standing him up in front of mirrors and teaching him the first steps. It was Jake Rosenthal who prepared Gary, Indiana, for the first appearance of his son. Months ahead of the debut he covered the town with mysterious placards. "150 days to Osterman," they said. Day after day the number would be changed. "149 days to Osterman," "148 days to Osterman," and so forth down the line. A great many stores advertised the fact that on the day Osterman came to town they would close down.

As the days rolled by Gary became so curious about Osterman—was it fish, flesh, or fowl?—It was on the verge of hysteria. "3 more days to Osterman," the tantalizing bulletins said, and then "2 more days." When the great day came the whole town was told that Osterman was an actor. Despite the fact that he was an unknown youngster, there was a line two blocks long outside the theatre the morning of the debut. The elder Rosenthal's buildup of his son was a magnificent one, but it could have ruined Rosenthal the younger if he didn't live up to expectations. Jake Rosenthal, however, knew his product. Jackie was no disappointment. He went out, as they say, and he killed 'em. As for the stores which had promised to close down on the day Jackie opened—Jackie's debut fell on a Sunday.

When he was eighteen, Jackie was a headliner, making $2500 a week. When he was twenty-one he was starred in the musical productions of the Messrs. Shubert. His great musical comedy hit was *A Night in Spain*, of fragrant memory to anyone who likes to think about the 1920's. When he was twenty-four he was the star attraction of the famous Winter Garden concerts, a series of weekly vaudeville shows. Jackie, as "M.C.," made up his lines as he went along, sang, and acquired black eyes in between the acts. (Although actors liked to watch Jackie work, they never liked to work with him. He worked for four months in *Great Temptations* and never met anybody in the cast, not even a chorus girl who turned out to be Joan Crawford.) One characteristic part of the Osterman routine was to kid himself and everything in his little world—his family, his drinking, his employers. Some of his remarks about the Shuberts may have had something to do with their ultimate breakup. There was the time he played at a special show for army officers. When he walked out on the stage he took one look at the array of uniforms, braid, and medals, and he had his first line. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, and then with a profound bow to the first few rows, "... and Shubert finale."

When and where Jackie's habits began to set in has not been precisely determined, but they certainly got a stranglehold on him somewhere around the point of his greatest success, in his and the century's early twenties. When he started out he had the morals of a Boy Scout. He started a pocket-sized pamphlet called *The Reminder*, "to let my friends know where I am and what I am doing." It was full of little mottos quite original with Jackie. "When Lincoln was shot," wrote Jackie in *The Reminder*, "the U. S. A. still went on." This is definitely his early style, too early to hold against him. Jackie also wrote poetry for *The Reminder*, poetry into which he managed to pour his flaming soul and to blow his own bugle, at one and the same time.

His black eyes, the inevitable aftermath of a drinking bout, became a trademark with him. He liked to tell the story of how, as a child, he had cut one of his eyes and had to take three stitches in it. "I didn't know," he said, "that I was rehearsing that eye for more later on."

But whether he was up or down Jackie was always sure of an audience of one, down front. The story of Kathryn and Jackie Osterman is one that can hardly be aired in print. Jackie was her only son. She trained him for his career, nursed him through every setback. Much of Jackie's swift patter was built around her. He joked about the fact that every time he got sick of sobriety his mother had to cash in another bond. When she was in the audience Jackie would talk about his financial ups and downs. With his hand to his mouth he would lean over and ask, in a stage whisper: "How many bonds we got left, ma?" Sometimes he signed his *Variety* column, "Kathryn's dark-haired boy, Jackie." When Broadway reminisces over Jackie the inimitable, most of the sighs are for his mother, who survives him.

Towards the end his promises became more and more preposterous, but he still managed to convince people. In December 1936 he was rummaging through 52nd Street looking for a job. He came up to the office of Mario Tessato, a restaurateur whose place had gone through several interesting phases. During one phase Peppy d'Albrew, with a white mouse on his shoulder, was there to kiss all the ladies' hands. This phase had passed. Mario was looking for something more in the Broadway manner. On the day that Osterman showed up Mario was planning a new show but Jackie was turned down. Not long after he departed, however, Mario's press agent had a brilliant idea. Why not try to hypnotize Jackie?

Why not try some of the psychology stuff on Broadway's bad boy? If all the peculiar claims of the psychiatrists held any truth, the greatest M. C. of them all might be convinced through hypnosis that drink was distasteful to him. Jackie was told of the plan and he agreed to the experiment. (He was, by this time, like a pitcher with an ailing arm—willing to try any quack cure that might help him. His mother had tried every cure in the country on him.)

Dr. Charles Ratner was called in to perform the ceremony. He hypnotized Jackie and rocked him to sleep with a refrain to the effect that the very aroma of strong drink was repulsive to him. Jackie awoke. He was offered a drink. He turned away from it with a grimace.

To Broadway it was news of five-star significance that Jackie had been cured. Three newspapers wrote feature stories about it. Needless to say, Mario's press agent was the man of the hour, next to Jackie.

For months the incredible cure held on. Jackie was the sensation of the night club season. The man of a thousand comebacks had come back.

Mario sent a telegram to Jackie's mother. "I think," he said, "we have performed what was supposedly impossible." It seemed a justifiable thought because Jackie seemed so conscientious in his visits to Dr. Ratner's office and in his vehement denunciations of the curse of drink. And then one night he did not go to Dr. Ratner's. He fell off the wagon, quite flat on his face. He never climbed on again.

Towards the very end he opened a small place on 52nd Street called Jackie's Little Club. During the first few weeks business at the Little Club was good, but just when the crowds got sizable Jackie got plastered and did something particularly distasteful on the floor. People expected him to be exuberant, but nobody was prepared for any such outburst as the time he was singing *Tiger Rag* and jumped so high off the floor that he crashed into the chandelier. Such tactics scared the clientele.

Jackie had also acquired some sort of catarrhal obstruction. ("I've got *sinus* trouble," he used to say. "Any bum can catch a cold!") It was not very noticeable when he walked out on the stage—he liked to think he had it completely under control then—but it was an alarming thing when Jackie sat next to you. Since night club work is of the *intime* sort, wherein the performer is expected to sit down with the customers and let some of his light fall on them alone, Jackie's catarrh hurt this part of his work considerably. It was another thing that he was always trying to cure, another thing on which his mother spent some of those bonds.

Jackie crowned the last days of the Little Club with a single remark. The WPA workers were tearing up Fifty-second Street, and their wooden horses were lined up in the street. Jackie came out for some fresh air one evening and scowled at the WPA horses. "Business ain't bad enough," he groaned, "the government has to put hurdles in front of my place!"

Jackie must have had a premonition after the closing of his club. He retired to Atlantic City, ostensibly to cure a slight cold in the head. There he decided to write the story of his life as a scenario for the movies. He would call it *Atlantic City*. He would pull no punches. He called in his old partner Irving Strouse and they started to write. The first few sentences of the scenario show how serious Jackie was about the project. This is the first paragraph:

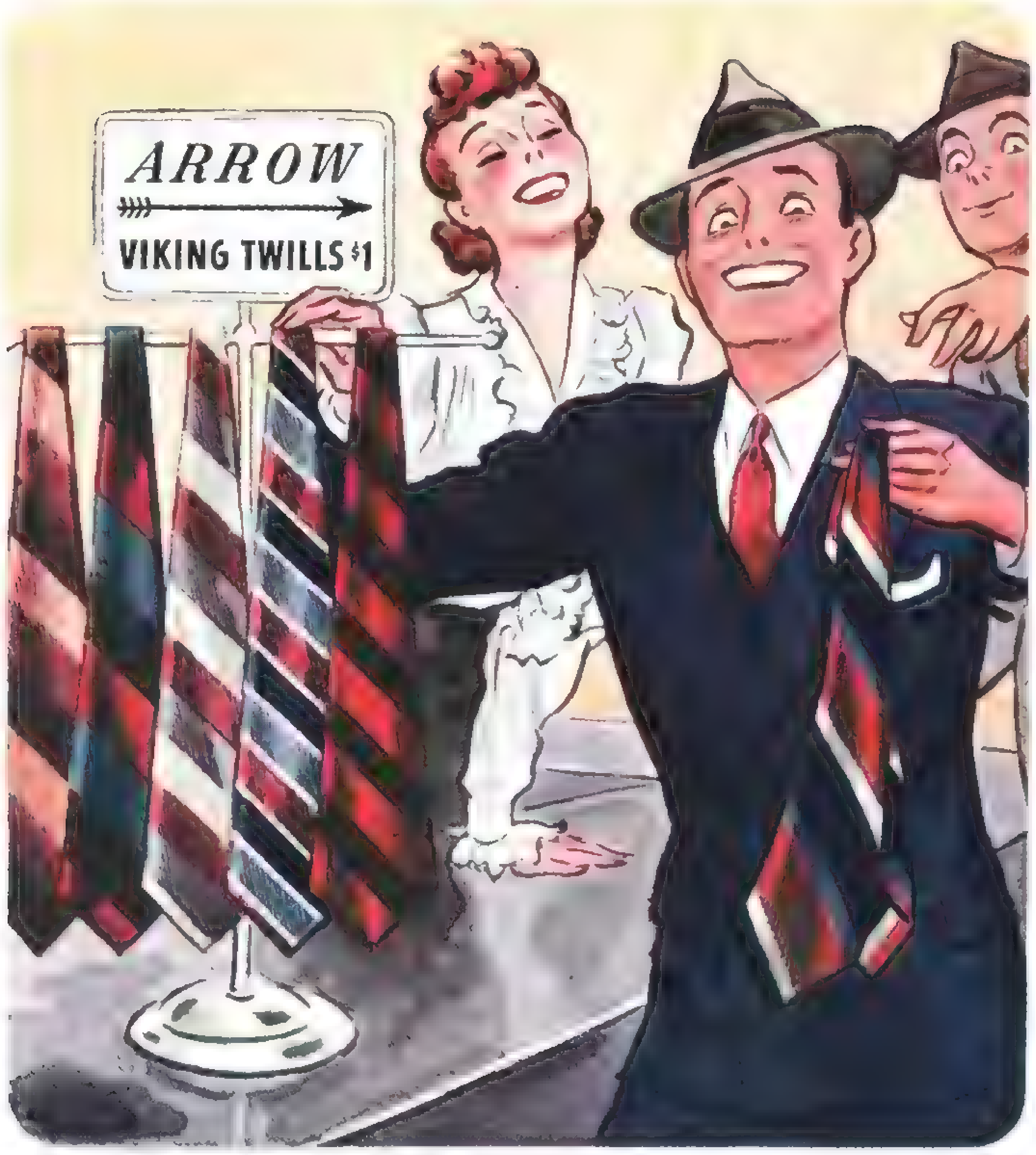
> "Jackie Jackson was a hard drinking master of ceremonies, a popular singer of popular ballads, and a Good Time Charley—but the most lovable bad boy of them all. He had often said that he tried to drink up all the booze on Broadway, but as soon as he drank one saloon dry, another one opened."

As Strouse and Osterman worked on the script Jackie's cold got worse. He tried to cure it by reliable methods—frequent applications of strong drink to the stomach. (Jackie used to take two old-fashioneds for breakfast.) Then came the oxygen tanks.

George Jessel delivered the oration at the funeral parlors. He did five minutes. He socked it to 'em. He referred to God as "Mister, up there," and he asked Him to give Jackie a great big hand. There was a big crowd at the funeral parlor. *Variety* said the chapel was S.R.O. But only a handful of the faithful went to the cemetery.

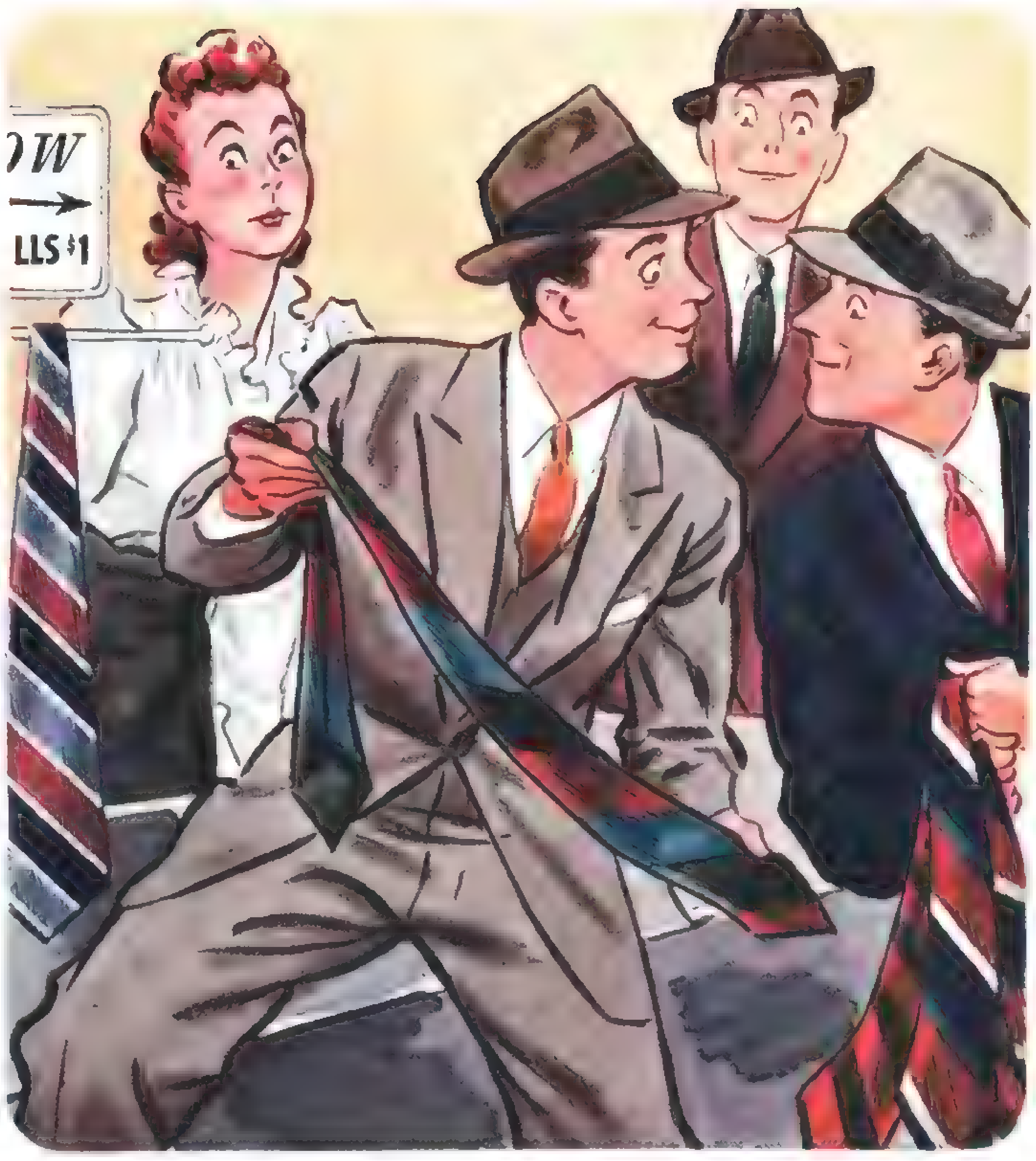
Kathryn Jacqueline Osterman, aged five, who did not know her father very well, shows unmistakable signs of a great singing and dancing talent. ⌗

Next month, Diego Rivera writes and illustrates an article for Esquire of great and timely interest: Stalin, the Undertaker of the Revolution.



1. **CUSTOMER #1:** Young lady, these Viking Twills are the best-looking ties I've set eyes on in ages. Bold stripes are the smartest thing out. The color combinations are swell! I'll take three.

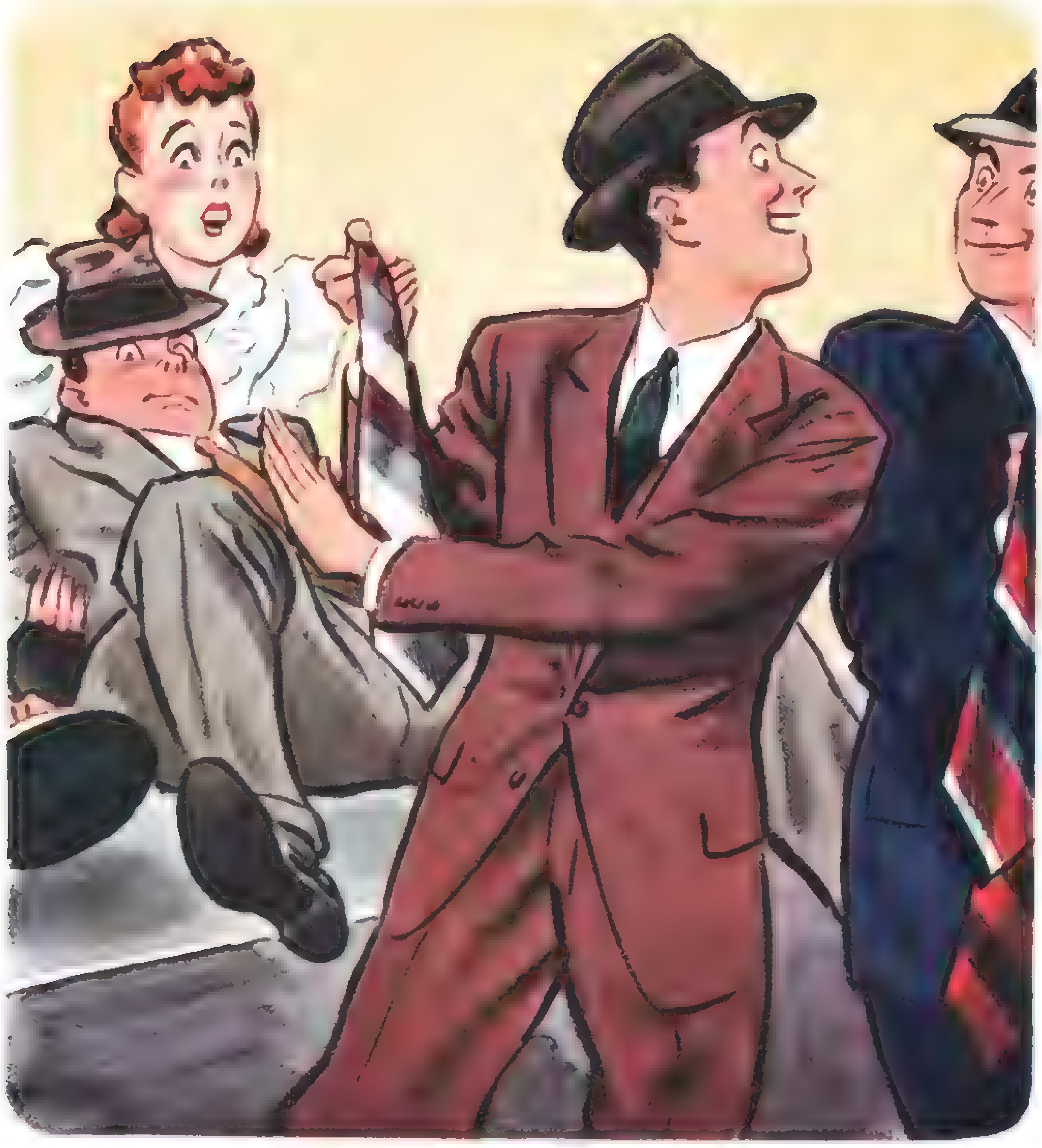
CUSTOMER #2: Hold on, friend. They're handsome, but . . .



2. . . . you've overlooked the main point. Twill is the sturdiest, best-wearing tie fabric I know of. And these Arrows are as fine a twill as I've seen! They'll wear forever. I'll take *four*, miss!

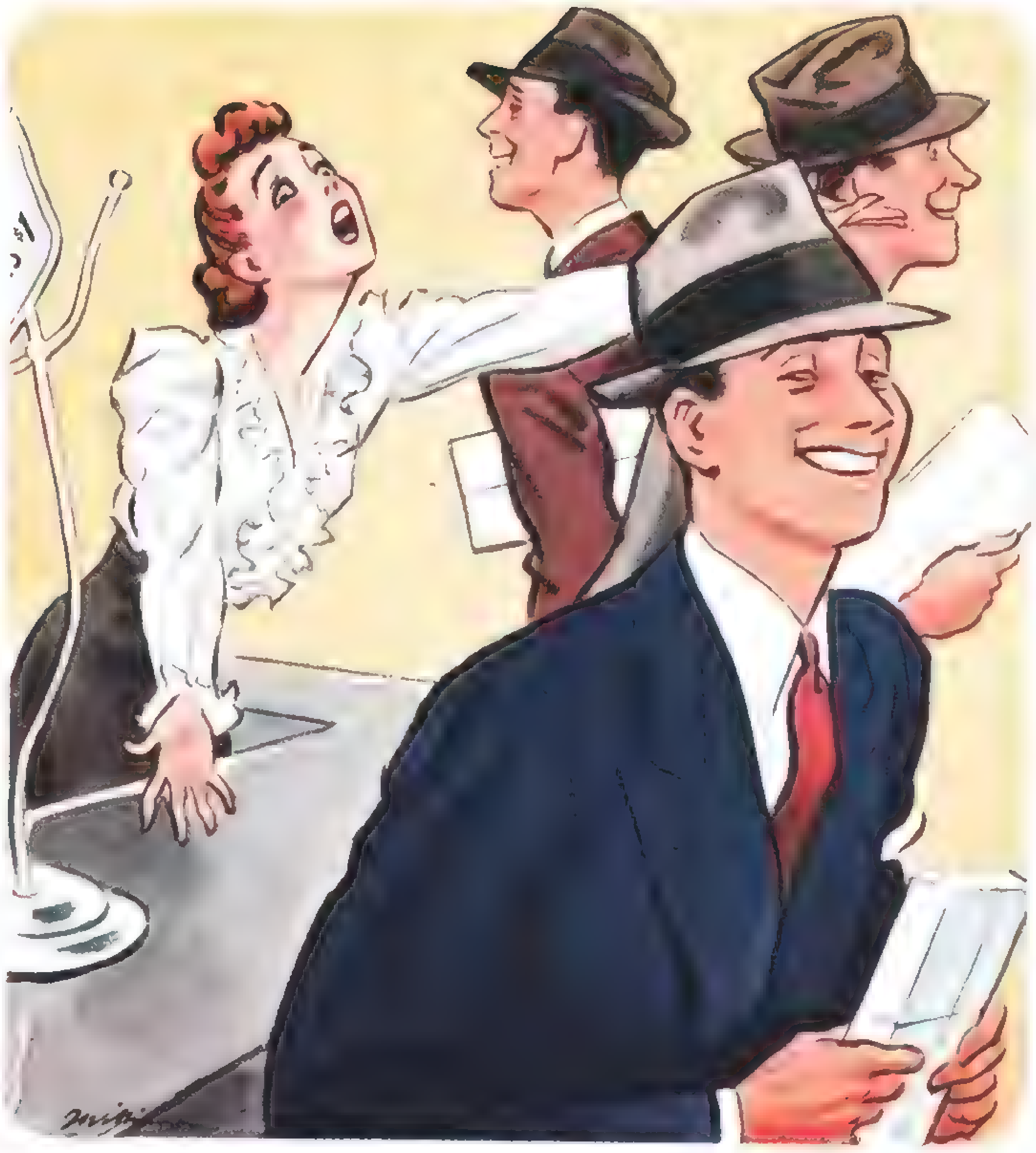
CUSTOMER #3: I don't want to seem pushing, gentlemen, but . . .

Blow-by-blow account of a tie-counter clash!



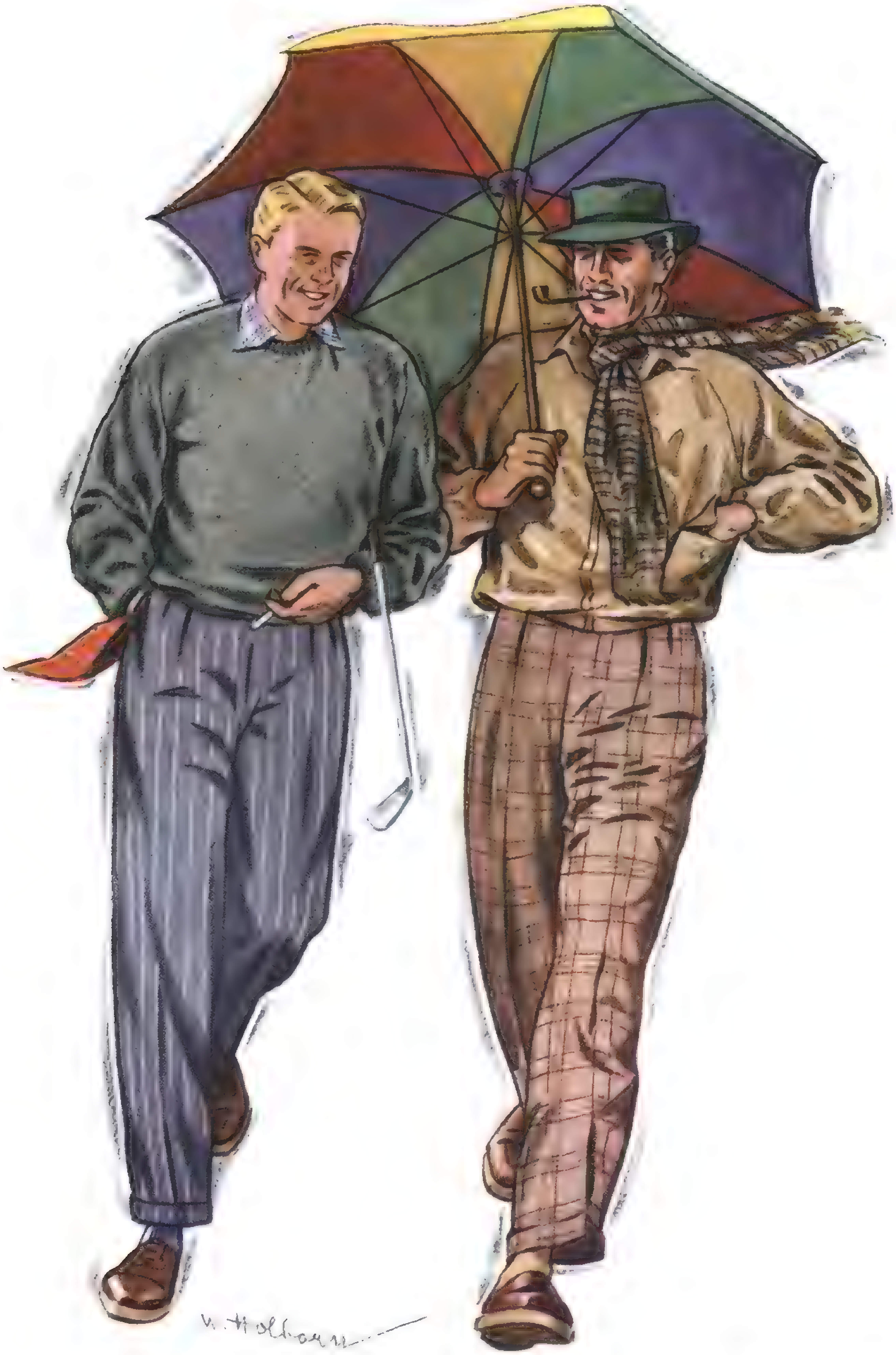
3. . . . the proof of a tie is in the tying. Look at that knot. Perfect! Look at the dimple. Look at the drape. Notice the resilient lining. Whatta tie! I'll take *five!*

SALESGIRL: Please, sirs . . .



4. . . . don't take *all* my Viking Twills. I want some for my fiance!

P. S.—Viking Twills are now on sale at your near-by Arrow dealer's. Stop off tomorrow and get some. They're $1—worth lots more. *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*



umbrella for two

Nor sleet, nor rain, nor hail can stay these golfers from the swift completion of their appointed round. And now, while Herodotus (good Lord, we hope that's correct at least) whirls in his grave like a dervish, nothing can stay us from getting along with the matter in hand. The early bird at the left wears a grey knitted pullover in the nonchalantly smart sweat shirt style. It is cut full so that he can take a full cut at the ball. Sleeve cuffs and bottom of knitted elastic make it a trim job all the way around. The grey flannel trousers with white chalk stripes are an English notion that wears well on this side of the water, and the other accoutrements are Glen Urquhart pattern lightweight flannel shirt, blue Cashmere ribbed hose and brown calf and suede combination golf shoes with heavy crepe soles. His partner wears a wind-proof and water-repellent golf jacket with raglan sleeves and slide fastener opening, trousers of Saxony in Glen Urquhart pattern, lightweight muffler, green semi-sports hat, heavy wool hose and brown Norwegian shoes with crepe soles.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.)

Stetson introduces *The Whippet* *at $7.50*

LIGHT IN WEIGHT WITH STYLE-RETAINING MODE EDGE

Other Stetsons Are Priced $5, $7.50, $10 and up

John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris

SMART PEOPLE– SMART PLACES– SMART CARS

PLYMOUTH'S
THRILLING NEW "SPORTSMEN"

LOOK AROUND you at country clubs, resorts, beaches...notice how many new Plymouth "Sportsmen" you see! And no wonder...for these cars are not only stunning to look at, they're *low-priced*, as well!

Plymouth's handsome new Station Wagon is a marvelous combination of style, size, and economy. The big, roomy body—done in smart maple and ash—is built on the long-wheelbase, De Luxe Plymouth chassis with Amola Steel coil springs. You'll like the way the auxiliary seats are quickly removable *and interchangeable*...and the thrilling, yet thrifty, performance of Plymouth's big Floating Power engine!

The TRITON
The TRITON

NEW DESIGNING—BIGGER DIMENSIONS—have made this Plymouth 4-Passenger Coupe the roomiest in the low-price field...and the most beautiful! You'll find auxiliary, drop-type seats...a roomy rear deck luggage compartment...and the great Luxury Ride!

FLIP A SWITCH AND THE TOP GOES UP OR DOWN – BY ITSELF!

PLYMOUTH'S BRILLIANT NEW CONVERTIBLE COUPE has the famous power-operated top! It's a smart car to be seen in...distinctive and luxurious—white side-wall tires are standard. The big, wide seats are of genuine leather...with folding auxiliary seats.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Set 'em Up and Knock 'em Down

Continued from page 91

fully defended the title in 1939 against Lowell Jackson of St. Louis, Mo., who survived the strenuous elimination trials for the right to meet Day.

He has rolled twelve perfect 300 games. His league averages for the past four seasons have been as follows: 210-212-213-214.

Ned has become an important business figure in the bowling world and has appeared in motion pictures and found time to write a book—naturally on bowling.

What would the star pupil of the Master offer the novice and the veteran bowler? Here 'tis.

* * *

The first and fundamental essential is footwork, as has been said so often before. However, with all the stress that is laid on the importance of smoothness in approach to the foul line, there is still the tendency to hurry over the time given to this very foundation-stone of style and form.

First learn to walk to the foul line—and keep working at it until you walk up in the same way every time. This can be learned. Even the most awkward "rookie" soldier by practice learns to swing smoothly through the complicated motions of "squads right" with practice and application.

Now about the number of steps. Well, you can get a lot of argument about that from any group of experts. It is my belief that for most people of average height and strength, more than three steps is to be preferred. My idea is to use the body in delivery of the ball rather than depending entirely on the arm. Using only three steps it seems there is a tendency to rely almost exclusively on the arm to propel the ball.

Any general rule, of course, has plenty of exceptions. For persons carrying a lot of weight, probably the three-step delivery is the more desirable.

No two persons bowl exactly alike. Every one has a somewhat different personality. The number of steps and the speed of approach varies—but still keep in mind that desire for smoothness and for getting up to the foul line in the same way each time. No matter what your other faults may be, if you can get up to that foul line in a uniform manner your scores are bound to improve.

To bring this point out, using an example from another branch of sports, consider golf, wherein the main object of the high-grade player is to "groove his swing" so as to hit the ball each time with uniform swing and precision. Apply this same principle to your footwork and delivery in bowling.

When some degree of perfection in approach has been attained it is time to think about the type of ball you want to throw. The hook-ball is generally accepted now as the most effective, although there are still some fine bowlers who use the straight or back-up ball, my advice is to string along with the hook-ball idea.

It is no harder to learn to throw a hook and it spills the pins with more certainty in a game which is plenty uncertain under the best of conditions.

Maybe everyone, especially beginners, will not agree that throwing a hook is easy. Remember this however—if you get your thumb out of the ball first, before your fingers leave the ball, Mr. Ball simply has to hook. The fingers follow through, after the thumb is safely extracted.

Here it might also be well to take up a point which invariably comes up, namely the question of spot or head-pin bowling. In regard to this, there again is no set rule and only experiment on the part of the individual can determine which style is the best for him.

It is a recognized fact that there are as many great bowlers who do not "spot bowl" as vice versa. I, personally, use the "spot" delivery. However, to bring out the difference of opinion, I will quote a nationally famous bowler from Indianapolis who so disapproves of this delivery that every time he sees me, his greeting is "here comes the bowler who looks at one thing and tries to hit another."

It has been brought to my attention that Adolph Carlson, one of the world's greatest bowlers, who uses the "head-pin" delivery, theorizes thus: "If you were going to shoot a bird in a tree would you aim at the bird or the tree?"

My answer is: "If you can hit an object 60 feet away by aiming at a spot 5 feet away, which would you choose to look at?"

So choose your own weapons.

Having learned how to move up to the foul line smoothly and how to release the ball, there is still a lot of studying to do and this particular part of this article is addressed to experienced tenpin enthusiasts. In fact, it might get a rise from a lot of "hot-shot" hook-ball artists if they are willing to defend what they actually do in performance.

Use All the Alley whenever possible. And that means Move Out as against Move In! The further you are to the right, the more stuff you have on the ball! Mathematics and science both confirm that statement. When you are throwing at an angle from right to left you are helping your ball, whereas every board you move to the left decreases your angle and likewise reduces the effectiveness of your ball.

Just try to throw any handy object down a narrow plank at a target four or five inches wide and sixty feet away. Why Buffalo Bill could hardly do that with a rifle!

Learn your Bowling Angles, Brother Kegler. Move out (to the right, for right-handers) give yourself as much alley as possible at all times.

Jimmy Smith always did, and he is still one of my heroes, well worth following. The wider your angle, the wider your pocket. And you are sweeping in there with a more powerful running ball that is gaining speed. When you move in, you have a narrower pocket and the ball has to fight the resistance of the boards to get back to that one-three spot. It may look like it's coming back beautifully and yet it dies like a powder puff soon as it meets the sticks, with consequent splits or tough spares.

Therefore, move out whether it's ten pins or a single stick you are after. For pins on the right corner, move to the left, and for pins on the left corner, move to the right. For that pesky No. 4 pin, go right, and for that equally treacherous No. 6, go left. In the case of the No. 6 or the No. 10 pin, remember it is not necessary to go onto the adjoining drive to start your approach. Just use the 42-inch space provided and you'll get all the help from angle that you need; also you will never have to worry about the ball rack at your left on some alleys.

To the beginner—strive for that slow, easy approach—the same way each time. For the veteran—Move out. Only the southpaw is interested in the left side of the alley. One other point—be sure to employ Bowling Etiquette at all times. Consider the bowler on the drive on each side of you. You will save yourself a lot of grief and, incidentally, increase your popularity with the better bowlers.

Thinking it all over, though, maybe it would be better to forget all the foregoing pearls of wisdom. Instead, just start guzzling minestrone soup, spaghetti and ravioli. At the top of the bowling heap you find such monikers as Marino, Varipapa, Falcaro, Spinella, Gagliardi—Sperando, DeVito, Mellilo! ##

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 100

tion controls the ghastly childbed fever resulting from infection, and the Chicago Maternity Center's slum-birthing teams had proved by thousands of births without a single death from childbed fever, that this disease can be eliminated even when deliveries are made in roach-ridden tenements. Convulsion, or hyclampsia, can be spotted in advance by physicians, a sudden rise in blood-pressure is often the tell-tale symptom, and when spotted in advance, this disease may be controlled. So universal pre-natal care would considerably reduce this menace to motherhood. And hemorrhage, too, may be combatted, if transfusion is available.

This was the medical lesson of *Fight for Life*, to be told in extreme terms, by the use of this maternity center which was able to accomplish all three ends even under the greatest of practical obstacles. Actually, that part of the story is optimistic. And as a government film it would serve the educational purpose of awakening all those citizens who do not know of these medical advances to learn of them, and to ask for their universal availability, as a part of our public health.

But the second thing which Pare Lorenz had to point out in his film was a counter-theme of pessimism, he had to point out a condition which only an enraged citizenry could eradicate. What happens to these children?—We tell them to eat fresh vegetables, the young doctor recites, against photographs of people grubbing in garbage for food.—We give them all kinds of medical advice, and the plain fact remains that they are hungry.

The doctors may be able to cover the roaches with newspapers and bring the children cleanly, somehow, into the filthy world. But they can't spread newspapers over the streets and alleys of the slums.

Thus the two things which Mr. Lorenz wanted to show were in direct opposition, as themes. And such internal wrestling often results in works of art, but just as often results in confusion.

In the case of the *Fight for Life*, the end impression is one of incompletion. This, of course, may only be a tribute to a perfect realism, which has resulted in producing, in the audience, the very sense of futility with which it deals. And yet, an art-form seems to demand something more explicit.

Lorenz has tied his two themes together in telling of the education-in-life of a young doctor. The film opens in the delivery room of a well-appointed hospital, where this doctor (excellently played by Myron McCormick) is assisting, in a difficult case. The mother dies of heart-failure. The young physician is shocked at the inability of medical science to cope with such a situation. He wanders out into the city. There follows a brilliant cinematic innovation: as the young man walks through Chicago's night-lighted loop, with hotcha music and street sounds occasionally stepping into the sound track, his voice recites his thoughts, his seeking for an understanding of the physician's place, between life and death.

He goes to see one of his professors, who suggests that he take a post-graduate experience in the Maternity Center, where he will truly learn how a doctor can work.

Then Lorenz introduces a series of lecture-cuttings, following the

Continued on page 124

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 100-123

young physician among the other volunteer obstetricians of the Maternity Center. It is this section of the film which is least successful, and for an odd reason. One knows it is enacted material. And yet it has been given a flat, matter-of-fact style which often seems almost intentionally stiff, as though to imitate the cinematic style of instructional films. The actors seem to speak with the stilted voices of people reciting little prepared speeches for newsreels.

It must be emphasized that this occurs only spottily throughout the film; and, too, it may be due to the fact that a short budget made it necessary to take much of this material without sound, and later dub the sound.

But these sequences somehow do not fit with the rest of the film, and call disproportionate attention to themselves. It seems, here, that the film is attempting to comply with a requirement that it be useful as a public health lecture outlining maternity treatment, and that this function does not fit well with the larger purpose of the film, as a piece of universal education.

Then the young doctor goes out as part of the delivery team—interne, nurse, obstetrician, putting the teaching into practice. We follow him through several cases, as he progresses from interne to obstetrician. And it is in this progress that his social understanding develops. Once, emerging from a hovel where a child has just been delivered while the little brothers and sisters were crowded into an adjoining room, he sees the street swarming with ragged tots, and he breaks out in puzzled revolt, demanding of the older physician whom he accompanies—What good is our work, when we leave the babies in these slums?

Chicago's slums are not seen by visitors who spend a few days in the city, and are taken driving around the city's celebrated boulevard system, and along its beautiful lakeshore speedways, and through its fine parks. They are not famous, like the slums of London, or like New York's East Side. But on the West Side and on the South Side are gangrenous areas whose squalor has nothing of the romantic horror of the celebrated slums of those other cities. Frame buildings with slanting walls, patched with tin signs, broken stairs, unmoved garbage . . . Lorenz missed nothing.

And his interiors tell all the difference between set scenes and reality. The doctors climbing the back stairs to the rear flats, entering through the kitchen, the husband moving silently out of the way, the pregnant woman walking restlessly between gas stove and kitchen table, taking the clock down from atop the gas stove to look at it each time she passes, then suddenly seizing the gas rail to steady herself as the pain comes; the obstetrician catching the movement even in tired half-sleep, and calling awake the nurse and dozing interne . . . these details, repeated in varying kitchens, varying stuffy dark bedrooms, become the essence of unforgettable reality.

What the young doctor learns, is unending service. Early in the films, he is ready to stop for a cup of coffee, after each assignment, but by the end of the film, it is he who is first to suggest postponing the coffee until he has had a look at another patient, on the way.

Lorenz concludes on that note: a casual emphasis, by indirection, of all that can be said at the moment: the doctor learns to do his best, under the given conditions. The doctors are heroes, they can make their little sterilized oasis even in the Chicago slums, but they can't change society, by themselves. Some become inured.

The *Fight for Life* has a far wider range than Lorenz's previous work, and is a longer picture. It makes use of all the standard, and some new cinema techniques: acted scenes, factual scenes, creative dialogue and dialogue noted from life, commentary, and even thought-speech. All these are blended, masterfully. A sparse and realistic musical commentary by Louis Gruenberg, takes cinematic composition a long step forward. Gruenberg's score will undoubtedly arouse controversy, for he has tossed aside the whole trend toward mood-music advocated by Hollywood adapters, and written stuff that speaks as plainly as words. His music imitates heartbeats in the hospital scenes, and seems to express in sound the very sensations of birthpain.

There can be no doubt, whatever the popularity of the *Fight for Life*, that many of the innovations of this film will be adapted and used in fiction films. Lorenz' use of a stylized, poetized dialogue out of commonplace speech, notable in the grandmother-knitting sequence, should have notable development in American films. And his classic handling of the close-ups, in that same sequence, might profitably influence many Hollywood directors whose films are monotonous successions of medium-long shots and close-ups. Lorenz deals with people as part of society; even at such highly individual moments as childbirth they are shown integrally in their surroundings; it is only at the instant before climax that a succession of intense close-ups reveals their linked separate emotions; and the climax is society, again: the group.

This detail of technique is as significant as any other point of contrast between the *Fight for Life* and the tailor-made *A Child Is Born*. For in the latter film, which follows the birthing dramas of a half-dozen women in a hospital ward, there is scarcely a group shot to be found. We get reel after reel of flat close-ups, from one lady in her bed to another lady in her bed. They are, of course, the usual movie assortment: the vaudeville actress who is going to give away her twins, but is finally won to love them by their need of her. The murderess who is really a nice girl and who chooses a fatal operation and life for her child, rather than twenty years in jail. The insane woman who tries to steal a baby. The very young mother. The mother whose baby is born dead. These standard threads are neatly braided, each in its turn.

And the fathers are not forgotten. Why mankind does not organize and agitate for a constitutional amendment prohibiting story writers and film makers to perpetuate the comic father on the hospital waiting bench is one of the profound mysteries of democratic society. It is not only the stale, hokey, and clumsy nature of this perpetual gag that is irritating. The whole effect of the joke is to debase male parenthood, to surround the experience with obscene buffoonery. It is as cruel, and is the cause of as much maladjustment, as the primitive custom of charivari, which makes an obscene nightmare of the wedding act.

It is notable that the Lorenz film entirely avoids the father joke. A few times, the fathers are in the homes, sometimes worried, sometimes anxious, but never comical. And there is one lyrical shot of a man sitting on tenement steps, in the dusk, touching a guitar.

For those to whom these subtle distinctions between fact and fiction hold no interest, a single item of comparison between the two films may be of value. Notice the mothers, ranged on the waiting room chairs, in the Maternity Center clinic: their complexions none too good, their figures swollen under their cheap cloth coats. And observe the slim ladies as they are brought to the maternity ward of *A Child Is Born*. Where are those twins hidden?

Mouths of Babes

Recently your correspondent addressed a meeting of teachers who have been trying to develop intelligent movie-going among their pupils. One of the teachers reported astonishment at the critical acumen displayed by children, as early as the fifth grade. She assigned her pupils the writing of a letter about Shirley Temple.

Contrary to expectation, she discovered that the children did not like Shirley Temple. They were "through with Shirley," they said. They didn't like her silly curls and her baby wiles. "After all," they wrote, "Shirley Temple is no longer a child!"

Of course these were children of about her own age. They resented the fact that she did not grow up in the movies, as they were growing up, since they first saw her.

So the letter, with twenty-two signatures, was shipped off to Hollywood. It represented an honest effort on the part of a typical group of children, to tell the studio why they didn't like the Shirley Temple pictures, and what they wanted Shirley to do.

Presently every one of the twenty-two children received a reply from Hollywood. It was an autographed photograph of Shirley Temple and a letter from the studio saying "We are so glad you like our Shirley Temple pictures . . ."

The teacher said the kids were infuriated. They tore the photographs to bits.

Good-bye Europe

Herb Klein, who made that swell film about Czecho-Slovakia, *Crisis*, is back from Europe with another film showing how the people of England, Poland, France, waited numbly for war to come, and how war came. I have just seen an incomplete version, without the sound, and therefore should not discuss this as a film, but since the complete film will probably be out by the time this appears, I can say that Klein has assembled some devastating material. One scene, taken on a bombarded refugee train shows a wounded young woman whose body trembles itself to death. It's not the way they get hit and fall and die in war pictures.

In other sequences, Klein has managed to show what a war of waiting is like. This is a new kind of a war, it demands a new kind of reporting.

Meet the People

The problem of intelligent young theatre folk who get to Hollywood is to exhibit their wares before scouts and producers. Another problem is to keep their theatre-talent alive. A group of the brightest coming talents solved both problems at one stroke by staging a revue called *Meet The People* which became an overnight smash hit. It is of the *Pins and Needles* variety, topical, daisy-fresh, and barbed a-plenty. They even had the nerve to kid Hollywood, and Hollywood loved it. By the end of the first week, everyone from Louis B. Mayer to Charlie Chaplin was scrambling for seats. Several of the cast had movie contracts. Fanny Brice and Peggy Fears were vying for the rights to take the revue to Broadway.

Typical of the material is the opening number, by Ben and Sol Barzman, called the *Legend of the Sleeping Beauty*, which shows Hollywood as a nude-limbed beauty asleep on a DeMille bed, while the world thunders with wars, earthquakes, etc., all around. Finally a pinprick awakens her, and she meets the people. There is a whole flock of hit numbers with lyrics by Henry Myers and tunes by Jan Gorney. A lass named Bernice Parks has even Hollywood aflame over a rhumba number entitled *In Chichicostanango*.

If Mayor LaGuardia goes on with his attempt to move the movies to New York, these kids may yet prove that Hollywood's counter-threat, to move Broadway to L.A., is no mere jest. Both moves might do some good. #

"MOST ELOQUENT STORY OF THE WAR"...TIME

"In this sad solitude lie the dead... as they fell—twisted, gesticulating and tortured beneath a kindly mask of snow..."

LELAND STOWE

Pulitzer Prize winner and one of the foreign correspondents of The Chicago Daily News

NOT just Chicago, but the whole country as well, has come to expect masterful reporting from the foreign staff of The Chicago Daily News.

The Daily News' foreign correspondent is both a tradition and a type—so resolute of purpose, so relentlessly truthful, so immune to intimidation that, on historic occasions, his presence has become "inconvenient" to dictators.

Wherever and whenever cataclysmic events transpire, he is *there*—with his X-ray eye, and his unexcelled ability to make absentee readers see and feel the things that he sees and feels. Stowe, for example, without sentimentality or sensationalism, simply, feelingly, almost tenderly brought home to readers, in a matchless way, the battle of Tolvajarvi.

Such writing, fully in the tradition of The Daily News foreign service, is incongruous with insincerity. It is believed—as everything else in The Daily News is believed

—INCLUDING THE ADVERTISING

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

CHICAGO'S HOME *NEWSPAPER*

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street,* CHICAGO • DETROIT OFFICE: *4-119 General Motors Building*
NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza* • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

For the Love of Speed

Continued from page 87

cuts corners and gives you the basic idea in two sentences. When questioned on the why of his speed mania he said, "I have been doing it in the spirit of adventure, I have found it a great sport and get the same thrill out of it that some men do out of hunting tigers."

It's incredible the speed with which we've attained speed. A few generations ago, man's fastest vehicle was the horse. A trotter who could stride at a pace of thirty-five miles per hour was the product of painstaking thoroughbreeding. Five years ago, Lieutenant Francis Agello, of Italy, whirled through the sky at better than 440 miles per hour. This was *more than seven miles a minute.*

But Dr. Gustav Egloff, of Chicago, sort of laughs down such puny efforts. He freely predicts speeds of fifteen miles per minute, and in this prophecy he is not alone. His brother scientists in the American Chemical Society see the problem mainly as one of chemistry rather than engineering.

Let us peep into their dreams. In order to overcome air resistance, they envision the pilot of the future soaring high into the stratosphere in sealed aerial gondolas whose oxygen is artificially supplied. Since gasoline has a tendency to solidify at low temperatures, the chief problem will be lubrication. Speed will thus depend upon the man in the laboratory. Similarly, the effect of low temperatures on metal alloys is an unknown factor.

How did Cobb feel when he defied death to beat time? The answer is *he hardly had time to feel.* That car of his clove the breeze at a clip that left no time for thought, let alone feelings. We must realize that a nerve impulse travels from the brain at a rate of 180 feet a second. Translated, this means a speed of one mile in 29.33 seconds. Cobb sped over the salt flats at a rate of a mile in 9.76 seconds. Now here's the startling truth: Cobb traveled faster than he could think.

Man's impulse to go fast has been accompanied by a vast recording of speed measurements. We have tested the speed of practically everything from a heartbeat to a punch on the schnozzle. Through electrical apparatus, it has been determined that Mark Koenig throws a baseball at a speed of 127 miles per hour. The same device showed that Gene Sarazen can't drive a golf ball just quite as fast, and that after Bill Tilden lays his tall frame on a tennis ball, it flies through space at a speed of almost two miles a minute. The data about the sock on the schnozzle was contributed by Jack Dempsey, the speed of whose punch was measured at 135 miles per hour.

We have raced horses and got them to run a mile in one minute and 32.8 seconds. We have raced greyhounds and got them to run a mile in but a few seconds more. In Canada they've even raced turtles. The recent Grand Derby was won by a debonair Canuck dubbed La Palook, who dashed over the one-mile course in a blinding burst of speed. Time: 6 hours.

In the accompanying box there are listed, in the order of their speed, the world's records for all types of motion. These speeds have all been reduced to a common denominator of one mile, so that comparisons can be easily made.

But compare man's speed with the natural phenomena of the universe. The earth revolves on its axis at a speed of approximately 1,000 miles per hour . . . Light travels 186,324 miles per second . . . Sound is a laggard. It crawls along at a rate of 1,266 feet per second, which means that sound takes 4½ seconds to traverse a mile. That's why we hear echoes seconds later. But sound speeds up when it's on the right rail. It travels approximately four times as fast in ice-cold water, eight times as fast on a silver wire, twelve times as fast through wood, and with fifteen times as much speed through steel.

To get back to homo sapiens once more, the stop watch has proved that a man can run a mile just a wee bit faster than a championship crew can row the same distance. You might further be interested in a hypothetical race between the world's fastest swimmer and the world's fastest runner. Suppose both men were placed on the shore of a lake and started at the crack of a gun for a spot on the opposite shore. The swimmer, going in a direct line, would plow through the water for *a mile.* The walker, skirting the shore of the lake, would have to trudge *three miles.* But he'd get to the goal in time to help his opponent up on the dock. It might be equally shocking to water enthusiasts to learn that a bicycle can be pedaled almost *five* times as fast as a canoe can be paddled.

Here are some more surprises: In a ten-mile race between a horse and a distance runner, put your money on the man.

The bulky, cumbersome war tank lumbers along at a mile a minute.

The rabbit runs as fast as the horse and foxhound. The ostrich would leave all three far behind. The fastest living quadruped is the antelope, who lopes over the plains at 62 miles per hour. But many sea captains will swear that there are at least two or three briny monsters that will swim rings around your old four-footed Aunty.

However, if we are to believe Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History, nothing living travels faster than a certain little New Jersey fly, which is reputed to attain a speed of 800 miles per hour. The wee Cephenomyia can go faster than a paycheck.

While many scientists scoffed at Dr. Andrews' statement, Dr. Charles H. T. Townsend said that the male botfly, racing any living thing on earth, would win in a walk. With a fast-shutter camera, he snapped pictures of this insect in flight. After careful study of the plates, conservative government scientists conceded that the botfly actually buzzes by at 450 miles per hour.

If, when you get off the first floor of an elevator, you feel that you've left your stomach on the seventh, just consider that a parachute jumper drops through space at 118 miles per hour. A dropped bomb, because of less air resistance, travels a bit faster . . . a mile in 19 seconds.

Ballistic engineers have figured that a rifle bullet covers the first 1,000 yards of its flight at a speed of 1,270 miles per hour. A revolver, too, needs a steady hand. A pistol bullet is discharged from the muzzle of a gun at a velocity of better than 500 miles per hour.

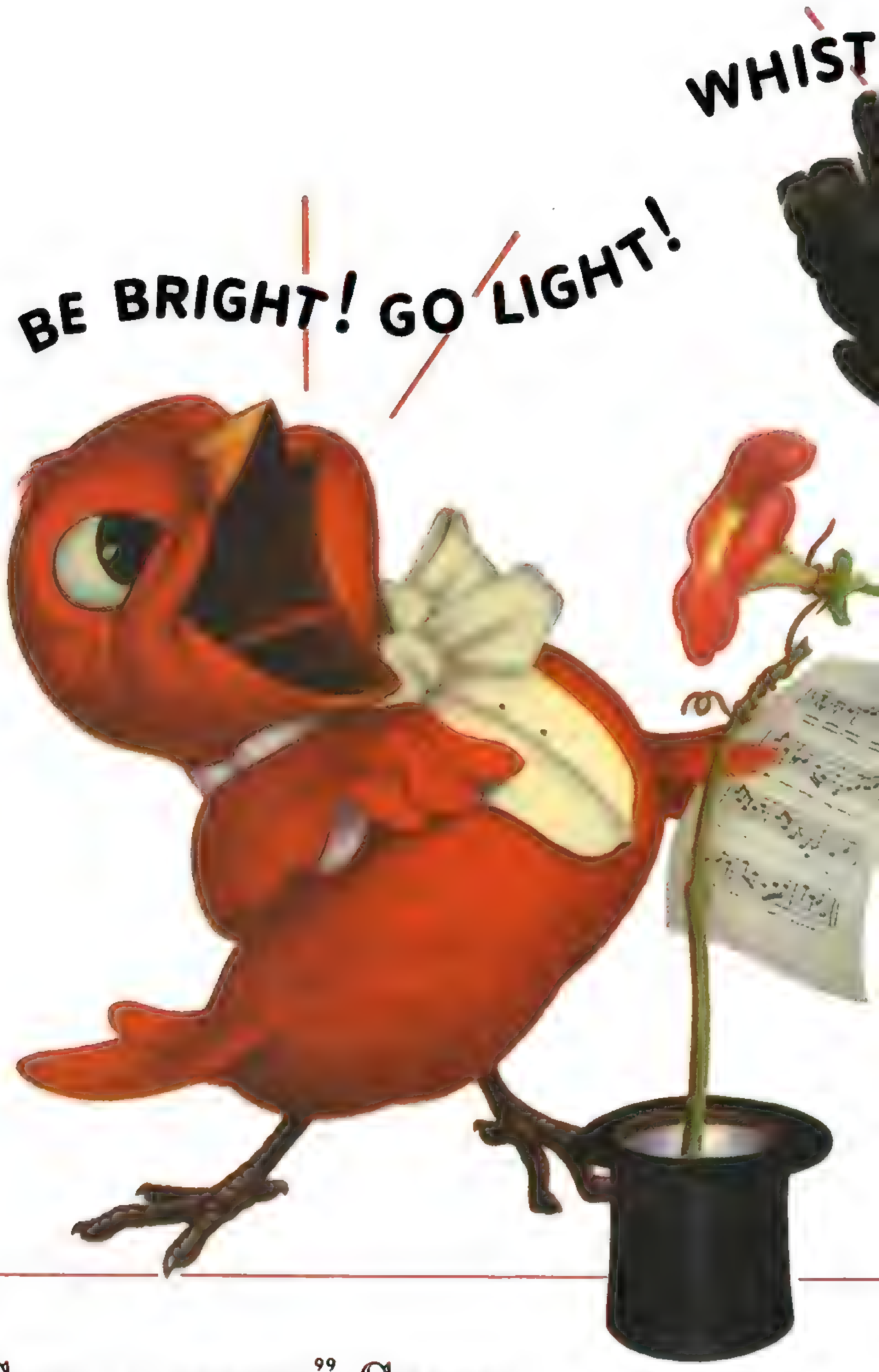
HOW FAST MAN HAS TRAVELED

Method	*Time For One Mile Min. Sec.*	*Record Holder*	*Year—Place*	*Official Record*
In an Airplane	8.16	Francesco Agello	1935, Italy	440.68 m.p.h.
In an Auto	9.76	John Cobb	1939, Utah	368.85 m.p.h.
In a Locomotive	25.03	"Zeppelin-on-Rails"	1931, Berlin	143.75 m.p.h.
In a Motorboat	27.81	Sir Malcolm Campbell	1937, Switzerland	129.41 m.p.h.
In a Parachute	30.5	(Army Estimate)		118 m.p.h.
On Skis	32.72	Unofficial estimate.	1926, Altoona, Pa.	107 m.p.h.
On an Ice Boat	41.6	Commodore Weaver	1885, New Jersey	1¼ miles in 52 seconds
On a Bob Sled	42.26	Reno Capadrutt	1936, Germany	3000 meters in 1:18.61
On a Horse	1:32.8	(Horse) Keppeltone	1935, Brighton, Eng.	
On a Bicycle	1:51	Alf Goullet	1912, U. S. A.	
On Ice Skates	2:38.2	Clas Thunberg	1926, Lake Placid	
Running	4:4	Glenn Cunningham	1938, Hanover, N. Y.	
Rowing	4:31	Navy (8 oars)	1922, Hudson River	3 miles in 13:33.6
On a Dog Sled	5:20	M. H. Wheeler	1935, Quebec	120 miles in 10 hrs. 41:52
Sculling	5:22	Ted Phillips	1930, Thames River	4¼ miles in 22:48
Walking	6:25.8	G. H. Goulding	1910, Canada	
In a Canoe	8:11	Ernst Riedel	1926, New York	
Swimming	20:57.8	Jack Medica	1934, Chicago	

The quest for speed—will it ever end? Not while this earth continues to yield daredevils of the caliber of Campbell and Cobb. Danger itself is no deterrent to your born speed devil. If you ask Sir Malcolm, who happens to be in the insurance business, what chance a professional speedster has to die in his bed, he would say that down in his office at Lloyd's, he wouldn't underwrite such a risk for *any* premium. He recalls vividly how in 1912, in the early days of racing at Brooklands, England, while driving at the then incredible speed of 100 miles per hour, two wheels of his car came off; how a few years later in Denmark, while burning the boards at 150 miles per hour, his front tire rolled off the track; how in 1929, while skimming along at 170 miles per hour on the sands of Daytona, his machine struck a rut and was catapulted 30 feet in the air, how he righted it in a hair's breadth of a second; how that same year in Belfast, Ireland, his car suddenly burst into flames. Yes, Campbell realizes that up to now he's just cheated the laws of probability, and he still believes he'll go on cheating sudden death. "I've had an adventurous career," is the way he puts it. "I'm a fatalist. If my time is up, I shall have to go. Of this I am positive. Probably because I have had so many close calls while racing, I have come to believe that it is not written in the Book of Fate that I shall die with my foot on the accelerator and my hand on the wheel."

Campbell's courage, typical of that of the speedometer buster, may be beautiful to contemplate, but it's downright reckless. In 1932 he finished a record run with both hands blistered—so difficult it was to hold the wheel—but he finished. A year later he injured his arm testing his car a scant week before his scheduled attempt to break the world's record. Did he delay the attempt? Not Campbell. Instead, he drove with one hand, establishing a new world's record at a speed of 272.108 miles per hour, while the onlookers gasped as his car swerved badly a number of times. And Cobb? Has he courage? Rawther! The nerveless Britisher has actually been complaining that the thrill of going over 300 per is wearing off!

Dr. Egloff is right. The speed records of today are doomed. How can they possibly resist the combined assault of science and daring? . . . In laboratories, keen minds toil over test tubes. In workshops, ingenious engineers evolve new improvements. On land and sea and in the sky, young men of verve and nerve train steel muscles to respond with rapier rapidity. And prodding this ambitious triumvirate there is the imp of the irresistible urge to Step On It! ⌗



SCHENLEY "SWALLOWS" SING:

"Reason is never out of Season"

Keep your eye off those extra high-balls tonight! Be bright! Go light! Head right for SCHENLEY Black Label or Red Label light-bodied Whiskies. They are "melded" by a secret SCHENLEY method that permits weight reduction without flavor destruction.

HEAD RIGHT *for*

SCHENLEY *Light-Bodied* **WHISK**

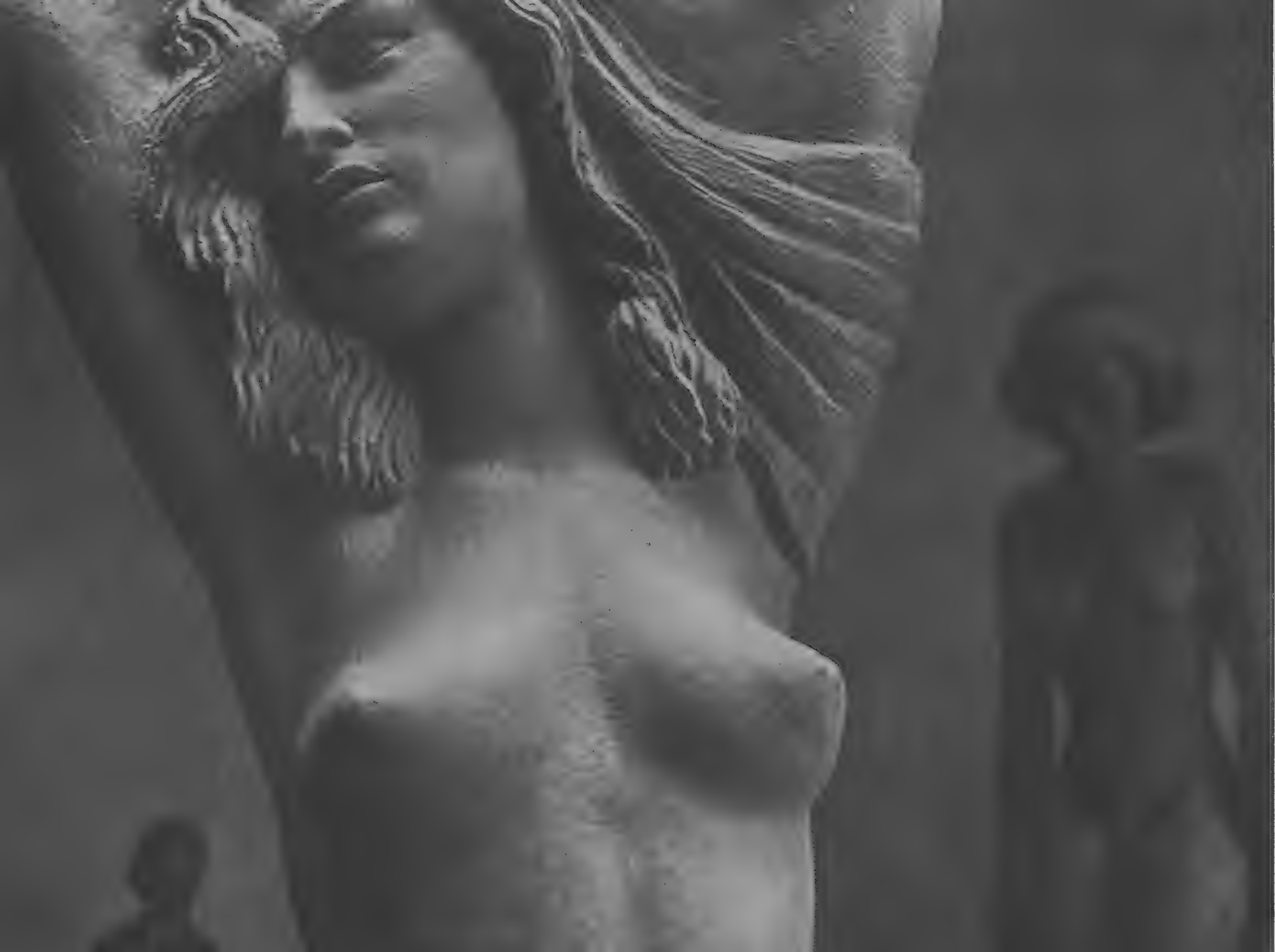
SCHENLEY Black Label, 65% grain neutral spirits. SCHENLEY Red Label, 72½% grain neutral spirits. Both

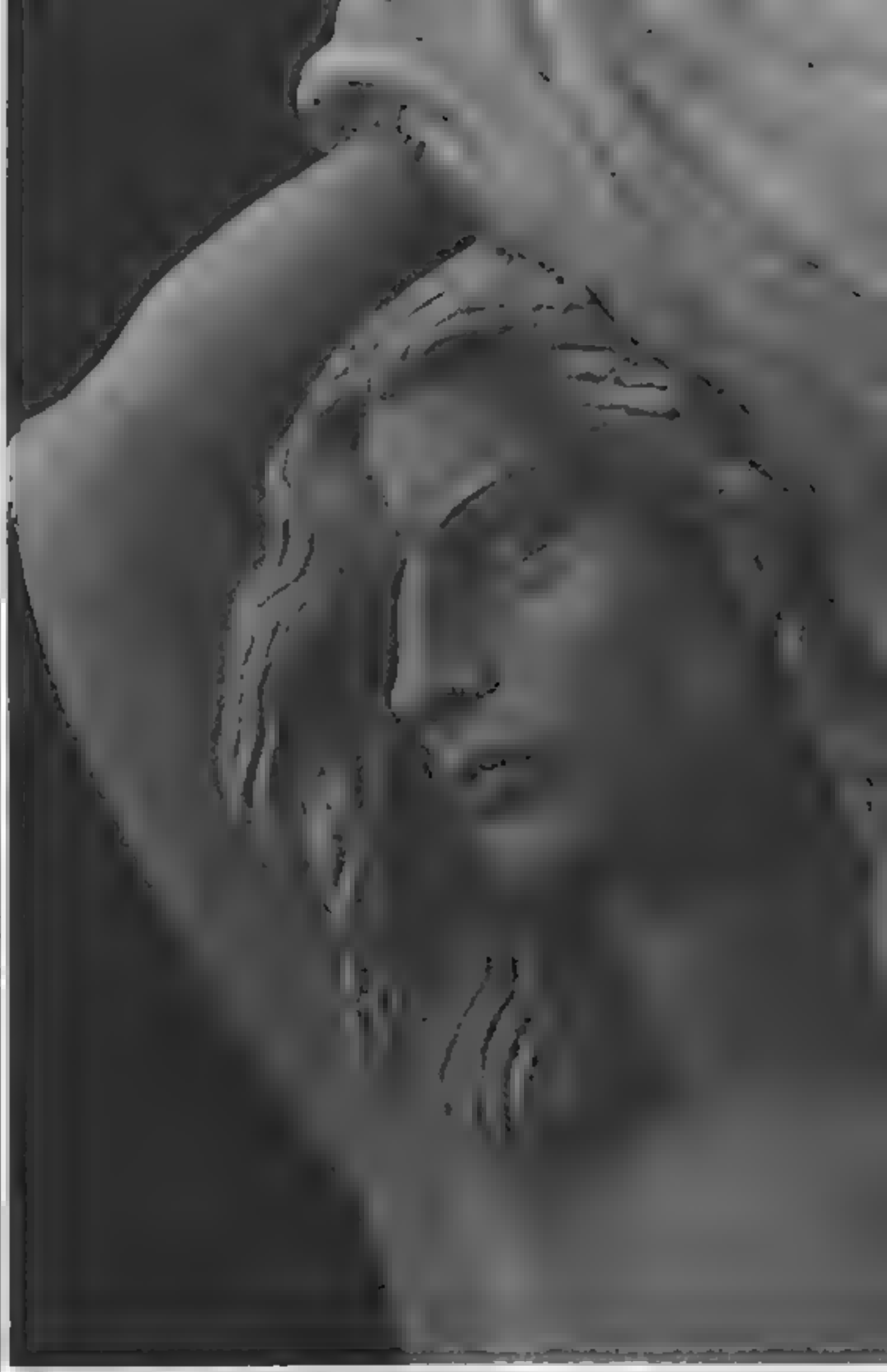
LE AS YOU WORK!

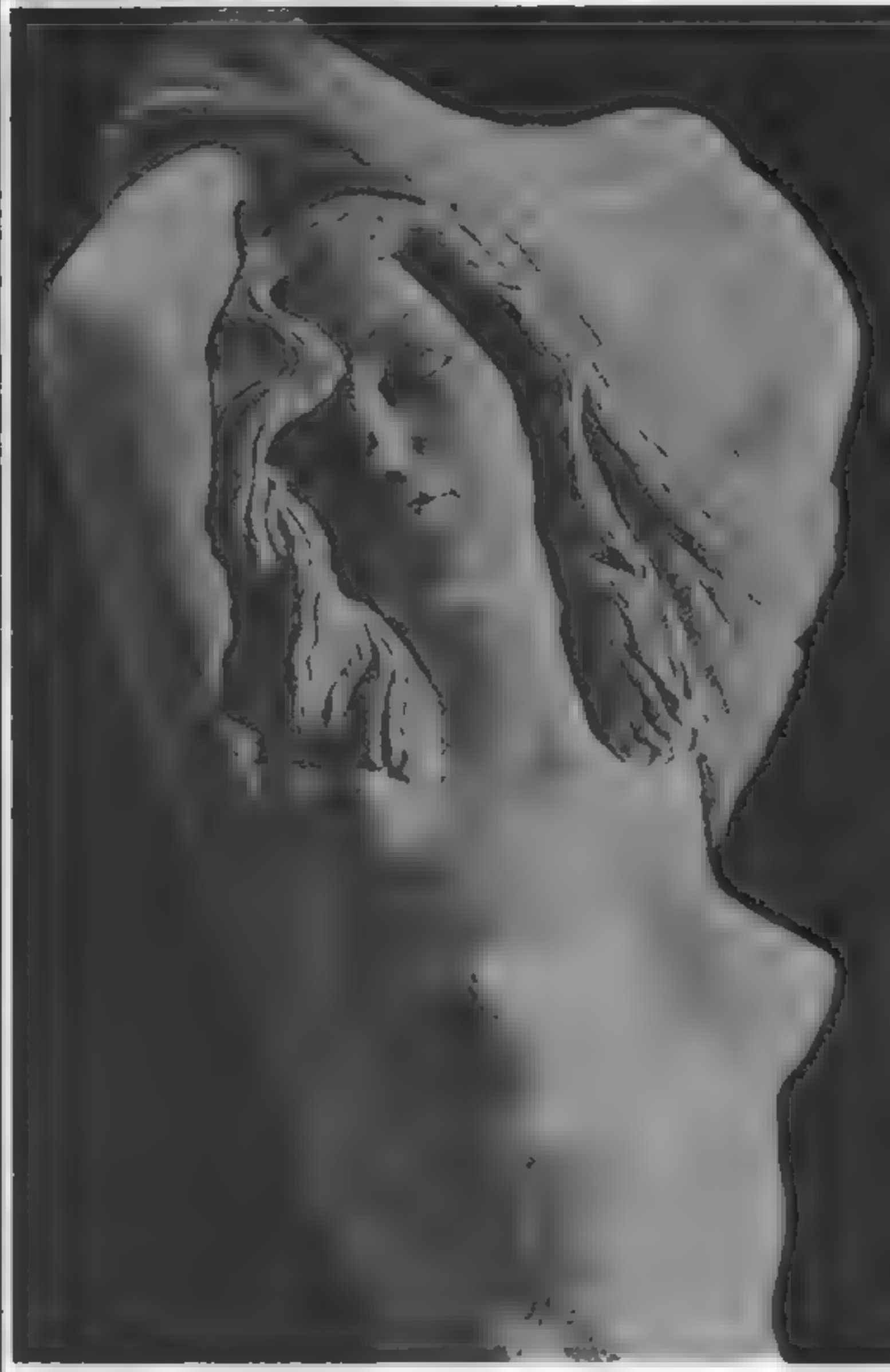
SCHENLEY'S
BLACK LABEL
Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY'S
RED LABEL
Blended Whiskey

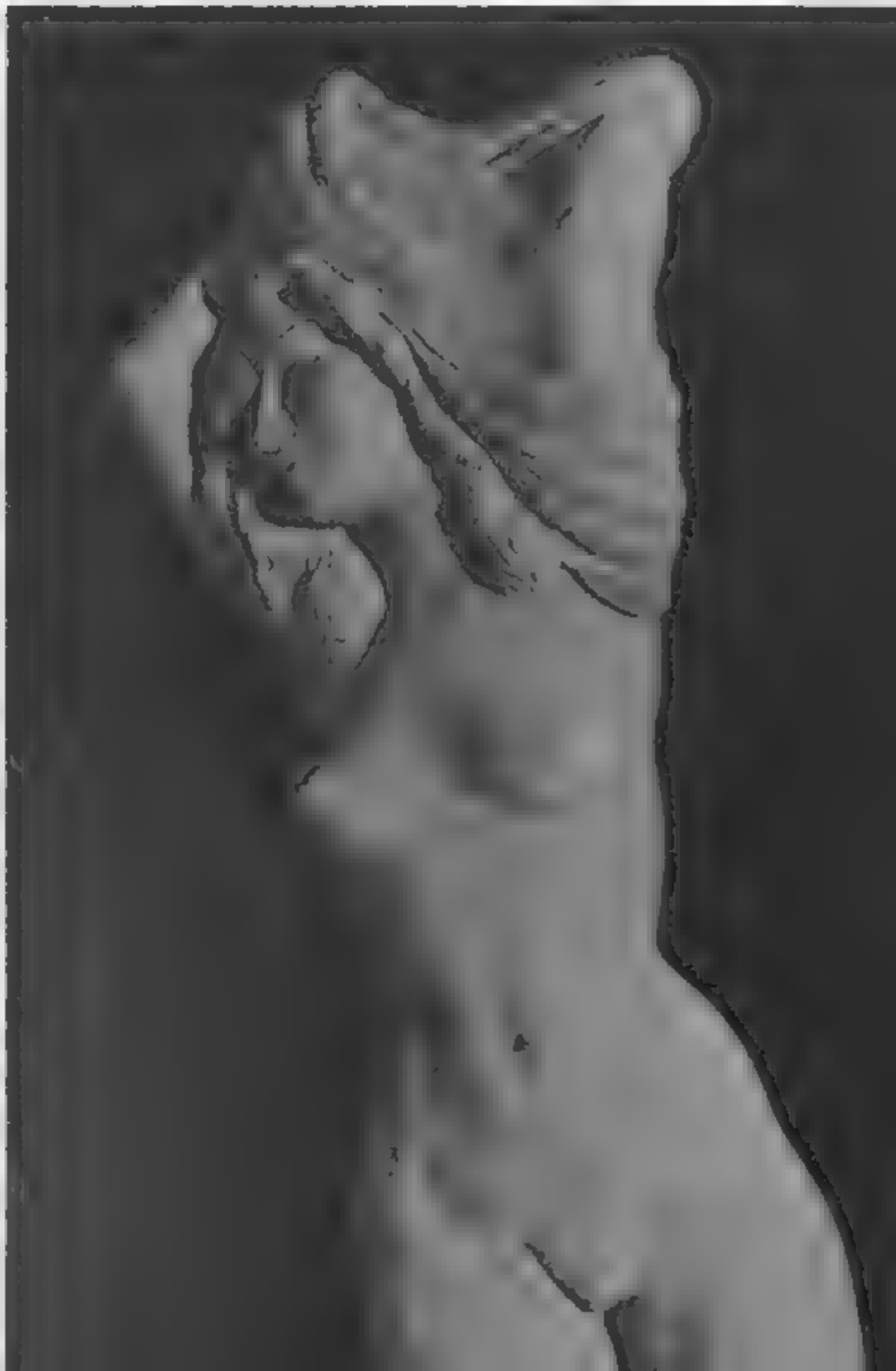
IES

BLENDED WHISKEY and 90 Proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.









The Types of American Beauty

in sculpture by

FRANK NAGY

as photographed by

ANDRÉ DE DIENES

NUMBER 1: *Perdita*

Tall girl, well proportioned, of substantial skeletal development. Well nourished, yet not fat. Forehead low, nose of good size but not prominent. Lips fleshy. Breasts full, firm, glandular and pointing sidewise. Nipples inconspicuous. Hips full but not fleshy, denoting the broad, feminine pelvis. Thigh firm, full and harmoniously blended with the sturdy yet shapely calf.

This constitutional type is common among people of Scandinavian ancestry, yet she is more likely to be a hybrid than of pure race. She is a young woman who matured rather early and is now in the full bloom of her active femininity. Good health and vitality are evident; the latter, manifest in stature, nutrition, appetite and libido, is accentuated and easily within the upper range of normality. It is a safe bet that she is fertile, a good childbearer and nurse. The ample but undeveloped musculature suggests inertia and indifference to everything excepting vegetative functions.

Born, probably, on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, in which case her attractiveness and crude sex appeal are her ruin from the sixth grade up. Problem to the truant officer and juvenile court. Predilection for bad company, cheap cosmetics and overdone make-up. Parasitic by nature, takes to work most unwillingly and rates not higher than unskilled labor. Untidy, even slatternly. Takes readily to all forms of over-indulgence. If rescued into the haven of middle-class domesticity, she promises to be the prize of the iceman.

"Mulier erotica vulgaris."

—*Nostradamus, M.D.*

"Nostradamus" is the pseudonym of a prominent New York specialist, author of many medical texts and treatises, who has never before written for non-scientific publications. His analytical characterizations of the types rendered into sculpture for Esquire by Frank Nagy are based upon a skilled reading of the model's physical attributes, permitting assignment of the individual to a reasonably specific classification or category, as regards purely physical characteristics, and further permitting a rational (if not a scientific) projection of a probable behavior pattern, culminating in the dubbing of the specific woman with a generic Latin label.

To this extent only does "Nostradamus" concur and comply with the sculptor's feeling that "character is recognizable in every part of the human body." It should also be borne in mind that while "Nostradamus" has made the above "reading" of the anatomy in the light of his experience and judgment as a man of science, against the background of countless case histories studied in the clinic which he conducts in Manhattan, he has nevertheless made this analysis purely as a lay interpretation of a work of art—it is offered, in other words, simply as an informed appraisal and is not meant to be regarded as a diagnosis. The man of science remembers, and laymen should be reminded, that while physical conformations are indeed an index to character they are by no means its entire text, as character is composed of many variables, only one of which is determined by the physique. Thus the figure, and especially the feminine figure, reveals to the educated eye many a significant truth about its possessor's mental, spiritual and emotional pattern, but it does not tell the whole truth and, so complex a thing is the human personality, there are even frequent instances where "figures may lie."

Frank Nagy looks at American beauty with the eye of the sculptor, creating this series of characteristic figures especially for Esquire, for whose readers they are interpreted, in words, by the analysis of "Nostradamus," and in light and shadow by the camera of André de Dienes. This feature is produced in its entirety under the copyright of Esquire, by whom world reproduction rights have been assigned to the control of Press-Alliance, Inc.

A Pair of Bowlines

Continued from page 57

was lugging her.

"Afraid?" she would slap into the tearing crest on one of those steep little bay seas and shoot it back up-wind into the gale's face. "Who's afraid?" she shouted like a wench running through a graveyard. Everything was afraid. The sky and the water and the fish and the trees and the coral reefs and, in case of any doubt, vote twice for Sparkie.

I looked ahead at the mad crazy bay. I looked astern and wondered about little Oakum-top. They were driving that yawl for once. She was close enough to see and sometimes when we were in darkness her canvas burned silvery bright. Then the cloud shadow raced astern and darkened her too. At Lower Matecumbe Key we started our motor to keep a full in the mainsail because the course swung northward and doused the jibs. Then we sighted Mangrove Cut and took in all sail.

When Flagler, the pioneer they've named all the Florida streets after, moved his machinery south to build the overseas railroad to Key West, the big dredges led the way. When they came to a shoal they dipped into it and dredged a channel. They tossed the silt up on either hand in banks like the banks of a canal and the mangrove found root there and grew in tough bush-like trees. Some of the channels remain to this day and the most famous one is the one we sighted in the last of the moonlight, Mangrove Cut. It was just two rows of bushes standup out of the boiling expanse of the bay. Beyond to the eastward we could see the dark shadow of Plantation Key where the trembling little village of Tavernier was waiting on Tavernier Creek.

"What does your college education say," Jim pulled down my ear and yelled, "about not making Tavernier?"

"It's time for a punt, a pass or a prayer," I yelled back. "I wouldn't know."

He looked aloft and I looked because he did. The moon ring was a horseshoe with the luck running out of it. Its lower limb was smothered by the solidest wall of black I have ever seen in the sky. It was mounting so fast the moon seemed rolling toward it and as we watched, the black tide reached out like a big wave drowning a glow worm and then we lurched on in darkness. So thick it seemed sticky. While we were blind and scared in that first dark, the second squall struck, screaming and hissing with rain. It pelted my eyes and blubbered off my lips and strangled me until I had to roof my mouth to breathe. I grabbed for Jim and he grabbed me.

"Find a flashlight," he yelled. "Try to get some sign back to them. We'll never make Tavernier."

We made Mangrove Cut. Up in the mud of the easterly bank Jim jammed the schooner's bows and then he jumped by me yelling for me to give him light. He went over the bow with two shore lines and beat through the waist deep mud around the mangroves and made his first line fast. I watched him. Two passes around the big bundle of roots with the line and then in the flashlight beam, spangled with the flying rain, his bowline. Moses, it was just two quick passes of his hands and a heave back to harden it up and there she was. Pretty! He waved my light down stream and I followed him, as he floundered with the second line. He did the same thing. Then he came back to the bow and I stuck my head over the rail and he yelled that he wanted his big cable laid hawser that was stowed in the forepeak. It was fifty fathoms with a big spliced eye holding a galvanized snap hook in one end and the other end plain whipped. The whipped end he wanted and I payed it out to him. He went up stream this time and found a clump of mangroves and made fast around the whole thing. Then he came aboard and yelled at me to go cut the motor. When I came on deck he was down under the lee of the cabin house and he pulled me down beside him.

"That fool yawl's up against the other bank," he yelled. "He's in trouble over there."

I couldn't see into the blackness astern.

"Storm's—there," he stuck his head up into the wind stream and flung his right arm back as far as he could strain it. "East—Christ—little south."

He opened the companionway doors and pulled me below after him. When he took off his sou'wester his hair was wet and the thin place on his crown looked bald.

"Kid," he said, "it's bad. It's a little one, I think, moving fast. The damn thing's headed right for us."

He wiped across his eyes once and then looked at me.

"I'm going to talk fast," he said. "A hurricane's like a buzz saw, a horizontal buzz saw, two hundred, maybe five hundred miles in diameter, whirling counter clockwise. It's whirling fast but the whole saw is traveling forward quite slowly. In the middle where the shaft, the mandrel I guess they call it in a buzz saw, would be, is a hole, a void. That's the eye of the storm. I figure that eye is coming close to hitting us dead. That means we are going to have three different stages to contend with. Now get this. This wind right now is the first stage. It will get a sight worse but it will blow true. Then we will get the eye and that will be a lull. You can't count on it lasting more than twenty or thirty minutes. Then, bang, you get the other half of the buzz saw. It is the hardest wind of all. It's hell. It blows in exactly the opposite direction to the first wind. Have you got it?"

"Yes sir," I said with assurance. "By the way, how do you feel?"

"Oke!"

He said, "I'm sending you over there. You're taking that big cable-laid hawser over for me. I've got to have it fast over there so I can crab across in the lull and get a lee on the other side for the shift. But your biggest job will be to straighten out that yawl."

"Who—me?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. "This is what you do . . ."

The air was roaring and screaming on the gear topside and pounding on the hull and he must have been yelling, but my memory is of a calm man talking easily about calm things in a placid, quiet room. He told me what I must do.

"It should be easy," he said at the end. "It probably won't be. It's just gear and not losing your head. Go on in, Kid. I'll see you when the dead birds stop flying."

I was out in the current, still saying, "Who—me?" It knew one of the answers as it tried to drown me. The tide was running from the southeasterly end of the cut and the wind was boosting it, blowing across. The light sponge diver life line I was trailing jerked and pulled as if it was coming off a deep water reel with the drag set for thousand-pound marlin. If the crossing had been more than 200 feet, I wouldn't have made it. But I felt the back eddy against the bank and then wallowed up in the sticky mud.

There was a big mangrove set in an indentation in the bank that Jim wanted and, as soon as I could, I slogged upstream, hunting it. It was there just as he said, which was a good feeling and I gave him three tugs for a signal.

Jim's signal to heave away bit at my wrist and I heaved until that big galvanized snap hook and the spliced eye in the heavy hawser struck my knee. It was matted with weeds and slime and I cleared it and took two passes around the mangrove and made fast by snapping the hook over the standing part which was better than a knot—better than me tying a knot. Then I started for the yawl dragging the slack of the hawser, the middle of it. It was a sixty-fathom length, three hundred and sixty feet, with ends fast now on each bank and the belly, the slack was supposed to be enough to drag to the yawl. We were going to use it to straighten her out.

Slogging in the mud, hurrying with my head low, I heard her. Her sound got into my ears, a different, human sound, some distance away. The distance was about a yard for when I swung about, I stepped on her. She was down in the mud hanging to a mangrove root. Sure! Who else? Little Oakum-top with the hair mop plastered and her cheaters off. I pulled her up and she made a clinch for me and had me around the neck.

"Oh God!" she was sobbing, "Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!"

"What is it?" I yelled. "Why are you off the ship?"

"He's gone!" she screamed. "He fell in—he's gone!"

"Who? The old guy? Your uncle?"

"His heart! His weak heart! It killed him and—he's gone." That's all she could say. She beat my chest.

"He fell into the current?"

"He was trying to get the anchor over. We ran out of gas—He's gone!"

I tried to hold her and think. Twenty minutes maybe. If he fell into that current twenty minutes ago he was gone all right. She knew it. She stopped off short.

"We're going to die too," she told me.

The hawser was around my middle. It was pulling too hard on my belly and I had to hunch it up. Putting my hands on it, feeling it hard and cold and stout did something to me.

"No!" I said. "I know some plays. Back to the yawl. Hurry up!"

"No!" she yelled. "He's not there! I've got to find him."

She was out of her head. Her crazy grip around my neck was a freeze. I had to let her have one. Yes, I did. If you had been out there in that wind, you'd understand. I'd never hit a girl before in my life but I pulled her head back by the hair and let her have it open handed as hard as I could swing my right. I got her around the middle and fought the hawser and the mud to the yawl. Black and dead and high, like a wreck she looked. She was flat broadside to the wind, heeled over by it with her port rail low. The girl made her first move when I finally got alongside. She put out a hand and grabbed the rail.

"Hang by yourself," I yelled. "I've got to have both hands."

You had to yell. The wind was singing in the rigging like a murder whoop that ought to stop and part of the mainsail had blown away and was whipping raw wet ends like a forty-five cannon shooting fast. Some running rigging were trailing over the side and I found a backstay runner that was fast on deck and made the hawser fast and swarmed aboard. I got her arms and lifted her in and then sat her down in the scupper under the lee of the cabin. It was raining so hard that scupper was full to the top with water. The wind shooting by the cabin held it there and wouldn't let it get to the clearing ports and run off. I soused her in the water and then started to swab down her mud-caked hair and face.

"I can wash my own face—thanks," she pushed me away.

"Where's a lantern?" I asked.

"Electric lights," she said. "Switch—port hand—companionway."

The slide had been left open and the leeward side of the cabin was a soaked mess. But the starboard bunk was perfectly dry.

I ran through for the door in the forward bulkhead. Just as Jim had said, there was the rope locker. Plenty of line looked brand new as I let the light shine through the door. There were two big anchor warps and a cable-laid hawser like Jim's only it did not have a spliced eye and a snap hook. I pawed over all six of the ends looking for some mechanical fastening that would help me. Nothing! They were all plain-ended, just whipped with marlin. I was worrying about having to tie bowlines on my shore lines. I was worrying about that more than anything else. "Oh Jim," I remember crying, "I'm all alone here. The old guy is dead Jim. Give me a hook or a shackle on that big hawser."

The kid was standing under the light when I looked up. She had her tweed split skirt in one hand and that left her in wet shorts and a wet silk sweater. She was a little knockout.

"Go ahead," she said, "look and see where you hit me. You did *not* need to do it. I'm no coward."

"All right—all right—all right," I yelled.

To hell with her. I grabbed the big coil of hawser and heaved it out on deck and then made a jump to cover it before the wind got it.

"Give me that other one," I yelled below, "I'm going into the mangroves. I'll be back."

Two bowlines! Two bowlines! I closed the companionway and flopped flat on my belly on the pile of lines in the cockpit. I tried to see, tried to remember. The book had a picture! The rope looked like a rubber hose in the picture. "No," Jim had said, "look at it. You've got to learn it. Look!" The loop! The end through—over—yeah—over—. The loop! The end through from the back—over—around—. I gouged my eyes with my fists trying to rub the picture clear in them. They wouldn't let me think: the wind and the rain and the yawl wouldn't. Lord, the yawl made a crunch that shook her bones and heaved down until her rail must have been kissing the mud. She stayed there. I had to go and go quick, in the dark—in the warm sticky mud—in that damn, damn roaring. There were the mangroves waiting for me.

The hemp was in my hand. I was jerking on it, hauling it up. All right, here comes Granny Sparkie. Old Fundamentals Sparkie. Two passes around the big five foot bundle of roots. Kick the loop in the standing part. Face it right now! Stand right in front of it! The end through from underneath—over—under—back through again. What is it there in the dark? You can feel it, fumble it over with your fingers. You can't see it no matter how close you get your eyes down. There it is. Whatever it is, it's all there is. You learned it or you didn't, you lunkhead, you damn shirkin' lunkhead, you wise-crackin' smart guy—Oh God if I had that studying to do all over again—if—if—if!

I turned and ran and fell and spat out the mud and did the other one quick, the same way.

I went through the next part of the battle like Dempsey did against Firpo. I don't remember much about it. The next play was to get the yawl out of the mangroves and afloat, get her riding like a vessel on her lines, tailing off the wind. I got Jim's hawser forward and loaded the bow winch with four turns of it and winched in the slack and made fast. Hunting up the anchor I found where the man had died. He had rigged the hook Jim had told me to use, the big two hundred pound Herrshoff and shackled the chain to the ring. He must have started to heave it, for it was hanging by one fluke on the starboard rail. It was all ready and cocked for me, poor guy.

I needed help from there on and I went below for her. She was flat on the bunk, face down with her hands over her ears. I put my hand on her shoulder. I felt sorry as hell for her. When I touched her she jumped and sat up and all I had to do was beckon. She got up like a kid in a trance and we crawled up the lee waterway and I pulled her up close where I could kneel over her and put the hawser in her hands.

Gosh, they were little hands on that big cable-laid line but I didn't need much. A small yacht winch will grip hard line if you crowd it with turns about the drum and keep just a little back tension as well as the working pull ahead. She had enough for it, save in the squalls. They were bad. All we could do was flatten and hang on. "Whee-e-eee-eee—whoo-oo-oo-o heee-eee-eeee," they were great walls of wind that made me cover her with my shoulders and shield her and freeze onto the line, my hands ahead of her little white dukes.

In the breathing spells we made our time. Jim had told me the yawl would come because of the current. It wouldn't let her settle in the mud. On the third letup between squalls, we started her and then some rigging, a shroud on the jigger mast it was, ripped away where it was caught in the mangroves and on the next buck she floated free. She righted with a lurch and the wind found both sides of her and she straightened out and rode like a ship.

I put the hook over and the chain rumbled out, a nice sound, and I eased astern on the hawser and brought home the anchor. It jumped once, a thudding vibration and then the fluke drove home in the coral hard as steel. I gave it plenty of chance to fail. Two of the hardest squalls that ever blew in this world had a full chance at it and it held. Then I split the work between hawser and chain so they were pulling evenly and we went below. We were all snug on this tack, all trimmed for what was left of the first half. Jim's apron string with his bowline like a rock on the far shore and a dead man's anchor, were going to ride us. But, oh god, what was going to happen when we had to swing and take the shift? Two bowlines! Sparkie's two bowlines waiting astern.

"Go to bed in that bunk now, will you?" I told her. "There's nothing more you can do. I know how you must feel."

I did know how she must feel but I couldn't feel any of it. I couldn't feel anything right then. I couldn't appreciate the kid. She was just a piece of the yawl's riggin' to me—honest. The old man dying: I couldn't even feel anything about him. It's a wild spot when even death doesn't make you feel something. Death seemed a dollar eighty a quart in that force and noise. It was that cheap in fact, although I didn't know it at the time. Five hundred people died that night on the keys to the south of us. The sharks were fat going into that winter.

SALE
PERFUME
SALE
ALLURE

"I want something to make me smell forbidden—I'm engaged now"

I tried to forget what was coming. Try and do it. Try and be sure of a knot you've tied when all your life you've been tying grannies and saying "Aw nuts, Joe! So what!" It doesn't sound so good, saying, "So what?" into a hundred miles of wind.

Then you try and see what will happen if what you've done turns out like everything else you've ever done. You can't look at that picture very long. Maybe you aren't going to drown a girl and drown yourself and lose a yawl you've been sent to save but it's going to be a bloody mess over against those easterly mangroves when you blow over there with your two shore lines dangling. "Go on in, kid," Jim said and this is how you are coming out. You're blowing out because your shore lines were grannies.

"Jim," I moaned, " 'Go on in, kid', you said and you thought I could do it. You thought I had a little stuff—yes you did—."

Then you get up and crawl aft where those two damn lines are dangling over the stern. They're just trailing there waiting. And then I noticed something and leaned out the stern and strained to see clearly. Only the tops of the mangroves were out of water. They were just a black blurr of changing shadows as the bright side of the leaves turned in the wind. Five feet of tide had come up around them. And that meant when we blew away there would be nothing to bring up against on the far bank—nothing but some limber branch ends and we wouldn't stop. We'd go right on across and out into the bay.

There's just one thing left. Those bowlines. They are going to hold down there on those roots under the water. Yeah! Sparkie tied bowlines. They've got to be bowlines. Sure! Don't go nuts. Trust yourself. You did learn to tie a bowline. They're there. The loop—the end up from behind—the end through—over—. They are, I tell you. I'm backing 'em. I've got to back 'em. A pair o bowlines! I tied 'em. I'm bettin' on 'em.

I stopped for I could hear myself yelling. The air was suddenly quiet enough for sounds like yells to get to your ears. The lull! God or somebody blew a whistle and the half was ended. I stood frozen for a minute trying to realize what had happened and then, there's a scar on my shin still marking the place, I gouged into the cockpit combing leaping to get my stern lines.

Bring them forward, up either

Continued at top of page 134

A Pair of Bowlines

Continued from pages 57-133

side Jim said. Cast off Jim's hawser, and throw it free so he can haul it and crab across on it. Ease on the anchor chain and draw on your stern lines. The yawl swings. Ease some more and draw some more. She swings until she is fore and aft in the current and then you need the winch. It's easy. Her bow draws in close to the mangroves. She is almost abeam to them as she was at first because of the current. Slack off plenty on the anchor chain and get it out of the chalk and carry it aft out of the way and be sure it has so much scope it isn't working. Balance up your lines so they are about even—and wait.

Far off I could hear the wind. The lull had never been completely still for the Atlantic tearing apart the windward beach of the keys ten miles away had filled the air with its roar, but this was a moaning. It came on and on and higher and higher until it burst on us like a tremendous nightmare avalanche. The yawl heeled under it until her rail took water. Then she righted and her stern, shooting away from the bank, skidded as a skipped stone jumps, skittering over the water. She went past center and then skidded back and when she found the groove of the wind, so great was its pressure upon just her bare spars that she squatted her stern until water came hosing in her after scuppers.

The mangrove tops came apart in that force that was not air, not wind as we understand it, but Hell on wings, a whole sky zooming, ripping and tearing like immense barrages of invisible projectiles. The leaves, flying on that force, stung like wasps and when they struck they squirted their sap like soft insects exploding their entrails against the windshield of a speeding car. They drummed on my head that was buried in my arms, bruising me through my hair until my skull ached in agony. Then they were gone and my hands stretched out to the hawsers, were trembling with a power greater than my own heart could ever tremble. The hemp was vibrating like two bass strings of some giant harp strung on a frame of granite. From the big oak bitts rooted in the vessel's keel, out through the two bronze chocks in the rail, down to the mangrove roots anchored in the depths of the bottom two great hemp sinews, stronger than the wind, stronger than destruction, were holding. My bowlines, part of those sinews—were bowlines.

I lay on my face and let the rain sluice and sting and knew that it had been given to me this time, not to lose. It was a job—a job, that no matter how much more wind should blow, was surely done. My first job—I knew then, in all my life.

I stood in the cockpit, relaxed for the first time it seemed since I could remember. I must go down and tell the girl. But something struck a dead thudding blow on the spar and plunged soggily into the cockpit beside me. It was a mess of warm feathers when I touched it, a dead egret blown from its huddle in a mangrove crotch and killed. The companionway door swung out and struck my hip and she was there shawled in a white blanket, sitting on the top step. My hand was near and I ran the fingers gently through her hair. She caught my hand and pulled it down and laid one cheek against it, resting against my arm.

"It's all right now," I stopped and told her. "We'll make it now."

"I felt we would," she said, "almost from the beginning. Didn't you?"

"No," I said, "I didn't know enough. I'd know if the beginning was now."

"Beside you," she reached out, "what is that so white?"

"A dead bird, killed by the winds. 'When the dead birds stop flying,' my brother Jim said, 'I'll see you.' It may not be so long now."

"No," she said, "not so long now." #

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 92

charged at stuffed-shirt concerts. If you think that little guys with flat pocket-books don't care for music, take a look at the gallery in your concert hall—or at the attendance figures for outdoor concerts, where symphonic music comes cheap.

The time is ripe, so far as music is concerned, for us to quit preaching democracy and practicing oligarchy. The cost of the Federal Arts Projects—less than that of three battleships—is merely the initial subsidy of a productive enterprise that would eventually pay dividends many times over, something the older countries of the world have long known. But Congress amputated and annihilated them with scarcely a protest. Why? Because you and I weren't interested. We were too busy hearing Toscanini and Stokowski, Hofmann and Horowitz, Tibbett and Thomas. We missed the first chance in history to root the arts —on a wide, national basis—in the hearts and lives of our people.

We abandoned the government projects to the Communists, the politicians, the boon-dogglers, the buck-passers, saddled them with red, white and blue tape designed to run the Army, the Coast Guard and the Post Office . . . and then complained because they weren't flawless, were wasteful, didn't jibe with Babbitt ideas of propriety. Lack of interest—not money—is our blight.

Our colleges don't pay, yet we educate our citizens at low cost. Symphony orchestras, opera houses, music schools do not pay: we should offer them at lower prices. Finland, which pays its debts and has a top-notch social sense, raises money for art (also athletics and science) from a national lottery. Norway and Sweden do likewise. Latvia and Estonia tax tobacco and alcoholic beverages; Greece, horse-racing; Rumania, motion-picture film. Morocco and Hungary, Cuba and Chile provide living quarters for artists out of national funds.

France has always paid for the arts. As someone said, the French Beaux-Arts Administration begins by pasting labels on bottled waters and ends by pinning the Legion of Honor on poets and newspapermen. The young Republic established the National Conservatory of Music in 1795, asserted the faith of a democracy in music and the rights of citizens to a broad and varied cultural life. It did this in a day beset with fundamental economic troubles and when it was jealously watched by neighboring monarchies. In 1797 the *Conservatoire* had 600 pupils, 125 professors, and a publishing office which distributed books of instruction and methods among the departments. As a result, French musicians have ever since been the best-trained in the world.

So firmly rooted were the arts in totalitarian states that they survived all pressure—political and economic. Mussolini might mobilize the Italians, feed them castor oil, but he did not dare close their opera houses. On the contrary, he found it politic to increase their appropriations.

The Moscow Art Theatre retained its personnel and high artistic merit through three changes of government. It successfully resisted every effort to make it an agency of propaganda. New theatres in Moscow welcome visitors in the name of the proletariat. Stanislawsky's theatre welcomes them in the name of art. The Soviets labored diligently to make art serve political ends; so far as the theatre and music are concerned, they failed. What is considered great music in Russia today is essentially what is considered great music elsewhere.

Hitler, of course, thrives on music. It satisfies a craving in his starved emotional nature. Via long-term contracts and high salaries, Nazi Germany attracted the best singers in continental Europe, and today, as a result of munificent subsidies and autocratic discipline, presents the best opera productions in the world.

What our government has done for music is, by comparison, nothing. We content ourselves with Army, Navy, and Marine bands and, as a curiosity, an enterprising Music Division in the Library of Congress. In 1891 Congress passed an act—still on the books—providing for the incorporation of a national conservatory and, with customary foresight, provided no dough. In 1936 New York City established the first public school in the United States for artistically gifted children. But, in general, Uncle Sam's contribution to the arts has been in looking the other way.

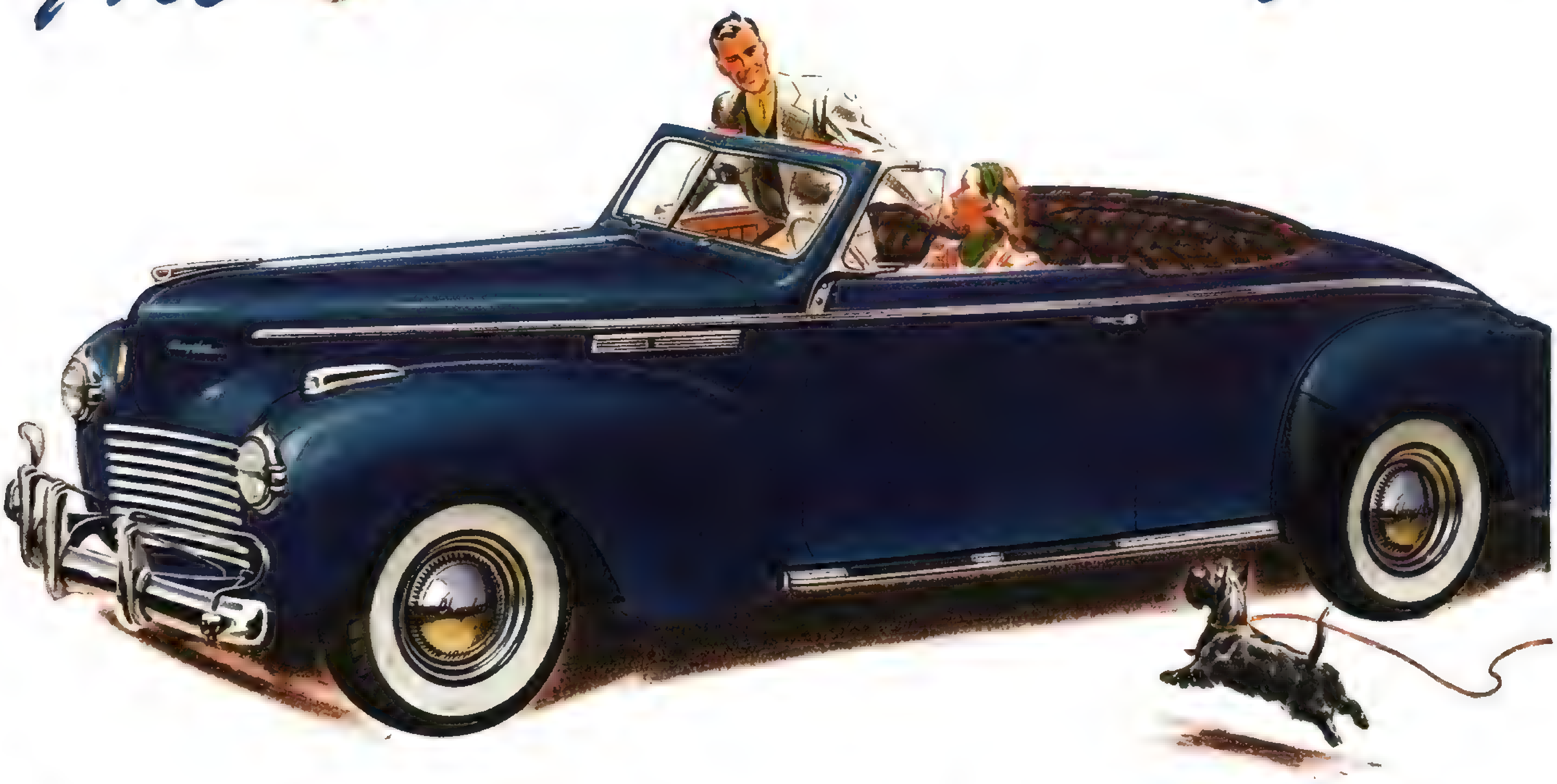
There has always been agitation for a national Bureau of Fine Arts, with departments for music, theatre, the dance, literature, graphic and plastic arts, architecture and decoration. Detailed plans have been proposed: none has received your support or encouragement. What is worse, none has been investigated, publicized and debated. I cannot believe that any Federal Arts center is worse than none. The evils of bureaucracy are always with us. We want to avoid the arthritic rigidity everywhere associated with government operations. Nor do we want an artistic Old Soldiers' Home for movie stars, genius directors, best-seller manufacturers, syndicated poets, hack painters, matinee musicians and such like, whom Congressmen would inevitably regard as America's laureates.

We want a live, active center reporting directly to the president —with money and an instinct for getting results, one that will not be primarily an employment bureau but a source of fruitful projects and wise guidance, one that will encourage initiative and leave ample opportunity for independent effort. Above all, we want to avoid "government art." We do want a state activity, as John Drinkwater said, "that will pay the piper but not call the tune."

Patronage, public or private, will not create genius. It can, however, extend the opportunities of talent. That, we need. No country has more talent clamoring for opportunity—more roses ready to bud. A government that helps farmers to fertilize the soil . . . doctors to fight cancer and syphilis . . . foresters to prevent fires, physicists to smash the atom . . . a government that protects its citizens from theft, murder and invasion, should also provide food for their imagination and inner sustenance. If congress appropriated one-tenth of one per cent, for artists, of what it does for armaments, we could soon be the most cultured people on the globe.

When wars sink into the past and take on the aspect, as they invariably do, of the quarrels of children over their toys, the arts will have lost nothing of their vitality and usefulness. Not only are civilizations remembered by their arts—not by their conquests and their politicians—but if you don't want to be remembered, you can enjoy them here and now. #

"The Plaid's the Thing!"



THE CHRYSLER HIGHLANDER

– the year's smartest car

FASHION'S newest note in the season's smartest car . . . the Chrysler Highlander, a pedigreed "Scottie" that takes the blue ribbon for swank.

The plaid's the thing . . . and here you have it in a car of year-'round delight . . . a convertible Chrysler that's ready for any kind of weather at the crook of your finger.

A car with a *High-Torque* engine that scales mountains or skims boulevards with equal smoothness and silence. A car with Floating Ride that cradles you gently at the center of balance.

Push-Button Comfort

Here's a convertible top you'll really use. To raise it, you press a button; to lower it, you press a button. Just that easily, you get protection or make the most of a perfect day.

And on cold, raw days, you turn on the All-Weather Aircontrol, which isn't just a heater, but an air-conditioning system (optional equipment at extra cost). It draws in fresh air from outdoors . . . warms it . . . and circulates it in such a manner that there's a curtain of warm air around all passengers. Air-pressure in the car is greater than that outside, so no cold drafts can creep in, front or rear.

You may have the Highlander with the regulation coupe body, if you prefer. See your Chrysler dealer and get full details.

WHY SHIFT GEARS?

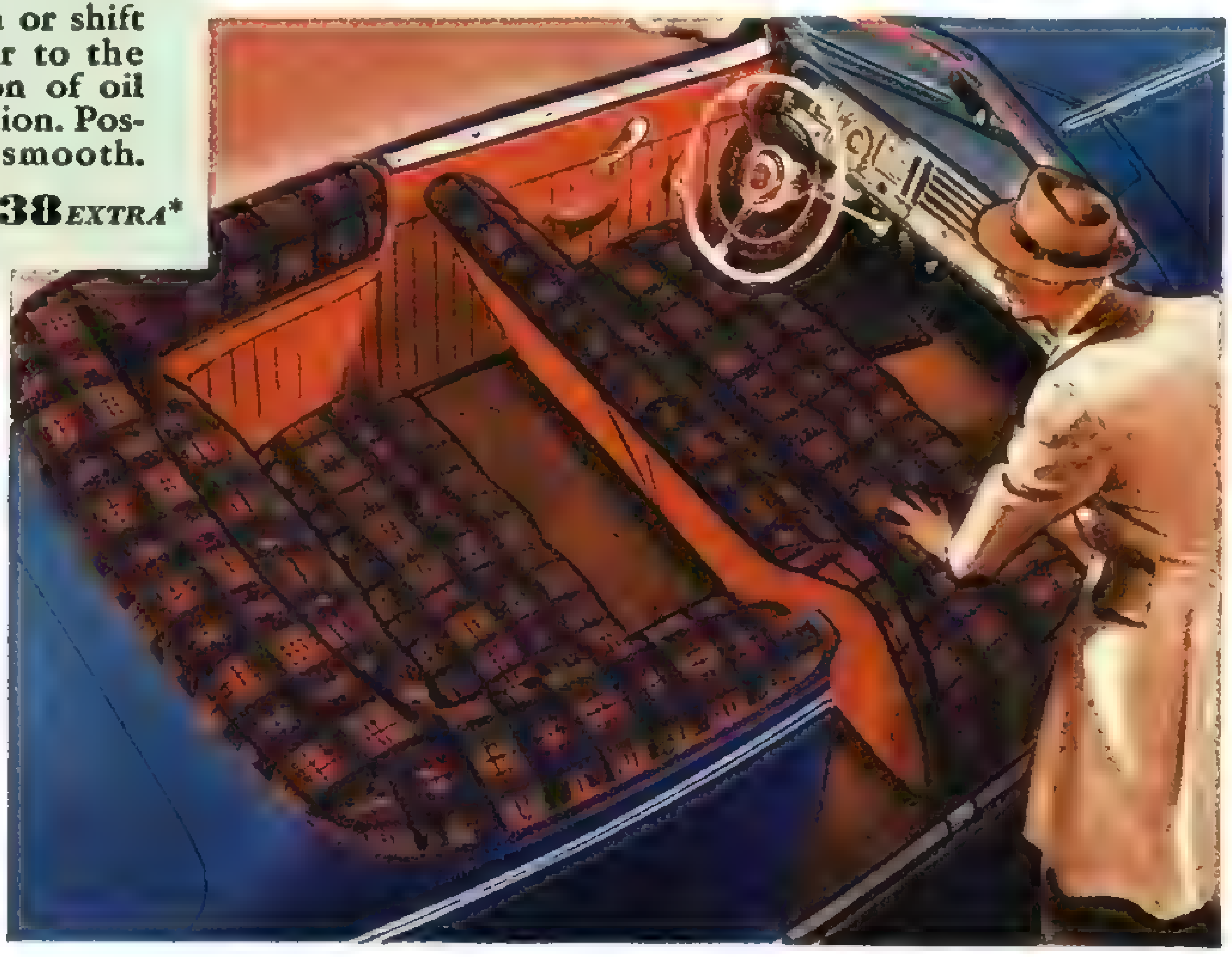
Touch the throttle to go . . . touch the brake to stop. That's Fluid Drive. You seldom use the clutch or shift gears. Transmits power to the wheels through a cushion of oil . . . no rigid metal connection. Positive, silent and liquid-smooth.

FLUID DRIVE *ONLY* **$38** *EXTRA**

Tune in Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

* * *

**Fluid Drive is standard equipment on the Chrysler Crown Imperial. Available as extra equipment on several other models.*

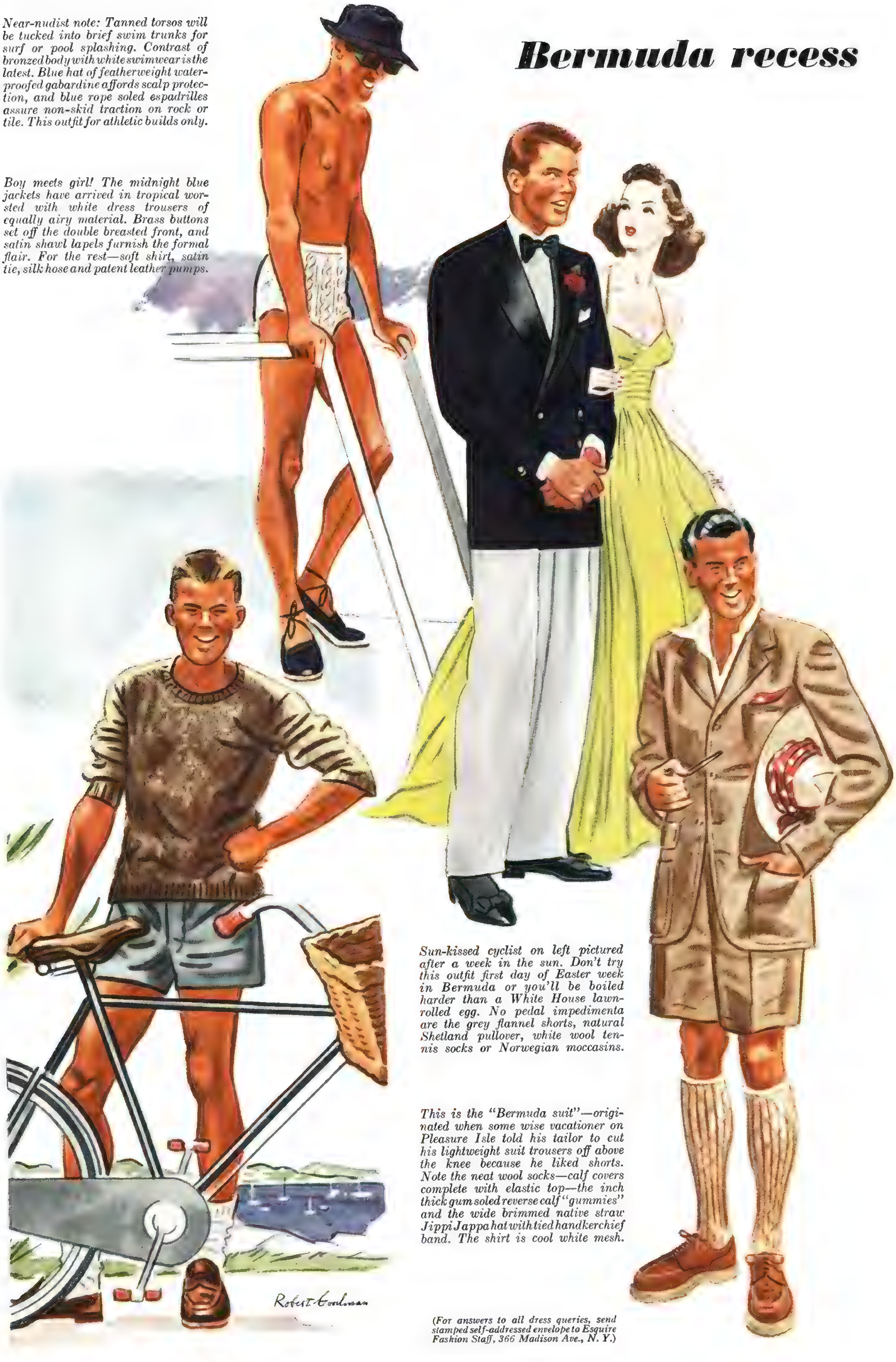


BE MODERN—BUY CHRYSLER!

Bermuda recess

Near-nudist note: Tanned torsos will be tucked into brief swim trunks for surf or pool splashing. Contrast of bronzed body with white swimwear is the latest. Blue hat of featherweight waterproofed gabardine affords scalp protection, and blue rope soled espadrilles assure non-skid traction on rock or tile. This outfit for athletic builds only.

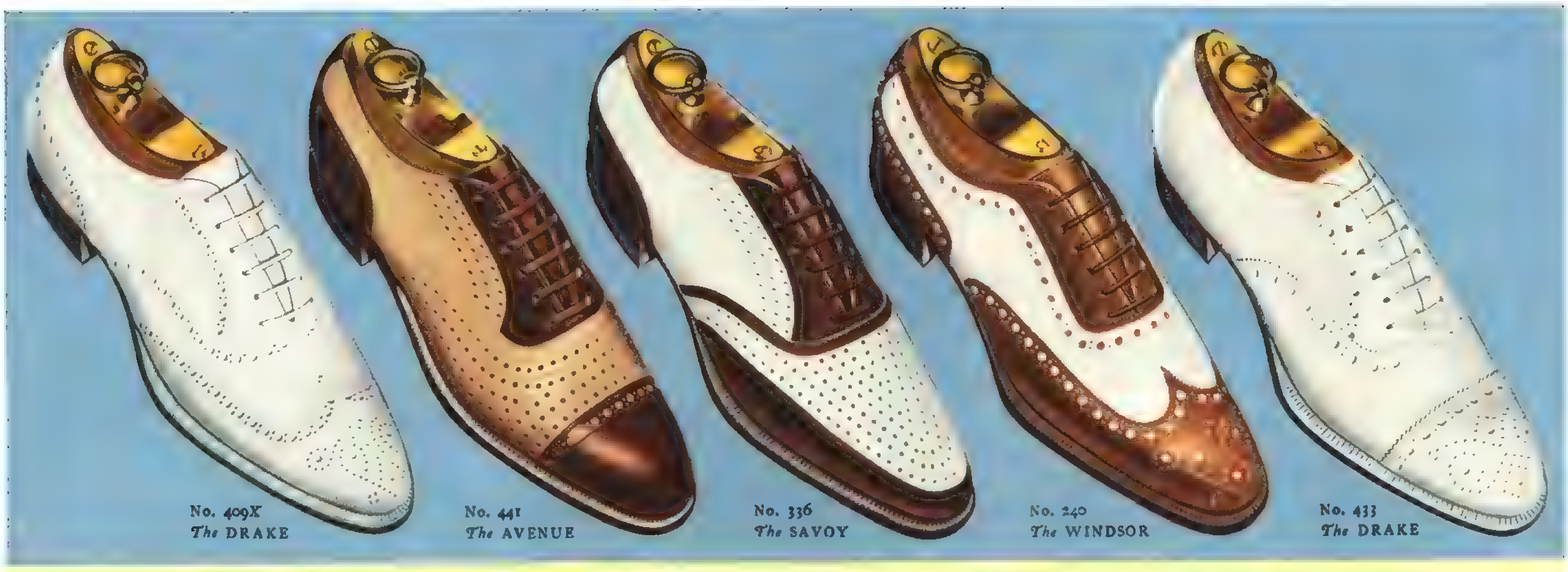
Boy meets girl! The midnight blue jackets have arrived in tropical worsted with white dress trousers of equally airy material. Brass buttons set off the double breasted front, and satin shawl lapels furnish the formal flair. For the rest—soft shirt, satin tie, silk hose and patent leather pumps.



Sun-kissed cyclist on left pictured after a week in the sun. Don't try this outfit first day of Easter week in Bermuda or you'll be boiled harder than a White House lawn-rolled egg. No pedal impedimenta are the grey flannel shorts, natural Shetland pullover, white wool tennis socks or Norwegian moccasins.

This is the "Bermuda suit"—originated when some wise vacationer on Pleasure Isle told his tailor to cut his lightweight suit trousers off above the knee because he liked shorts. Note the neat wool socks—calf covers complete with elastic top—the inch thick gum soled reverse calf "gummies" and the wide brimmed native straw Jippi Jappa hat with tied handkerchief band. The shirt is cool white mesh.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)


No. 409X *The* DRAKE
No. 441 *The* AVENUE
No. 336 *The* SAVOY
No. 240 *The* WINDSOR
No. 433 *The* DRAKE

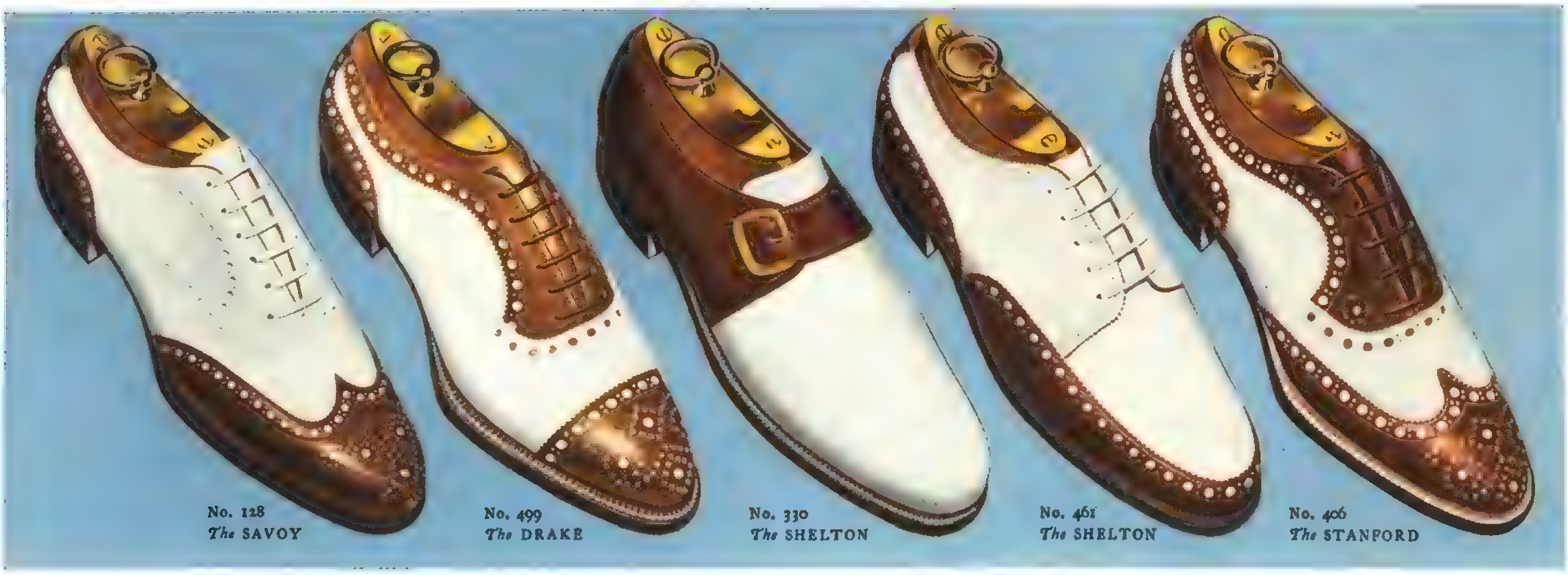
"None but Nunn-Bush for me!"

Ankle-fashioning **DOES FOR SHOES WHAT HAND-TAILORING DOES FOR CLOTHES!**

Most people agree that hand-tailoring makes clothes keep their shape longer, and look good for extra months of wear. Nunn-Bush shoes are ANKLE-FASHIONED to achieve the same results. This Nunn-Bush feature retards gaping and bulging at the ankle. Style lasts *longer*. Fit and comfort *endure*. You'll like the difference Ankle-fashioning makes . . . . See your Nunn-Bush dealer. *MOST STYLES* $\$8^{50}$ *to* $\$11^{50}$ *A FEW HIGHER*

Nunn-Bush
Ankle fashioned Oxfords

NUNN-BUSH SHOE CO., *Milwaukee, New York, San Francisco.*

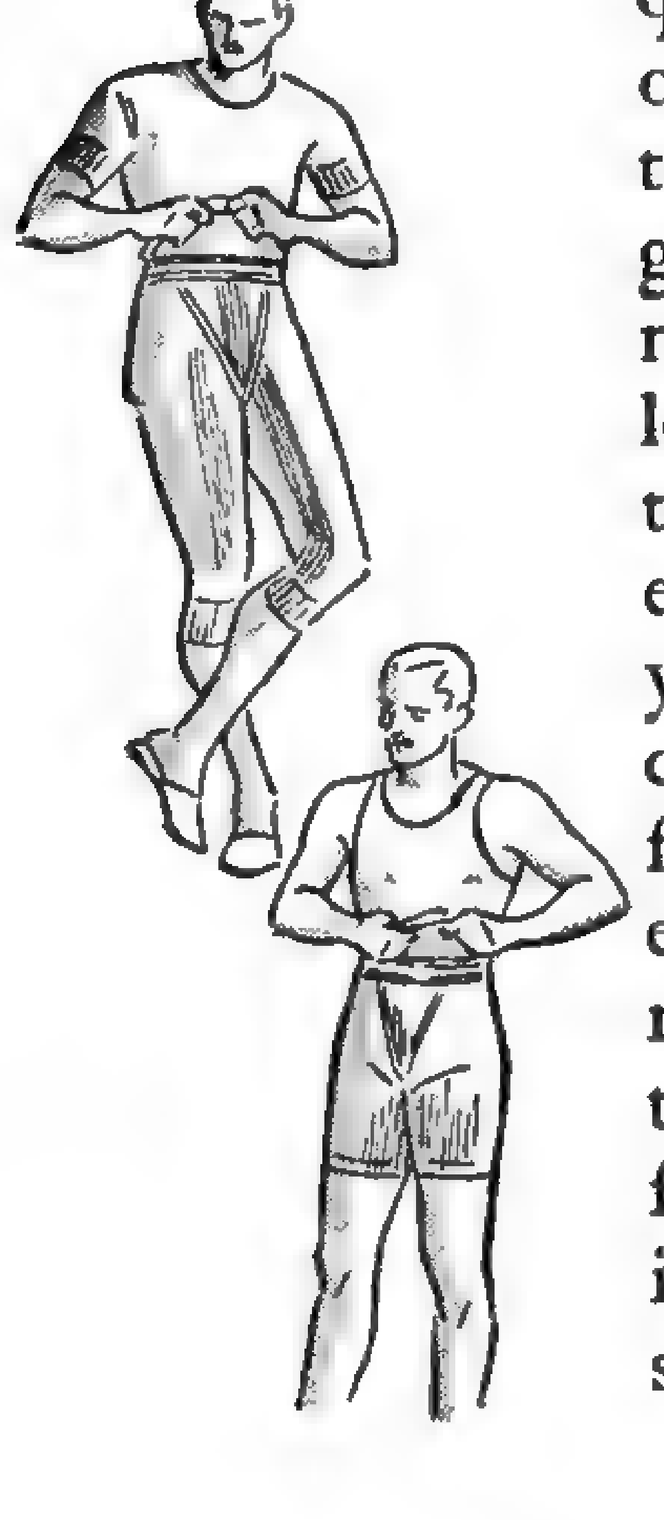

No. 128 *The* SAVOY
No. 499 *The* DRAKE
No. 330 *The* SHELTON
No. 461 *The* SHELTON
No. 406 *The* STANFORD

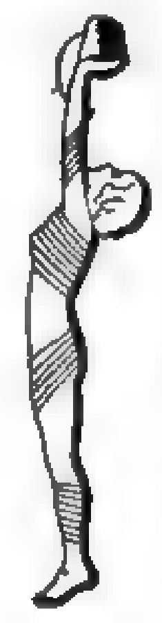
HERE'S ONE SCANDAL A MAN LIKES TO GET INTO!

U. S. PATENT NO. 2,140,459
REIS
REG. T.M.
Scandals WITH A DART

with that famous stretch

He wears them in brief, semi-leg, three-quarter or full length models, with athletic or wing sleeve shirts to match, according to seasons or occasions. He likes them for golf or tennis, for riding, dancing or business wear. He revels in their snug, buttonless, unfussy fit. Reis Scandals are expertly tailored to masculine anatomy, with patented "Dart" pouch for support. "Lastex" yarn features at waist and leg ends, and the concealed fly make this a man's most comfortable underwear. At leading stores everywhere, in ribbed or mesh knit fabrics, cotton or rayon, at 50¢, 75¢, $1.00 up to $2.50. It pays dividends in fit and comfort to remember "Lastex" yarn when buying underwear, pajamas, hosiery, swimsuits, other items where stretch is desired.





made with Lastex
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City

First Aid to Motorists

Continued from page 82

return for all this service.

The traveler is going, say, from Portland, Maine, via Chicago and Winfield, Kansas, to Santa Fe, New Mexico. He writes for a *Touraide*, giving his starting point and destination, and the points he wants to cover. Back comes, free of charge, a handsome, spiral-bound booklet, with his name on the cover. Inside are successive maps of sections of each state to be crossed, with the choice route traced in a heavy line, and with any detours or road obstructions marked. Interspersed are pages of illustrative material, describing points of interest along the way, worthwhile side trips; names of hotels, resorts, tourist and trailer cottages and camps, with prices; a map of the United States; information on speed laws and gasoline taxes in every state; street guides to major cities en route; a blank mileage and expense record; and a personal letter wishing the traveler every comfort and pleasure on his trip. The company offers to receive and hold mail at stated gasoline stations for the tourist.

SERVICE STATION

If the motorist whose tour has been streamlined for him so effectively wishes an added thrill, he can get it by recalling that many of the historic highways which the free road maps chronicle were first blazed by buffalo! Buffalo had their main haunts east of the Alleghenies in prehistoric days. Indians forced them west, and with an uncanny instinct to find a way even through densest forests, they trailed through mountain passes, down water courses, finding shallow places in rivers to ford. Indians followed those buffalo trails, then the white man on foot and on horseback, with his cart, and the Conestoga wagons, finally the railroads and now the motor highways. Kentucky has paid tribute to the bison by names of towns, such as Stamping Ground, Buffalo Trace, and Boone's Lick. Twenty-three states have a Buffalo and four a Bison.

The Standard Oil Company and the General Drafting Company collaborate in maintaining free tourist bureaus on Broadway and in Rockefeller Center in New York, across from the Capitol at Washington, and in several other cities, which handle half a million or more queries a year. Brainteasers are frequent. A salesman asked for a route covering every town of 10,000 or more from Pennsylvania to Florida; a trailerite requested the shortest route to visit all forty-eight states; a 12,000-mile tour to cover army forts, military camps, and federal dams, was sought by a congressman; a society woman asked for a layout covering all colleges in four states so her daughter might visit the campuses and choose an alma mater; winter motorists want roads through mountains that will avoid snowdrifts; fall travelers seek drives to see autumn foliage; a lawyer sought a route covering all small towns in Maryland as he tried to locate a lost heir; honeymooners still want routes to Niagara Falls; a Manhattanite requested a route to Idaho to take part in a jackrabbit drive (he also asked the date—the bureau got it for him); and a couple seeks a different road each year to Callendar, Ontario, where they go to see how much the quintuplets have grown in the last twelve months.

Conoco has a unique "emergency locating service," which combs the highways for tourists, out of touch with their families, who need to be reached because of death or disaster at home. Last year twenty-seven persons were thus found.

On January 4th of last year, serious illness, and then death, struck in the family of Roy P. Nelson of Denver. He was on tour somewhere in the southwest. Relatives were frantic. They had no idea how to reach him. Someone suggested appealing to *Touraide*. Conoco found from relatives he was believed to be headed east about that time from Phoenix, Arizona to somewhere in Texas. It spread a "dragnet" through Texas, with telegrams to its district headquarters at El Paso, San Antonio, Galveston and Houston, to "Have all stations watch for Roy P. Nelson of Denver, driving 1935 black coach, Colorado license No. 57235. Wire us if contacted." District managers in turn notified police, gas stations, cottage camps and hotels. In a few hours, Nelson drove into a gas station at El Paso, and was informed his father had passed away. In a few minutes he was in communication by wire with his family.

In another case, an Indiana lawyer on his way to Yellowstone Park, was found at Lead, South Dakota, by Standard Oil, which combed two states by wire to locate him and notify him his brother had died. Then the company furnished him with a relief driver, enabling him to cover the 1400 miles from four o'clock one morning to two o'clock the next afternoon, reaching home in time for the funeral.

The courtesy tradition of the oil industry is personal as well as corporate. The chances are about ten to one on the average that the first service station man you contact will clean your windshield without being asked. The National Safety Council rates that as No. 1 Kindness from the standpoint of caution. Several thousand motorists in a poll also placed it first.

It was a simple thing, spontaneously done at the outset, but it started a whole train of accommodations which have become an axiom of the highway.

Checking tires and oil are rated second and third. A friend of mine was driving last summer across western Kansas. It was a very hot day. He stopped for gas, but noticed the attendant pulled out his pressure gauge and started to test the tires even before filling the tank.

"My tires are all right, I'm sure," said the tourist confidently. "They're standing up fine."

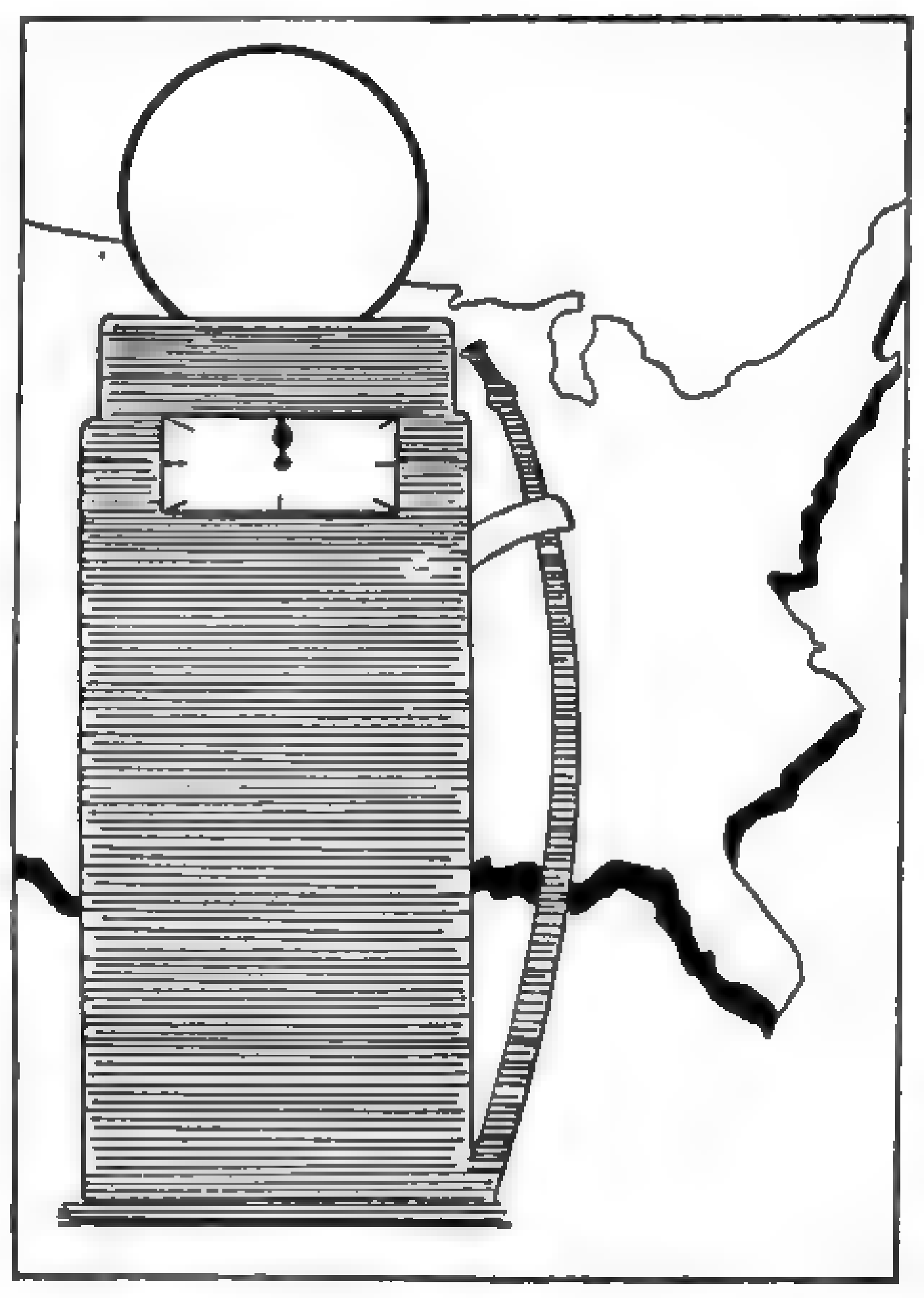
"No doubt about that, mister," drawled the other, "but there's more to it than that on these roads. How much did you start out with this morning?"

"About thirty pounds or so."

"Well, there's more than forty in them now, and they can't stand much more without a blowout. Shall I let out some?"

Ten pounds were released. The driver hadn't counted on what tires "pick up" by fast, hot traveling, but it is often the difference between safety and disaster.

When winter comes and roads are icy, particularly in the north, service men make it a point to deflate your tires to a slight softness to get more traction and to prevent skidding. Many stations now check tires free of charge for nails or glass, taking them off if necessary for inspection. In the west they vacuum your car interior after a dust storm and inspect your engine against dust infiltration. Near the deserts they tell you of a car-cooling device of putting a chunk of ice in a bucket, setting it under the cowl ventilator, opening the latter while closing all the windows. A fairly comfortable temperature is secured in this way.



In Minneapolis gas station owners went into a huddle, resulting in an agreement to serve all customers by cleaning windshields and rear windows; inspecting tires, windshield wipers and car lights; brushing out the fronts of cars; furnishing complete road information; checking oil, battery and water; and keeping an eye open for mechanical troubles. Incidentally, every station makes an effort to keep new, clean money on hand for making change for lady customers!

Today a gas station without decent rest rooms is all but doomed at the start. Several major companies supervise rest rooms in stations selling their products, whether the stations are company or privately owned. Some require rest rooms be inspected and certified for cleanliness, certificates to be displayed. One or more hires trained nurses, who travel in special automobiles, to pass upon the facilities offered the public. In either case, the standards of cleanliness are as high as those of good hotels. One oil company supplied 2500 tons of toilet soap and 12,000 miles of paper towels to its 23,000 gas stations last year. The United States Public Health Service has commended the clean restroom movement and has set up high standards of maintenance.

Another health protection item is approved drinking water. Most states rigidly inspect public water supplies and where a state certificate is displayed motorists feel secure in quenching their thirst. It isn't so very long ago, and it is still the case in some remote parts of the country, that a real dread in touring was the possibility of getting typhoid fever or dysentery from polluted drinking water. That hazard is rapidly being eliminated, as more service stations offer pure water free to the public. In Upper Michigan, a flow of pure, ice-cold water was found on a granite shelf several hundred feet down. A chain of gas stations has tapped the vein and gives travelers a treat right out of Mother Nature's refrigerator.

Tourists find the road information dispensed at wayside gas stations of great value, particularly with regard to detours. One company specializes in "teletype" information service to all its stations in the wake of unusual conditions liable to affect roads, such as flood, storm or blizzard. Motorists are flagged down and warned of road hazards. A woman touring in the north woods was headed off from going into a region where forest fires would have endangered her life. In mountains warning is given against coasting out of gear.

Occasionally a motorist gets a shock. A Vermonter stormed into a Springfield, Missouri gas station to locate the street address of a customer.

"Sorry, no such street in this town," said the station operator.

"Well, this is Springfield, isn't it?"

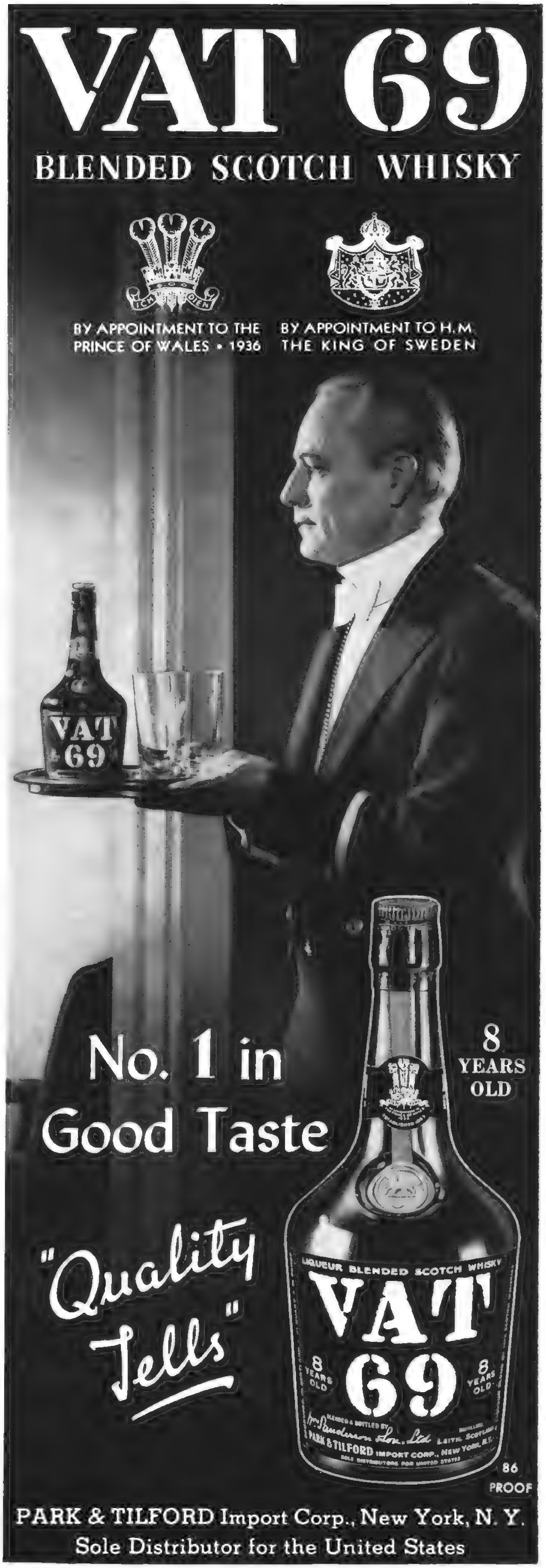
"Yes. But let me see that address."

"That happens to say Springfield, Ohio, mister!"

He had traveled through it and through Springfield, Illinois, before he discovered his mistake.

Thousands of gas stations today

Continued on page 140


VAT 69
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES • 1936
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN

No. 1 in Good Taste

"Quality Tells"

8 YEARS OLD

86 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.
Sole Distributor for the United States
VAT 69
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
8 YEARS OLD
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Swing into Step with Spring
in the NEW *B.V.D.
MATCHED ENSEMBLES!
MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE.
* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAYBE you haven't seen a jonquil or heard the song of the robin—but Spring, good old Spring, is here! *B.V.D.'s new matched pajamas, robes and shorts make the news official! They're tailored in good-looking Spring patterns. Shown is "Saddle Stitch"—a smart new ensemble, made of broadcloth, in your choice of five handsome shades. You'll find dozens of smart, matched ensembles by B.V.D. at your favorite store right now. See them—they're priced for the thrifty! Pajamas, about $2. Robe, $2.50. Shorts and Shirts, about 50¢ each.

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, Empire State Bldg., New York

First Aid to Motorists

Continued from pages 82-139

are Red Cross first aid stations, with equipment to save life and attendants drilled in administering first aid. At nearly every major intersection of highways in the United States is a gas station. Crashes are frequent at these crossings. Life savers are usually at the job of rescue within seconds.

Courtesy in many different ways makes traveling smoother for motorists and creates more business for the oil industry. Here are a few leaves from the notebook of an ordinary observer: A woman driving in the country ran out of gasoline and had a flat tire at the same time. A service man a mile away, on telephone appeal, locked up his station, stocked her with fuel, fixed her tire and sent her on her way, collecting only for the gas. A station man in Rockford, Illinois, got out of bed at twelve degrees below zero to help a physician whose car was stalled. In Wisconsin an elderly couple traveling south missed the wife's pocketbook. She remembered leaving it in a restroom. They drove back fifty miles. The attendant had put it in a bank for safekeeping until he could locate or hear from them. The pocketbook had $3,500 in small bills in it.

It is a growing rule among filling station operators that the public is to be protected against loss, even by its own negligence. Frequent inspection of rest rooms for overlooked articles is a phase. Many women lay down jewelry or purses and go off and leave them. Recovered property is often deposited immediately with a bank or police for safekeeping.

A Chicago suburbanite ran out of fuel oil in a zero wave. A child was sick. A station man carried enough oil in buckets two blocks to warm the house for the night. A Detroit banker, hung up with a flat tire on a foggy highway at 4 a.m. was aided by a tank truck driver, who refused any pay. One Illinois concern has standing orders to its tank truck drivers to aid distressed motorists first and to make deliveries second. One failed to help a stalled tourist. The president of the company happened along at the moment. He gave aid to the party. The next morning the truck driver was called in and fired for his indifference.

Service stations near beaches do a land-office free service in inflating tubes for swimmers. Anywhere and everywhere they save bicycle riders the backache from pumping up tires. A Michigan service man rigged up a watering trough for thirsty horses. Some stations keep a pot of hot coffee boiling for weary tourists or truck drivers. In Iowa a station attendant planted choice seed to show tourists "how the tall corn grows." Many villages turn out their street lights as station electric signs illuminate the highways. Mothers take babies on tours without worry. They can always find a station attendant to warm Junior's milk.

Filling stations have become an important link in Uncle Sam's war on crime. They help clear the highways of bands of criminals, who are desperate drivers caring nothing for the rights of others and who often rob and murder travelers. The alertness of the station attendant in New York who spotted one of the Lindbergh baby ransom bills and jotted down the car license number, resulting in the capture and execution of Bruno Hauptmann, awakened the government to the value of this agency of law enforcement.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, knowing that practically all criminals now travel by auto, and that autos must have gas, regularly bulletins filling stations, the same as it does post-offices and police departments, with pictures and descriptions of sought criminals. Local police keep in close contact with stations when a manhunt is in progress. Sometimes the crooks need the help of police more than the station men do. In Iowa two escaped convicts tried to hold up a gas station in a village. They were so thoroughly mauled that half the village came running when the stickup men yelled "Help! Police!"

The authorities have found station operators adept in detecting counterfeit money. The continuous handling of greenbacks develops sensitive fingertips which catch spurious currency almost automatically. Until lately the gas station has been considered a choice place for unloading bogus bills, because the passer was always on the move. A clever filling station attendant may take a bill and never bat an eye, but the counterfeiter is liable to turn up under police guns at the next town.

The post-office department also looks to the stations for help in finding stolen money orders. Twice a month stations are bulletined with the numbers of filched orders.

Chief J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I. has asked station operators throughout the country to watch particularly for bills of unusually large denominations; to remember any nicknames used by a suspicious-looking outfit pulling up for service; and to watch out for cars that appear to have been in a gun battle.

The courtesy-plus movement in the oil industry is distinctly not a "campaign," developed with selfish intent, with a lot of ballyhoo, a flutter of effort and then a collapse. It has had no high-pressure promotion. Like Topsy, it has just "growed," without any wet-nurse attention, but it has done a darned good job at that.

Because no overlord has planned or commanded it, the courtesy offered the public is more than perfunctory. It is a natural all the way through. Your tour is streamlined for you, and you travel all the more. That means more business for the oil industry, which naturally it does not refuse. ⵑ

The Flatfooted Angel

Continued from page 63

what about taking a snapshot, and I said in this light? and he pulled out one of those expensive wide-lens candid cameras, and Kay looked at me and we damn near got hysterical.

This black-hearted son of a gun had his double-decker bed on a level with the window, and every morning when I started out at dawn, he would be awake, propped up in bed, soft fluffy blankets to his neck . . . and me out in the early morning cold and raw damp. He would wave and grin and I felt like throwing a stone through the window, or going back to bed.

Another thing that puzzled us, was that for an old man he was in great shape. You should have seen him walk, that guy could walk the six miles to town and back and think nothing of it. At night, instead of playing Chinese checkers or cards, Kay and I would try to figure out who the hell Ed had been. His physical condition was too good for an office worker, and yet he didn't seem to be work-worn like a hard working laborer. He must have worked steady, for he had expensive tastes and too much money for an ordinary worker—but who ever heard of a merchant or petty executive getting up at four-thirty in the morning? We went down the list, from skilled laborer to bookkeeper, arguing about each . . . and finally giving up. I felt sure he was a rich man who was slightly cracked, but Kay thought that he was some kind of artist who got city-happy. But she liked his honest weather-beaten face and sent away for paints and canvas . . . that was important, I wanted her to start painting again, to get her confidence back from the depression . . . to forget a nasty little lie that was slowly killing our happiness. I have to tell you about this lie; it was the usual setup, a girl, and circumstances looked as if this crazy young kid and myself were in love . . . I tried to tell Kay that it was all a joke, it didn't mean a thing . . . but I couldn't make her believe it. She could stand hard times, disappointments, she could struggle along with a—we don't make much money but we sure have a lot of fun—attitude, but another girl . . . you can't take it when the ground drops from under you. Oh I knew how she felt, but we were both stubborn and it became one of those silly small things that time magnifies, it grew like a thin tough wall between us, split the tender intimacy we once had.

One Sunday she made a big pile of sandwiches and we went over to his place and sat there, eating and getting mellow. Kay mentioned that we had lived in New York City for awhile and he said that's where I come from. "We lived on 28th Street," I said.

"What number and East or West?"

"Six West."

"That house; cheap rent, old-fashioned place with big rooms and a winding staircase. A Greek runs a candy store in the basement, and there are two stationery stores on the east side of the house." He paused for breath. "Kind of noisy during the day. You know that restaurant across the street, the one run by the good looking old woman?"

"We ate there all the time . . . when we could eat," Kay added.

"That's gone. Looked like a good spot, but she couldn't make a go of it. Moved to Camden, New Jersey. She has a son that works in a factory there. Let me see . . . what was the name of that factory?"

"When did you live on 28th Street?"

"Heck, I never lived there. Didn't like the house or the arty crowd that hung around."

Kay said: "We used to be part of that crowd. I thought I was an artist . . . once."

"I wonder if Nick's Grill is still down on 10th Street and Sixth?" I asked quickly.

"Sure," the old man said. Nick's Grill, that French bakery, the hardware store, them two empty stores—one with the cracked window that's going to fall and hurt somebody one of these days . . . and the drugstore on one side of the street. The shoe parlor, the Chinese laundry with all them cute little yellow kids, a vacant store that used to be a candy shop, and a newsstand on the odd side of the street. How's that?"

"I'll be damned!" I said, staring at him. "That's right!"

"Is it?" Kay asked, looking at me. "You haven't forgotten Tony's barber shop, have you?"

"I've tried to forget it," I told her and she turned away.

"You mean Tony Nannini, the big fat guy with the little beard?" Ed asked.

"That's it," Kay said.

"Oh him, Tony moved out of there, must have been . . . around . . . two years ago," Ed went on. "Guy named Martin moved in and opened the hardware store a few months later. Doing all right, too."

"Did you know Tony?" I asked him, keeping my eyes on Kay's pale face.

"No, I wouldn't say I knew him. He moved up to Cauldwell Avenue in the Bronx. He was a smart fellow, that man used to read more damn books and big magazines."

"But you *didn't* know him?"

"No. Here's something funny, he was cheating on his wife and his sweetie used to write to him openly . . . the wife couldn't read."

"He had a daughter, too," Kay said quietly.

Ed laughed. "Sure, and wasn't she some looker? Used to drive all the men around there nuts. But she was a nice girl, not what people thought. Had a boy over in Newark and they used to write

Continued at top of page 142

PARIS
In the Easter parade
PARIS means
Style
PARIS
FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS
GARTERS • BELTS

Equally important to you: Paris means enduring quality, true craftsmanship, real value. That's why gentlemen everywhere prefer Paris.

Illustrated: Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders—"Can't skid off your shoulders." ¾" wide elastic with the new, improved "Klixon" jewelry grip ends. $1. Many other attractive styles $1 and up. • Paris Aireo Garters—"No metal can touch you." Narrow width, streamlined for super comfort. Plastic fittings colored to match elastic. 50c. Other new styles 50c and up. Your dealer also has a complete selection of smart Paris Belts at $1 and up. You'll like them, too.

A. Stein & Company . . . Chicago . . . New York . . . Los Angeles . . . Toronto

Clex Appeal

COLLARS 'EM FOR KEEPS!

Your collar's part of the picture, when you want to turn on the old glamour for the one and only! . . . The gals go for a smooth, smart, wrinkle-free neckpiece on a man. You can have all that — and comfort, too — if you get shirts with starchless collars that are CLEX lined. CLEX starts 'em right and *keeps* 'em young looking, because it makes a collar that can stand its fair share of wash and wear without wilting. Soft-collar comfort, starched-collar style! That's CLEX appeal — and it's yours for the asking at your retailer's. . . . Ask him!

Kendall Mills — *Division of the Kendall Company* — Walpole, Mass.

LAUNDRY-PROOF BOND

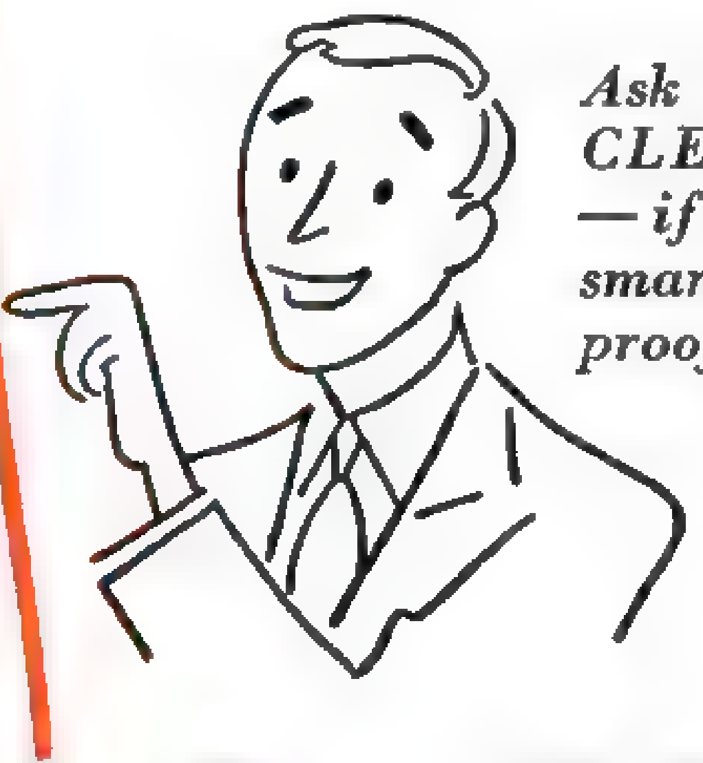
CLEX lining is fused to the outer fabric under heat. . . . Properly processed, it makes a uniform and permanent "bond" that gives the collar firmness without starching—keeps it smooth and wrinkle free . . . even after repeated laundering.

Ask your retailer for CLEX collared shirts — if you want lasting smartness and laundry proof bond.

CLEX

Starchless Collar Lining

A KENDALL K PRODUCT



The Flatfooted Angel

Continued from pages 63-141

each other cards every day with a big I LOVE YOU on it and she used to tell him how she was fooling with the men in the neighborhood . . . getting them to take her to the shows and make a fuss over her. Just a dumb kid that . . ."

"Ed! How do you know that?" I shouted, and Kay looked at him as if he was a god or something.

"What you all excited about?" Ed asked.

"Listen Ed, this is awful important to us, tell us again about Francine—about Tony's daughter. What you said about her being a good girl, but a dumb kid."

"Well, it's true, I know it. She even married the boy in Newark some time last year. I can't see why you're making all . . ."

Kay began to cry softly and I took her in my arms and she mumbled something about being an awful fool and I kissed her and said we were both fools and Ed got up and started to go out and I grabbed him. "Wait. Listen, you big common man, who the devil are you? You have money but you like to work on a farm for nothing. Because you've taken care of the flowers as if they were yours, I'm sure to make money this year. You hate getting up early so you lay in bed and make faces at me . . . and you're up just as early anyway. You hate the rain and watch me get soaked to the skin, but you're a hard worker . . . you're tough, in good shape, you love to walk. You got swell liquor, Kay likes you and has started to paint again; you know the street we used to live on better than we do, but you've never lived there. You don't know Tony the barber, but you know more about him than his wife does. And just now . . . with a few words, you've straightened out something that almost had Kay and me hanging on the ropes. Man, who the hell are you!"

"Heck, that ought to be easy for two smart young people like you to figure out."

"Aw Ed, stop it, you've got to tell," Kay pleaded, then she started crying again and suddenly she went over and kissed him and said: "Oh Ed, you're an angel!"

He got red and flustered and gently pushed her away. "Hey, remember I'm a bachelor and you're an awful pretty chunk of woman! Who am I?" He grinned and took his time; stood up and stretched. "Well, I told you I'm so commonplace you'd never even notice me on the street. I'm retired . . . but that doesn't mean I'm tired of life. I was a postman."

For a moment Kay and I looked at each other, too surprised to speak. "A postman! Of course, that's how you know all about Tony and . . . us," Kay finally said, her eyes as bright and happy as they used to be.

"For crying out loud!" I said like a dope.

"Yeah, that's me. I hope it ain't no letdown. Come on, let's have another drink. It's a great life, and it looks like we letter carriers do a lot of useful work . . . even after we're retired!" he said softly, grinning at us. #

What Makes an American Beauty?

Continued from page 35

Garbos, Dietrichs, Lamarrs and Leighs, who would promptly be cold-creamed into a streamlined resemblance to American beauty.

They would be made to look so superiorly American, in fact, ("It's colossal, Sam!") that the proud daughters of pioneer residents of Abilene, Kansas, and Tallahassee, Florida, would flock to the movie-palaces to worship that superlative "imported" glamour, ignoring their own natural beauty in honest mirrors at home.

For, make no mistake, Abilene and Tallahassee have girls as glamorous as any that Hollywood can show off the screen in the path of candid-camera fiends under that Southern California sunlight that is more pitiless than kleig lights.

Whether Helena, Montana, can make good its extravagant claims to an overplus of American beauty is another question. Frankly, I doubt it. Helena lays claim to a higher percentage of feminine loveliness according to population (twelve thousand against Dallas' two-hundred-sixty thousand and New York City's unmerciful millions) than any other city or town in the United States.

I have seen several fair Helens from Helena. They were lovely, without doubt. But I remain unconvinced of the astronomical proportions of that percentage. And I have seen girls of mixed Polish and Anglo-American descent in Chicago whose beauty would put to shame the most breathtaking good looks of the fairest Helenan I've looked at. I'm willing to grant that Myrna Loy, reputed former Texan, is as American in her beauty as Daniel Boone was in his frontiersman's skill. But is the asserted high proportion of glamorous gals in Dallas and Helena a demonstrable fact—or a Chamber of Commerce slogan? We effete Easterners could bear to know.

You may be one of those unaccountable eccentrics to whom one man's idea of beauty is another man's pain-in-the-neck. You have only (with open eyes) to walk the main thoroughfares of American cities; ride surface, elevated or subway cars or interurban or transcontinental trains; visit hotels, offices, shops, department stores, colleges, libraries, resorts, theatres, and even motion-picture studios, to discover that American lovelies are more lovely and more numerous than you had believed possible.

Observe, too, as you go about

America, that in spite of Blue-Book deportment and Vassar conversation, American hostesses and our common or garden variety housewives frequently look like (and are) glamour girls as well as sweethearts. In that combination is the American woman's synthesis.

It is not especially an Atlantic City characteristic. The bathing-beauty contestant has a certain fresh physical attractiveness, often mere youthful prettiness with a brash smear of Coney Island exhibitionism. It is the pubescent charm of a healthy and well-developed young animal, a kitten or a yearling colt, and is unlikely to last beyond the season's newsreels or an occasional movie contract that remains only a contact.

An opposite defect detracts from the mature beauties continually reported arrived in Reno. The divorce capital's glamour is the glamour of notoriety, of dissatisfied wives and disappointed mothers trying to match a hectic pace with the rhythms of the *Merry Widow Waltz*, of breakfast-nook tragedies and boudoir secrets hinted in headlines. The beauties who briefly inhabit that bedlam of break 'em and make 'em are, at best, vacationers from the glamour-girl sweetheart combination that qualifies the American type.

A distinctively American character is as noticeable in our women as in our men. A quality not easily analyzed, it bears little resemblance to those schematic idealizations, the Neysa McMein girl or the Harrison Fisher girl—as little as the American look of our men bears to the stalwart stiltedness of the late Leyendecker Lothario and other magazine-cover boys. It is visible, among American women, in an unmistakable poise and alertness—a buoyant spirit, an erect carriage, a firm, free stride, a frank, open glance from an aware eye, a vital consciousness that within certain personal and social limits, they are their own mistresses and need call no man master.

You will find among American women the vivacity, chic and *savoir-faire* of the Parisian; the pert wit and comradely independence of the Irish girl; the warmth and strength of character of the Scotch and the Welsh; the English woman's humor and dependability; the generosity and often the excitability and fire of the Italian and the Spaniard; the Scandinavian's coolness and calmness over depths of emotion; the solid virtues of the German; the spirit and occasionally the heady effervescence of the Viennese; the deep and strong humanity of the Russian woman.

And you will find, singly or intermingled, the characteristic physical beauties of each of these European types.

You will be less likely to find the French woman's social and emotional dependence on men and, under her smart exterior, her frequent sentimentality that is like the odor of patchouli; the tendency of Latin, Slavic and Celtic women to lapse soon into a heavy maturity; the almost constant habit of European women, reared in a centuries-old tradition of subservience to superiors, to submit to masculine authority.

I don't say you won't find these traits—only that you will encounter them less often in America than in Europe. They exist among native as well as foreign-born Americans, and are met with as frequently in New York or Chicago, for example, as the highly-lacquered and metallic products in skirts that are assembly-lined out of our metropolitan beauty-shops, all bound 'round with demi-Victorian girdles and uppy-uppy brassieres and packaged in futuristic flounces.

Fifth Avenue has a better claim to gorgeous gals than New York's crosstown trolley-streets, Michigan Boulevard a more evident one than Dearborn Street. But Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard alike err in assuming that artifice is inevitably superior to native endowment. I've heard Broadway beauties sound off like the old Sixth Avenue "L" on a downtown curve. And many an off-lot snapshot of a Beverly Hills blonde has shown her as dusty as a date-palm, as ragged as a eucalyptus or a pepper-tree. Which says something for artifice, after all.

But not for the artificial naturalness of the professional Dixie girl. It may be a defect in my character, but I am not sold on the Southern Belle. There are Creole beauties who can make you want a permanent rebate on the return half of your round-trip ticket to New Orleans. But, for all their undoubted charms, the Colonel's daughters leave me cold. They are often, I grant you, lovely to look at, informally entrancing in the formal frame of the genteel tradition and its womanly women. But if they have more charm than Boston's precisely garbed and gloved misses, they usually have less wit. They are, to come out with it, beautiful but dumb. Not vocally, more's the pity—after half an hour of their magpie chatter a man's interest is gone with the wind. Scarlett O'Hara's daughters, whether Kentucky Colonels, F. F. V.'s or Arkansas radio-moaners for somebody's breakfast food, are still living in the nineteenth century, not the twentieth.

Tucson, Arizona, and Indianapolis, Indiana, have made certain claims to co-ed beauty honors. Whether they can successfully compete with Glendale, California, which has made no claim because apparently it hasn't needed to, is a question I hesitate to pose against the slings and arrows of outraged comebacks.

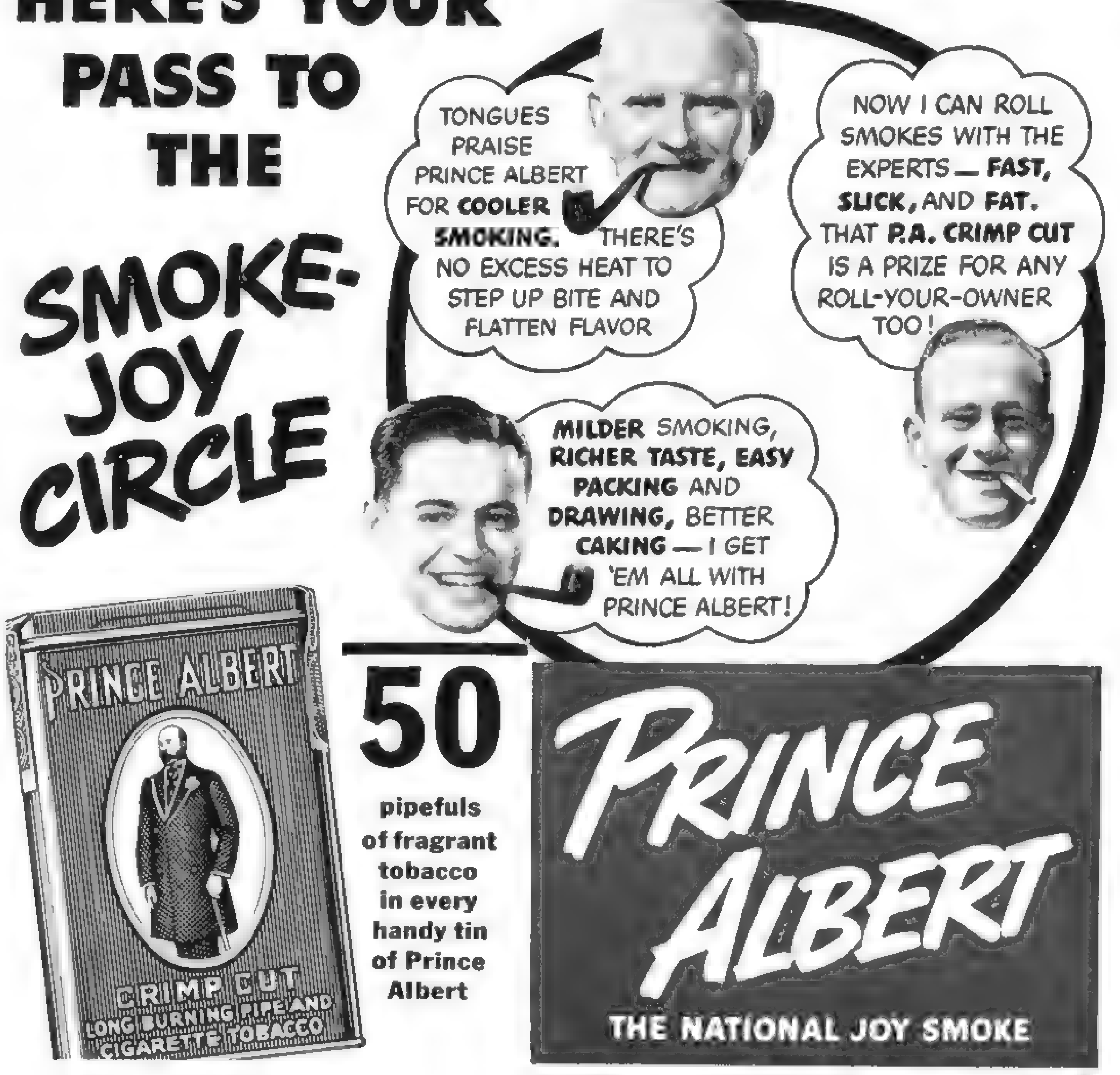
Tucson's beauties are unlikely to fade like Atlantic City's. They are more apt to bronze and redden like Arabia's. Besides, are they Tucson's beauties? Like Bryn Mawr's, Vassar's, Wellesley's, they come from all over and practically always go back. Indianapolis is in

Continued on page 144

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

CHUBBINS, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A BALLROOM 500 FEET UNDERGROUND?
OH, DADDY, YOU'RE FOOLING
I'LL SHOW YOU. THIS 'WONDERLAND CAVE' IS ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES OF ARKANSAS. LET'S GO IN
JUST IMAGINE — MUSIC AND DANCING 'WAY DOWN IN THE EARTH — AND ISN'T IT COOL HERE, DAD?
PARDON ME, SIR — IS IT ALWAYS THIS COOL DOWN HERE?
YOU BET! SIXTY-TWO DEGREES, DAY IN, DAY OUT. THIS CAVE IS NATURALLY COOL — AND ALWAYS THE SAME
I SEE YOU'RE A MAN WHO APPRECIATES COOLNESS IN HIS SMOKING, TOO
WELL, WHEN I HEARD HOW MUCH COOLER PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES, I DIDN'T LOSE A MINUTE. A COOL SMOKE SURE IS MILDER AND TASTIER, TOO
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!
AND THERE ARE OTHER REASONS WHY P.A. IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING TOBACCO
YOU BET THERE ARE! THAT P.A. CRIMP CUT PACKS A HEAP EASIER — AND IT SURE GIVES SMOOTHER, EASIER DRAWING
PRINCE ALBERT

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


HERE'S YOUR PASS TO THE SMOKE-JOY CIRCLE
TONGUES PRAISE PRINCE ALBERT FOR COOLER SMOKING. THERE'S NO EXCESS HEAT TO STEP UP BITE AND FLATTEN FLAVOR
NOW I CAN ROLL SMOKES WITH THE EXPERTS — FAST, SLICK, AND FAT. THAT P.A. CRIMP CUT IS A PRIZE FOR ANY ROLL-YOUR-OWNER TOO!
MILDER SMOKING, RICHER TASTE, EASY PACKING AND DRAWING, BETTER CAKING — I GET 'EM ALL WITH PRINCE ALBERT!
PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

MAKE THE

Squeeze Test...

Go to your favorite neckwear dealer and ask to see the new Planned Patterns in Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties...colors and designs made to go with the smartest suits and shirts. Then *squeeze* a Botany Tie in your fist...and *feel* the live fabric spring back to shape. Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties regain fresh smoothness when hung up overnight. Only Botany Ties can give you this wrinkle-proof fabric woven of yarns of *patented construction. Yet Botanys cost no more than ordinary neckwear...$1 only.

*U. S. PATENT NO. 1,815,027

BOTANY

wrinkle-proof TIES

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL Botany tie

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. Botany Ties • Botany Robes • Botany Shirts
Botany Socks • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • Botany Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns

What Makes an American Beauty?

Continued from pages 35-143

the same case. That Mecca of drum-majorettes for American Legion convention parades can boast good-looking girls. But they usually come from elsewhere in Indiana, and their beauty is less noteworthy than the superior architecture of Butler University.

Glendale, sprawling suburb of Los Angeles and Hollywood climbing into the Sierra foothills, is just a case of pure luck. It is common but unspoken knowledge, a social and professional error to whisper it on Hollywood Boulevard, that the loveliest girls in Southern California are found, not in the bulging downtown cafeterias and department stores of Los Angeles nor in the sound studios and night clubs of Hollywood, but in the cottages and classrooms of Glendale.

I took a Glendale girl-graduate to a filmville party in the Hollywood hills one night last summer—and within half an hour she was surrounded by eager males, while neglected studio beauties fumed in the background.

If the American girl is no longer the La Gatta Girl or the Gibson Girl (remember that classic portfolio of suburban love-story sentimentality in peekaboo shirtwaists and straw sailor hats perched riskily atop enormous pompadors stuffed out with "rats"?)—what girl is she? A solemnly bewhiskered old American bard had the answer. His name was Walt Whitman.

Three decades ago, before the American girl began to kick legs, hips, torso and arms free of those stockinged, bloomered, skirted, sailor-waisted shrouds that used to be *de rigueur* for what the police nicknamed "going in swimming," a lot of semi-scandal was aroused in these States by outrageous goings-on. These went on under the designations of vaudeville, comic opera, musical comedy and burlesque (a mild form of ineptitude compared to the bawdy prancings of today's strip-teasers). Their typical naughtiness consisted in displays of overfed, underexercised and less seductive Mae Wests in "fleshings" and tights.

Photographs of these ponderous dames were printed in a pink periodical with an enormous circulation among barber shops and bootblack stands—*The Police Gazette.* An American poet (I can't remember whether it was Arthur Davison Ficke or Berton Braley—I hope I do neither of them an injustice) wrote a sonnet about these pictures. He said they were American versions of the Greek goddesses, "who thus come back amongst us in our day."

The poet (it *may* have been Ludwig Lewisohn—who, with youthful bravado but uncertain physiology, wrote those immortal lines about "the pallor of her fragile limbs shall cool my burning side tonight") was headed in the right direction. But neither the *Police Gazette* photos nor their buxom originals in the Floradora and later sextettes had yet caught up to him. Before his statement could become true for the more ladylike element of the population, the American chorus girl had to slough off her swaddling clothes and provide an incentive for other American women to do likewise.

When, around 1916, they began to do so, they caught up, not to Ficke or Braley or Lewisohn, but to Walt Whitman, the Camden, New Jersey, dithyrambist, who almost half a century earlier had prophesied that the American girl would "run, ride, row, swim, shoot," etc., right along with the American man. And look at the American girl now.

I give you, then, the Walt Whitman Girl come true, whose athletic bent and physical skill are among the reasons why pretty girls and beautiful women are more prevalent in the United States than they are elsewhere. If, in childhood, she isn't out in a vacant lot playing baseball or football with the neighborhood boys, she goes in vigorously later on for high-school and college athletics, and carries on with tennis, golf, hiking, hunting, fishing, swimming, sailing, skating, skiing, as the years go by.

It is interesting to observe that her frankness and sincerity, her vitality and mental and emotional aliveness, come in a variety of attractive packages. But if you struck an average between short and tall, slender and plump, brunette and blonde, you would get something like this:

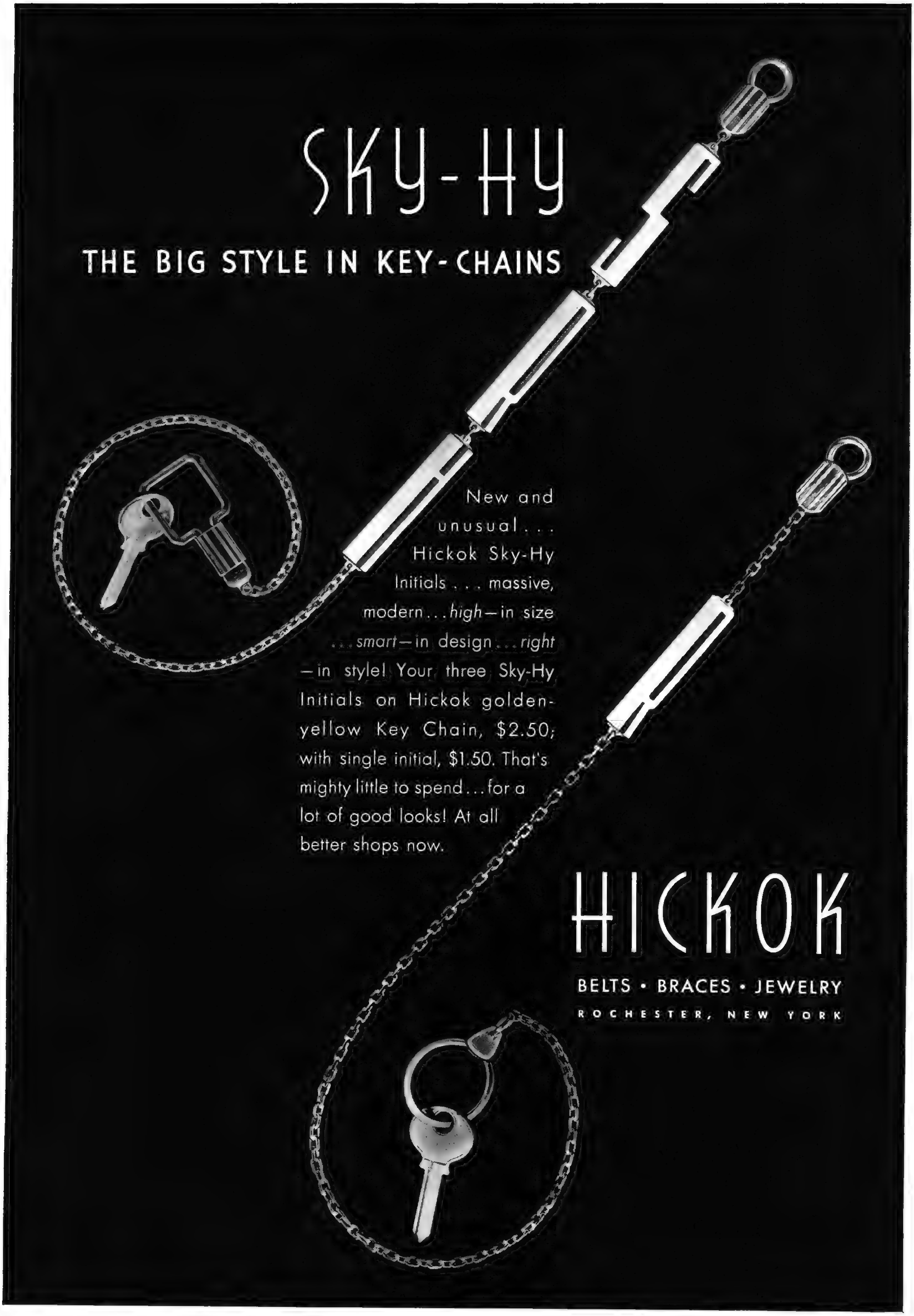
Weight, 115 to 135 pounds; height, five feet, three inches, to five feet, six inches; eyes, predominantly brown or hazel; hair, wavy or curling, predominantly a light chestnut color. All in all, an agreeable compendium of vitality and good spirits inside a swell arrangement of bodily curves.

Her participation in sports, however, is only one reason for the health, beauty and charm of the American girl. Here are other significant reasons:

1. The Melting-Pot. The rapid and extensive intermixture of races during the past three hundred years within the present confines of the United States has helped to create an American type and contributed to the frequency of feminine beauty in America. Anthropologists have demonstrated that there are now no "pure" races. But interbreeding of peoples in Europe was not nearly so varied and speeded-up as in this country. The Creoles are only one example of the mingling of dominant characteristics with beautiful results. On Chicago's west side, dark-haired Italian youths, mating with blonde, blue-eyed Irish and Scandinavian girls, have produced a peculiarly attractive dark-haired, blue-eyed type.

2. The Family Menu. A higher standard of living, commonly more available in the United States than

Continued on page 146



SKY-HY

THE BIG STYLE IN KEY-CHAINS

New and unusual . . . Hickok Sky-Hy Initials . . . massive, modern . . . *high*—in size . . . *smart*—in design . . . *right*—in style! Your three Sky-Hy Initials on Hickok golden-yellow Key Chain, $2.50; with single initial, $1.50. That's mighty little to spend . . . for a lot of good looks! At all better shops now.

HICKOK

BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

"Sure I use Mum—
I cannot afford to take any chances!"

"Perspiration odor has no place in any man's life," says Mr. R. U. Whitney, salesman of the Packard Motor Car Company of New York. "It's bad business!"

"HERE'S how I see it," says Mr. Whitney, "I use Mum for the same reason I shower and shave every morning, just to make sure nothing comes between me and my prospects that's going to let me down. I have no patience with *perspiration odor* in others and I simply won't take chances of offending, myself!

"There's just never an excuse for perspiration odor—not even ignorance! And because a man may offend and never know he's guilty—I play *safe*—with Mum."

* * *

That's just good, common sense, Mr. Whitney, and thousands of men are following it. A dab of Mum under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor all day or all evening long. Keep this in mind—a bath cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

Mum can't harm your shirts... won't irritate your skin...and Mum prevents underarm odor *without attempting to stop perspiration.*

The chances are your wife, your sister or mother is using Mum right now as the safe, sure way of guarding against underarm odor. But don't borrow! Get your own Mum at your druggist's today. *Play safe.* Carry into all your contacts—business or social—the confidence you won't offend with perspiration odor.

MUM
takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Customers resent Perspiration Odor—Play safe with Mum!]

Your morning shower takes care of *yesterday's* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—makes your shower last longer.

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mum carries on where your bath leaves off. Two quick dabs under your arms—and you're safe from odor for the day.

What Makes an American Beauty?

Continued from pages 35-143-144

in Europe, may imply no more than a relatively good standard usually available. But the standard is important in maintaining health levels that contribute to a greater frequency of beauty among American women, who usually have good teeth, nails, hair, skin, well-nourished bodies in good condition, which they know how to dress and manage effectively.

3. Infants and Children. High standards of infant and child care, home-training and education in schools, exist for a large proportion of the American populace and are continually being extended, even against obstacles, into regions where they do not yet adequately exist. Fewer American babies are ignorantly neglected in important but obscure respects, or are allowed to become deformed by disease or to suffer physical impairment or disfigurement through lack of adequate medical, surgical or home care.

4. The Mother. American women receive better attention in greater numbers than the women of other countries before, during and after childbirth. Physicians and superintendents of nurses prescribe appropriate exercise, clothing, diet, and lay down other rules and conditions, with the result that fewer American mothers suffer the later physical disfigurements which used to detract from their appearance after childbearing.

5. Housework. Prevalent use of electric and other labor-saving devices for housework has lifted from the shoulders of thousands of American women much of the physical burden of household drudgery. Housework now frequently becomes a simple routine made comparatively light (but not too light for adequate exercise) by the use of vacuum cleaners, washing machines, electric irons, etc., as well as by resort to commercial laundries, rug and drapery cleaners. American women also thus avoid unbeautiful hands, arms, faces, and work-bent and toil-loosened bodies, gain more leisure in which to improve the beauty they possess.

6. The Office. So many women, single or married, are employed in American offices, stores, shops, schools, libraries, hotels, resorts, travel, industries (included here on a marginal basis because of frequent ill effects) that competition is severe. A well-groomed and even smart appearance, therefore, becomes not only personally desirable but a matter of good business or professional diplomacy. This has an obvious effect in promoting higher standards of dress and personal care, which in turn have their place among the causes of American women's smartness, charm, good looks.

7. Fashion vs. Fad. The average American woman is, above all, fashionable. But granted that she falls earnestly for the latest screwy doodad—bustles and girdles out of *Godey's Ladies' Book*, snoods from the *Little Women* period, hats from Fairyland—she seldom puts up long with ridiculous extremes foisted upon her by professional stylists.

8. Beauty "Shoppes." The American woman's patronage of beauty parlors (a business only a little more prevalent in Europe than barber shops) is a matter for international comment. It has not only shot an Elizabeth Arden's original $6,000 investment up to a fifteen million dollar business, it has almost everywhere increased and enhanced the American woman's natural good looks, when not overdone by enthusiasm.

These items, plus the availability and comparative cheapness of women's clothes, beauty-shop treatments, cosmetics, miscellaneous decorations (costume jewelry, for example), which aid her in maintaining a standard of personal appearance that has really risen to the dignity of *a mores*, are prime factors in the American woman's prevalent beauty.

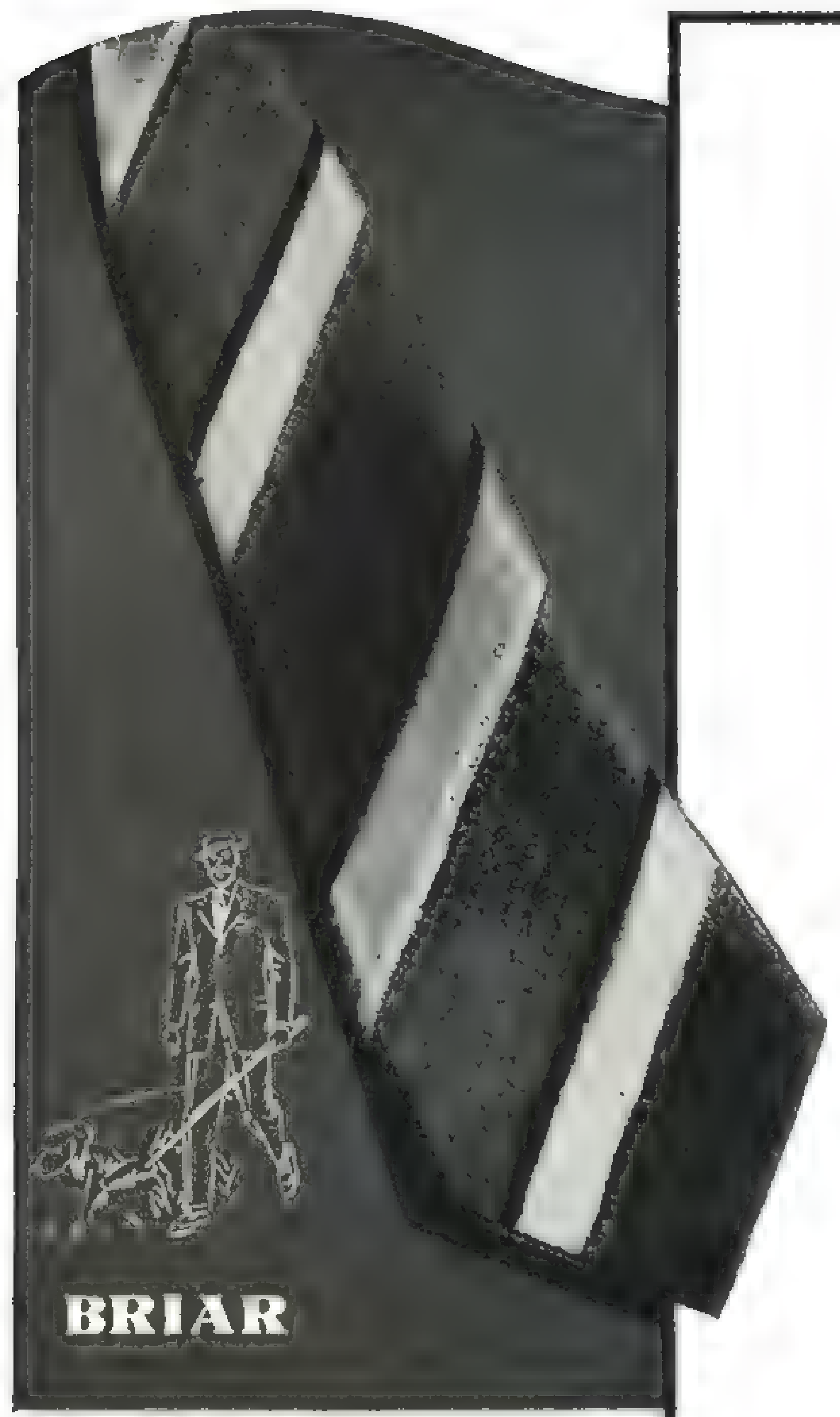
Nor does she lack continual and interested appreciation. We may jeer at her waste-basket millinery, laugh at her sudden Victorian epidemic of snoods, snicker at her blood-red or decadent-mauve fingernails. But whether we encounter her in Boston or Atlanta, in New York or San Francisco, we prefer her to the European as well as to the Polynesian.

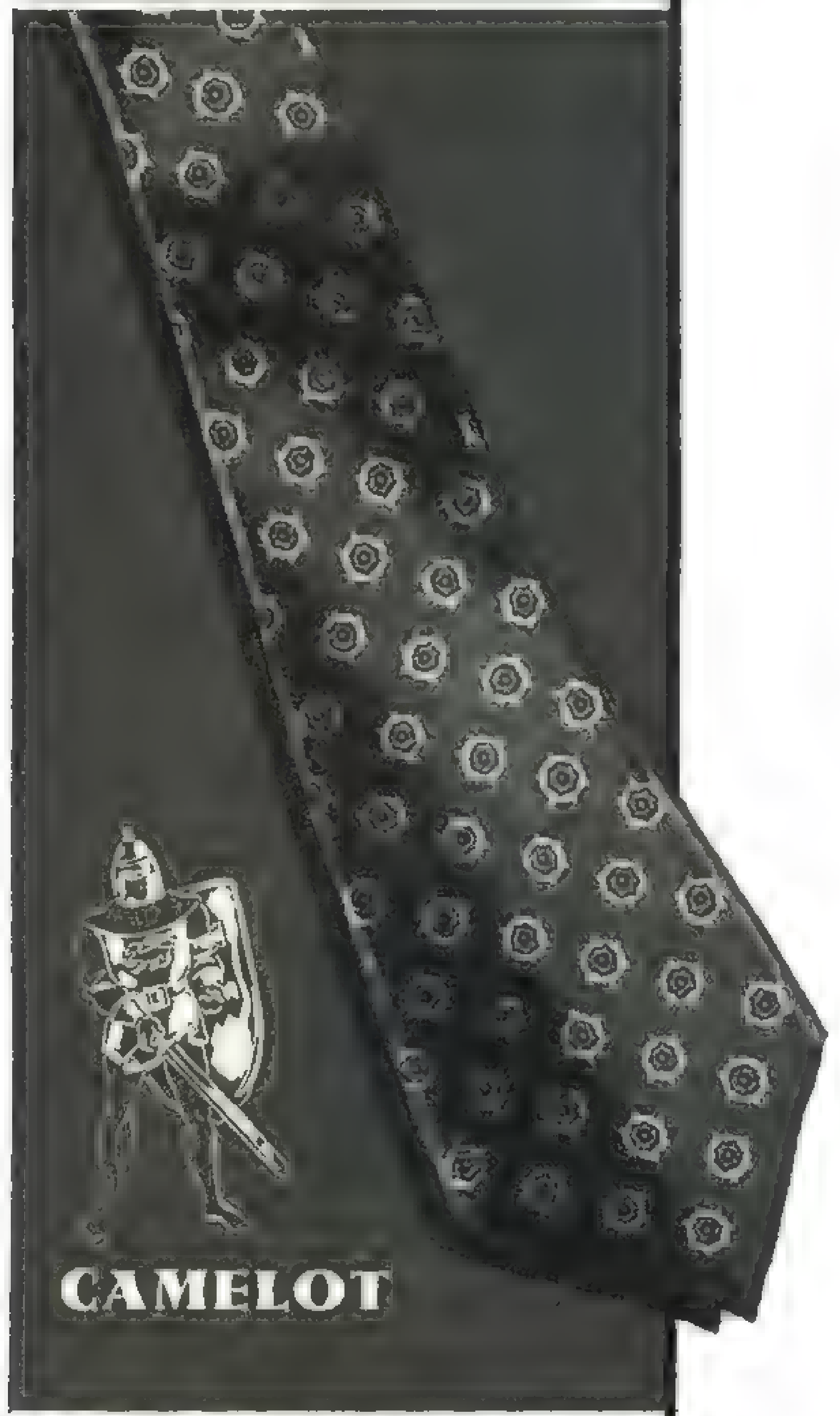
The American male's much-publicized hankering after grass-skirted Hawaiian hula dancers and beautiful Balinese maidens with bared round breasts and dusky skins is no more than a literary exercise, a pretended if pleasant emotional *divertissement.* We know, for instance, though we'll be damned if we'll admit it, that one woman in all her various moods is more interesting than a lot of women all successively in the same mood.

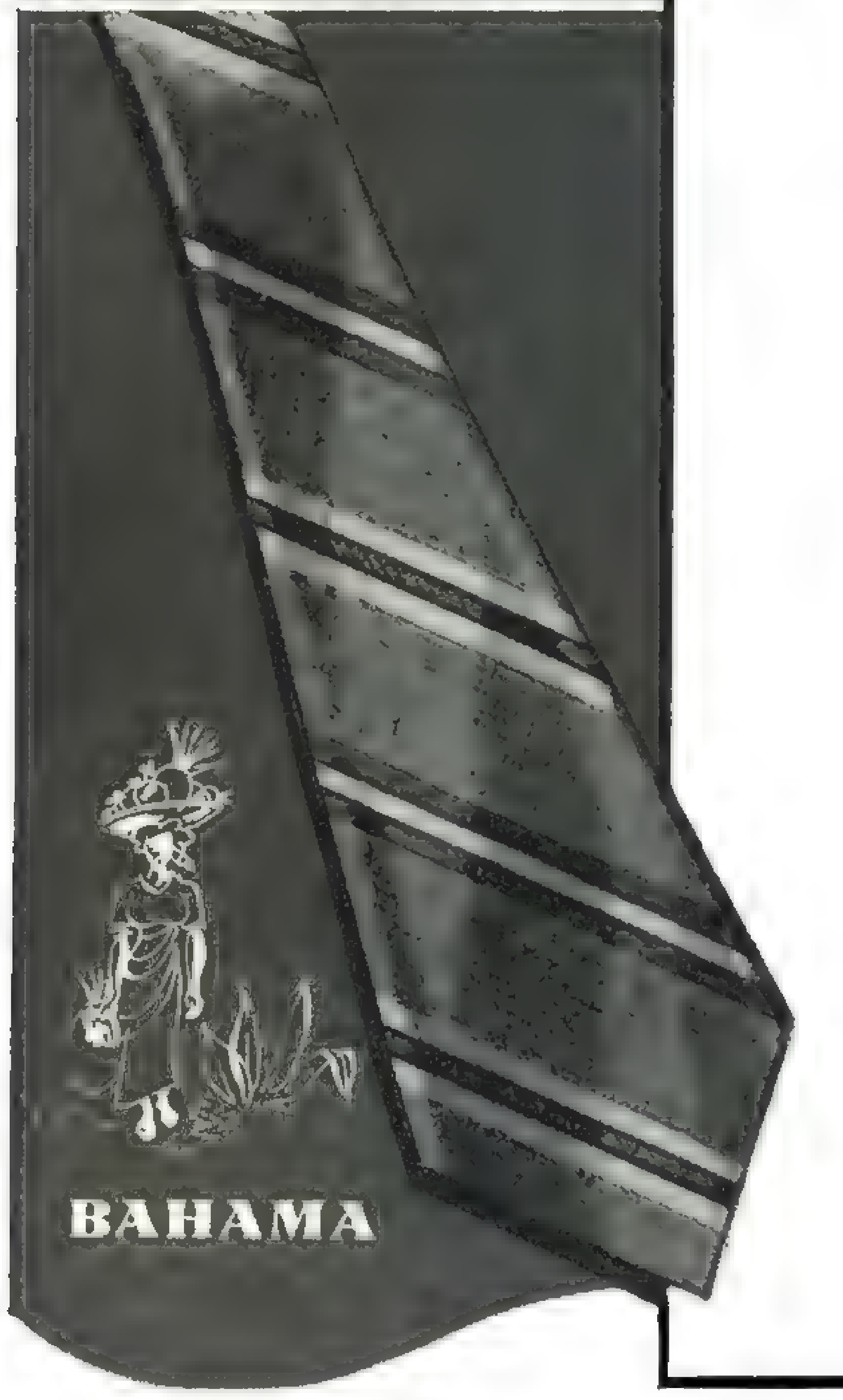
And when it comes to beauty and personality the American woman is most numerous, and tops for oomph.

Whether she sips a soda in a campus sweetshop or smiles seductively over her champagne in a Miami supper club; whether she wears a one-piece bathing suit on the sands at Malibu or is attractively, if completely, clad for skiing at Sun Valley or Franconia or for ice skating at Lake Placid; whether she is a vigorous Oregon apple-queen or a languorous Georgia peach; whether she blooms with the blue-veined coolness of a New England morning-glory or the heady perfume of magnolia blossoms under a Southern moon; whether she strides briskly up Michigan Boulevard in Chicago on a windy day, rides hell-bent-for-leather across the sunstruck Arizona desert, or bounces from Brooklyn to the Bronx on the I. R. T., I'll take the American girl.

Only, please don't tell my wife. ⧺







Introducing The Ties That Make Your Dollar Important!

Cohama Cravats

$1

Cohama Cravats are America's newest neckwear nobility. Always at one dollar, they offer you every fine and fashion-important fabric and pattern . . . at the time when they're most important to *your* wardrobe! Cohama Cravats will be found at all better men's wear and department stores. Look for the Cohama label . . . and remember, if it's a Cohama, *it's correct!*

Here are This Season's Six Fashion-Important Cohama Cravats

BRIAR — All-worsted — amazingly supple, alive and wrinkle-resistant. Knots large for button-down collars.

CAMELOT — A super-quality heavyweight foulard silk in patterns from authentic fashion sources.

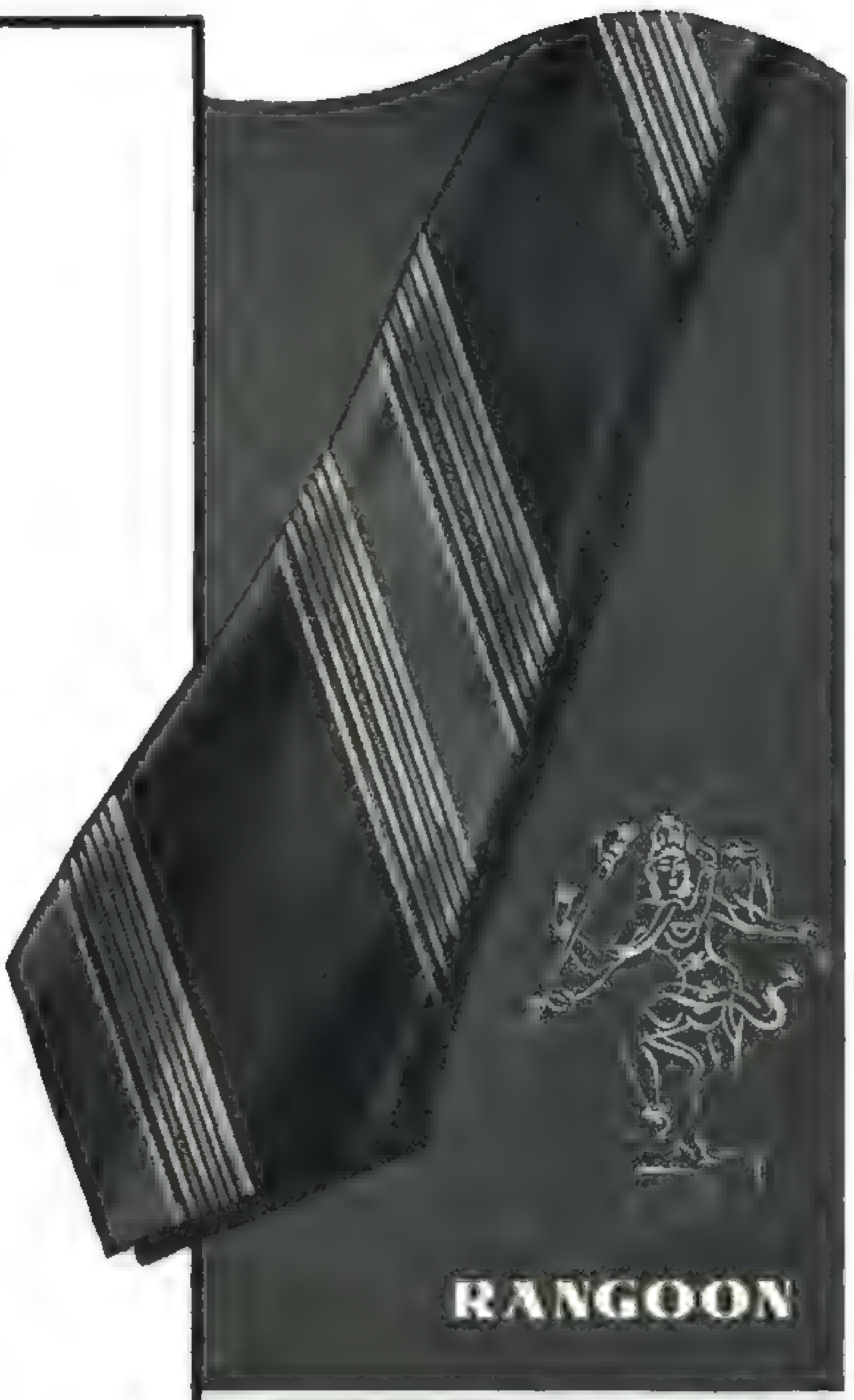
BAHAMA — A silk and wool blend in soft, muted colorings. Perfect foil for brighter semi-sports fabrics.

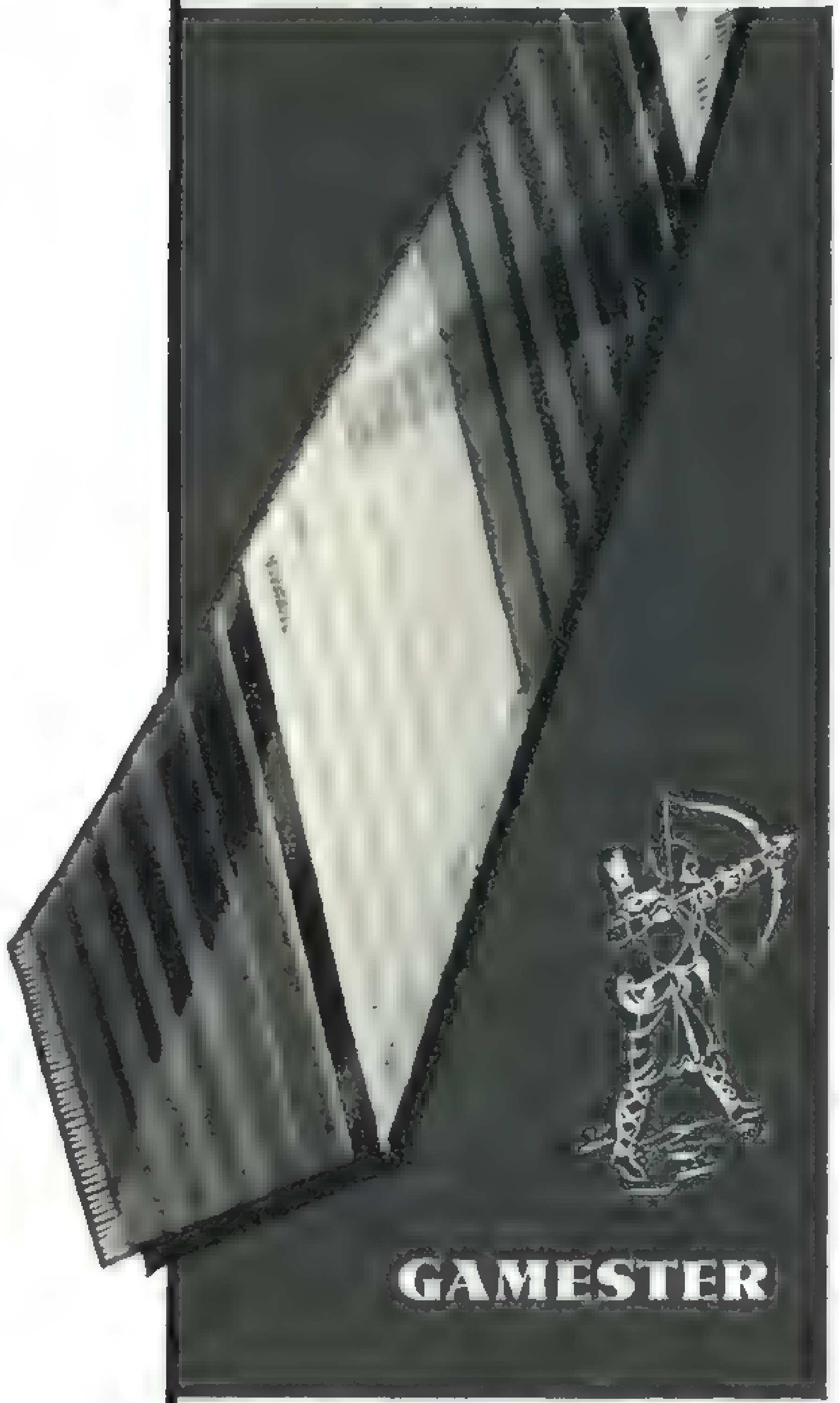
RANGOON — A little wool and rayon is blended with shantung to reduce wrinkles and to take color more subtly.

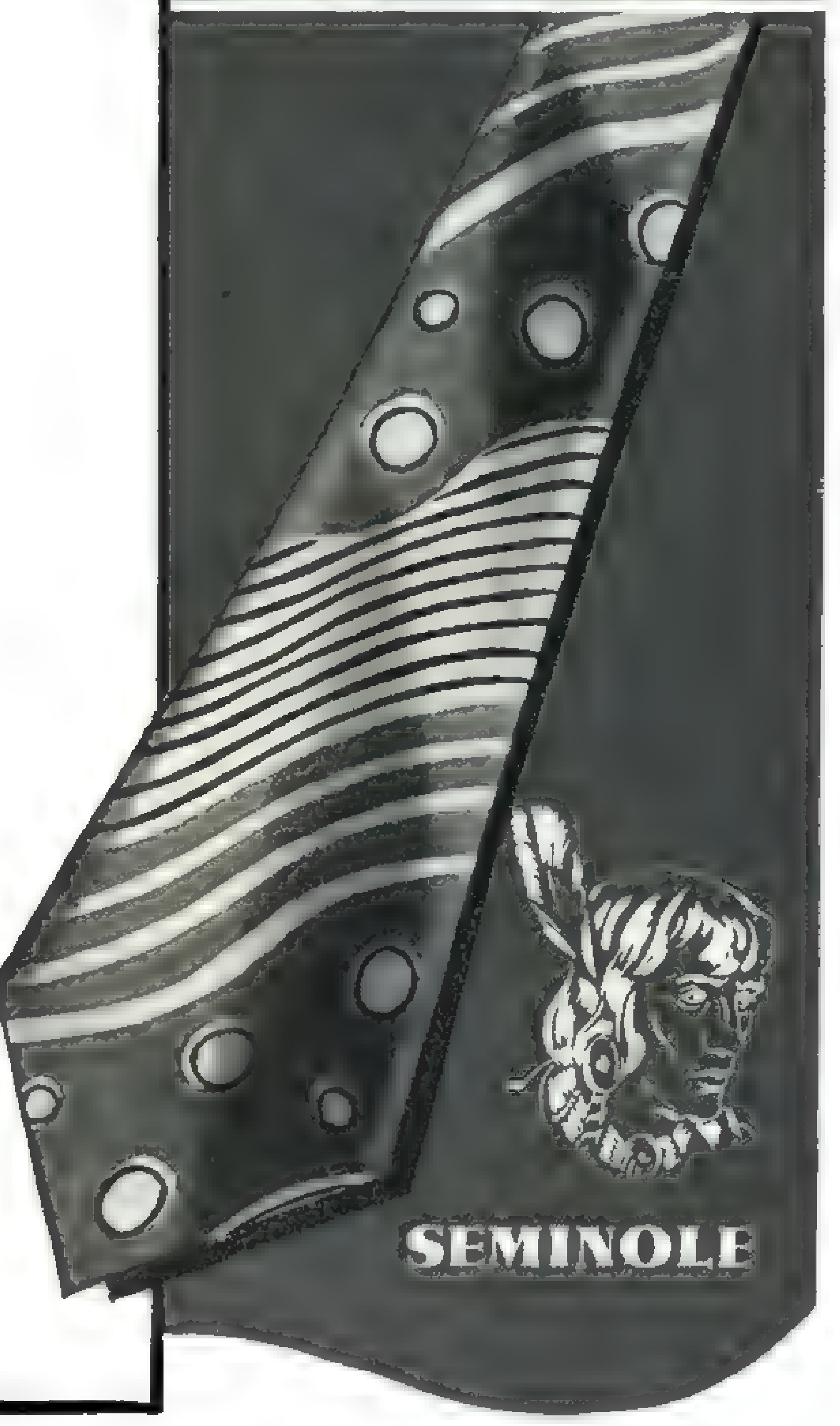
GAMESTER — A blend of silk, wool and *mohair* that won't wrinkle. In semi-sports patterns.

SEMINOLE — Pure silk and tussah silk, in the patterns and colors which flourished in Florida this past winter

COHAMA CRAVATS
1412 Broadway · New York



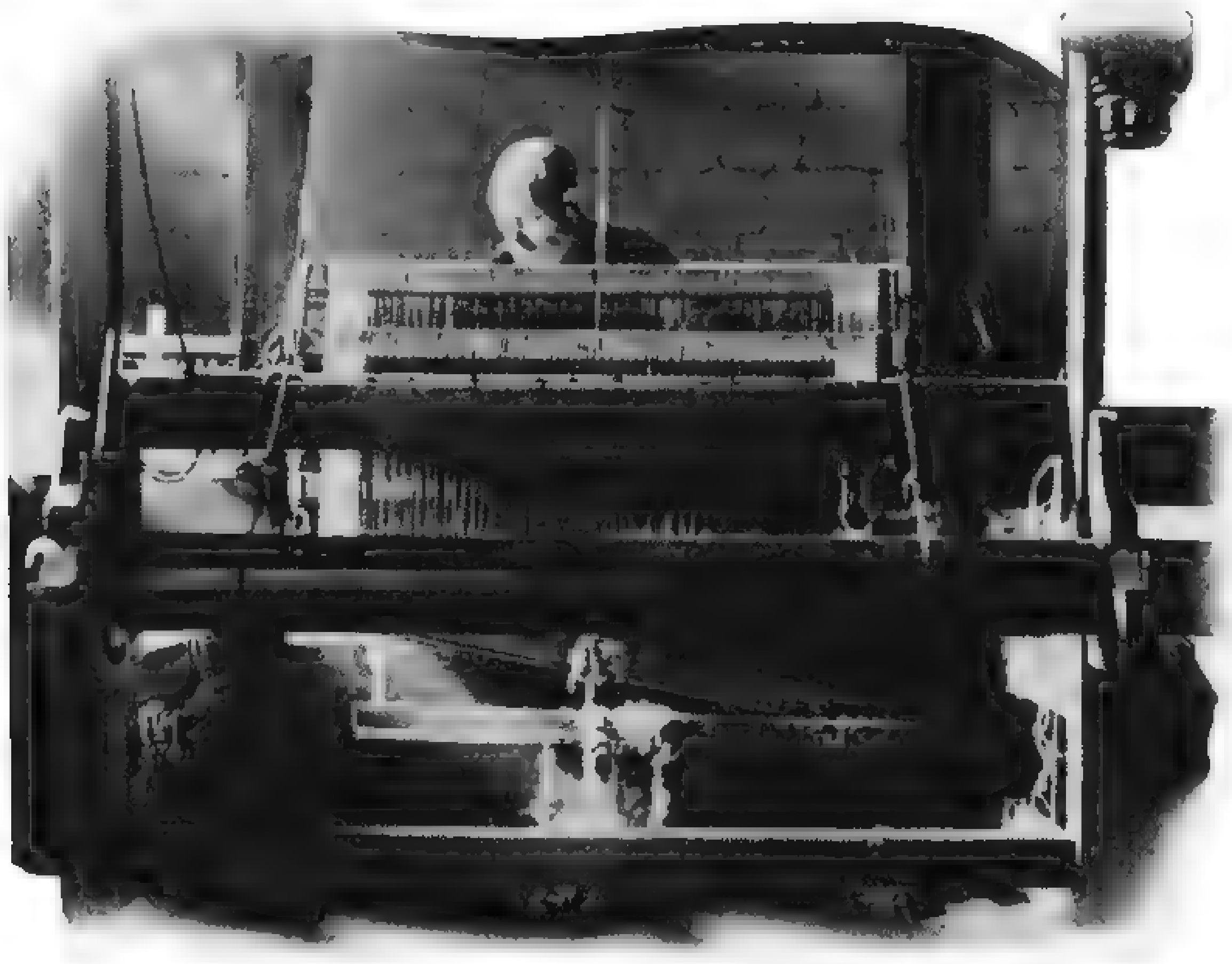




WHERE HARRIS TWEED IS WOVEN

Far across the Atlantic lies a group of Scottish islands, the Outer Hebrides—rugged home of a rugged people. Their stern fight against Nature for the necessities of life colors everything they do. The Harris Tweed they weave in their cottages embodies the very qualities of strength and honest worth, so characteristic of the islanders.

EVERY YARD OF
HARRIS TWEED
IS WOVEN BY HAND



All genuine Harris Tweed is handwoven. It is the expression of the individuality of the craftsman, the heritage of hundreds of years of the island industry. It is this individuality which makes Harris Tweed the choice of the fashionable folk in England. No mass-produced, machine-woven cloth could satisfy their insistence upon distinctiveness and character in all that they wear. Moreover there is no fear of imitations since genuine Harris Tweed is guaranteed by the registered Trade Mark stamped on the cloth itself.

HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
REGISTERED TRADE MARK NO.326350
GRANTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT (BOARD OF TRADE) TO THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH

WHAT THIS LABEL MEANS

This is the official label of the Harris Tweed Association Ltd. It is a definite assurance that the garment which bears it has been made from tweed which complies with the definition of Harris Tweed accepted by the British Government Board of Trade. It is a guarantee the tweed is genuine Harris Tweed made from pure Scottish wool, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and handwoven by the islanders at their own homes. Look for the label on every garment you buy.

Issued by the Harris Tweed Association Ltd., 5 Coleman Street, London, England.

A Place with Loads of Charm

Continued from page 52

young fellow, if you want to do business with me, you've got to find me a place at least five miles away from any bridge—or munitions factory, oil refinery or railroad station, for that matter.

Agent: Hm. Let me think, now. Ah! I know just the place you want. It's miles from everything.

Mr. Smith: Sounds promising.

Mrs. Smith: Darling, you know how lonely I'd be when you're away at the office.

Mr. Smith: Be quiet, Myrtle. This is a man's business. Women aren't equipped to select property these days.

Mrs. Smith: But, Henry, you know I've been taking that night course in Military Science and its relation to choosing a home.

Mr. Smith: I said *I* will decide. Now then, Mr. Beverall, let's hear something more about that place.

Agent: It's out in Endicott Valley.

Mr. Smith: Hm. Endicott Valley?

Agent: Yes. Now of course you don't get the view there that you would from this place, but there are other things to make up for it. This house is a cinch to heat because it is protected from the wind on all sides. You see it snuggles down in a little pocket with hills surrounding it. Honestly, it's the cheeriest, coziest—

Mr. Smith: *Mr.* Beverall, have you something personal against Mrs. Smith and myself? Are you deliberately setting out to murder us? Or has somebody put you up to it? Is there some higher-up who wants us killed, some fiend—

Agent: Woa! Wait a minute, Mr. Smith, I don't understand.

Mr. Smith: You don't understand! And yet you are brazenly standing here trying to sell us a death trap.

Agent: A death trap?

Mr. Smith: From poison gas, you fool! Don't you know *anything?* Don't you know that gas, being heavier than air, always collects in hollows? Don't you know that if we were shelled or bombed with poison gas, we'd be snuffed out like rats? Don't you know we wouldn't have a chance?

Agent: Well, you could wear gas masks.

Mr. Smith: What! Lay down good money for a high class place and then have to wear gas masks? No sir, not us. What we want is an estate where we'd only have to wear them when we were attacked. If we lived in a pit like the one you're trying to pass off on us, we'd even have to sleep in them!

Agent: Say, I've got just the place for you. It's on Oak Hill. Right smack on the top of it. You would not have to worry about gas settling there.

Mr. Smith: Don't talk rubbish! What's the first thing an enemy will do to a house on top of a hill? Seize it for an observation post, of course. Even if they didn't kill us, we wouldn't want hostile troops billeted in our house, eating our food, playing our radio and God knows what.

Mrs. Smith: It might not be so bad.

Mr. Smith: Why, Myrtle! Now then, Mr. Beverall, if you can't suggest anything fit for a civilized man to inhabit, you might as well drive us back to the station.

Agent: Well, I—I guess I better. I don't think of anything else right now. (They get in the car, and start for the station.)

Agent: I just happened to think. There's a house back the other way in the woods—

Mr. Smith: No, no. Apt to be too much fighting in woods. Troops take to it for shelter. I tell you I'm looking for an estate, not a battle ground.

Agent: Yes, I suppose that's right. Well, there's a very reasonable place to be had over near the airport. No. You wouldn't want that, of course. Too much of a target.

Mr. Smith: That's right. Now you're beginning to use your head.

Agent: Well, I'm afraid that just about exhausts the possibilities, Mr. Smith. There seems to be some objection to everything.

Mr. Smith: Yes. Very difficult to find a decent spot these days. Hey! What's that on our right? Slow down!

Agent: Oh, it's just some sort of an abandoned mine. They used to take clay out of here or something.

Mr. Smith: Who owns this? How much does he want for it?

Agent: Why, it was turned back to the township for back taxes. It's worthless.

Mr. Smith: Yeah?

Agent: Look at the swamps around here. Full of mosquitoes.

Mr. Smith: Uh huh.

Agent: Horrible road, this. In the winter time it's impassable.

Mr. Smith: Is that so?

Agent: And there's a rumor that a man was killed here. People are kind of suspicious about it. Think it's haunted.

Mr. Smith: You don't say.

Agent: There aren't any electric light and telephone connections within five miles, and I figure it would probably cost you five thousand dollars to put in an artesian well for decent drinking water.

Mr. Smith: (suspiciously) Say, have you an option on this place?

Agent: Why no, of course not. I—

Mr. Smith: Don't try to kid me. You're holding out on me. I know what you're doing. You're speculating. You're going to grab this ideal spot and then sell it for a killing when the war comes. I've a good mind to report you to the real estate board. You ought to go to jail—

Agent: Mr. Smith! Honest, I haven't got the slightest interest in this place.

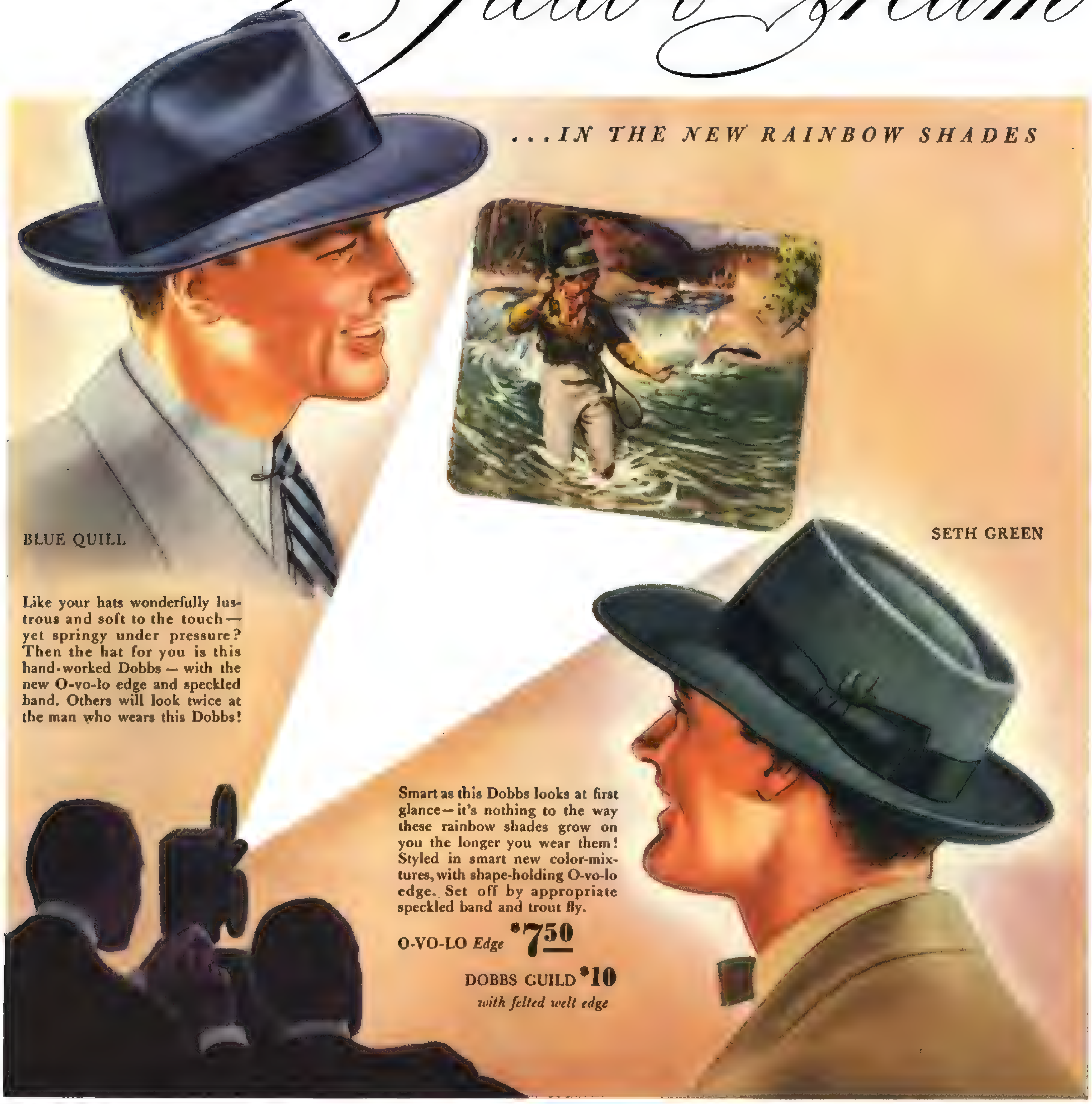
Mr. Smith: O.K. then. Drive me right down to the town hall, and put me in touch with the selectmen. We're moving into that mine next week, I don't care *how* much they want for it!

(The agent gets a commission of $13.18 for the sale, and decides that there's a better living nowadays in joining the army as a private.) ⧺

A NEW SPRING HAT STYLE WITH THE SNAP AND BEAUTY OF A TROUT

DOBBS

Field & Stream



...IN THE NEW RAINBOW SHADES

Like your hats wonderfully lustrous and soft to the touch—yet springy under pressure? Then the hat for you is this hand-worked Dobbs—with the new O-vo-lo edge and speckled band. Others will look twice at the man who wears this Dobbs!

Smart as this Dobbs looks at first glance—it's nothing to the way these rainbow shades grow on you the longer you wear them! Styled in smart new color-mixtures, with shape-holding O-vo-lo edge. Set off by appropriate speckled band and trout fly.

O-VO-LO *Edge* **$7.50**

DOBBS GUILD **$10**
with felted welt edge

DOBBS *New York's Leading Hatters* • Fifth Avenue • Park Avenue & 53rd Street • *AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE*

You shall have roses, dozens this summer, and over 10 years to come, for as little as 50c per season with Willowbrook Standard Rose Trees

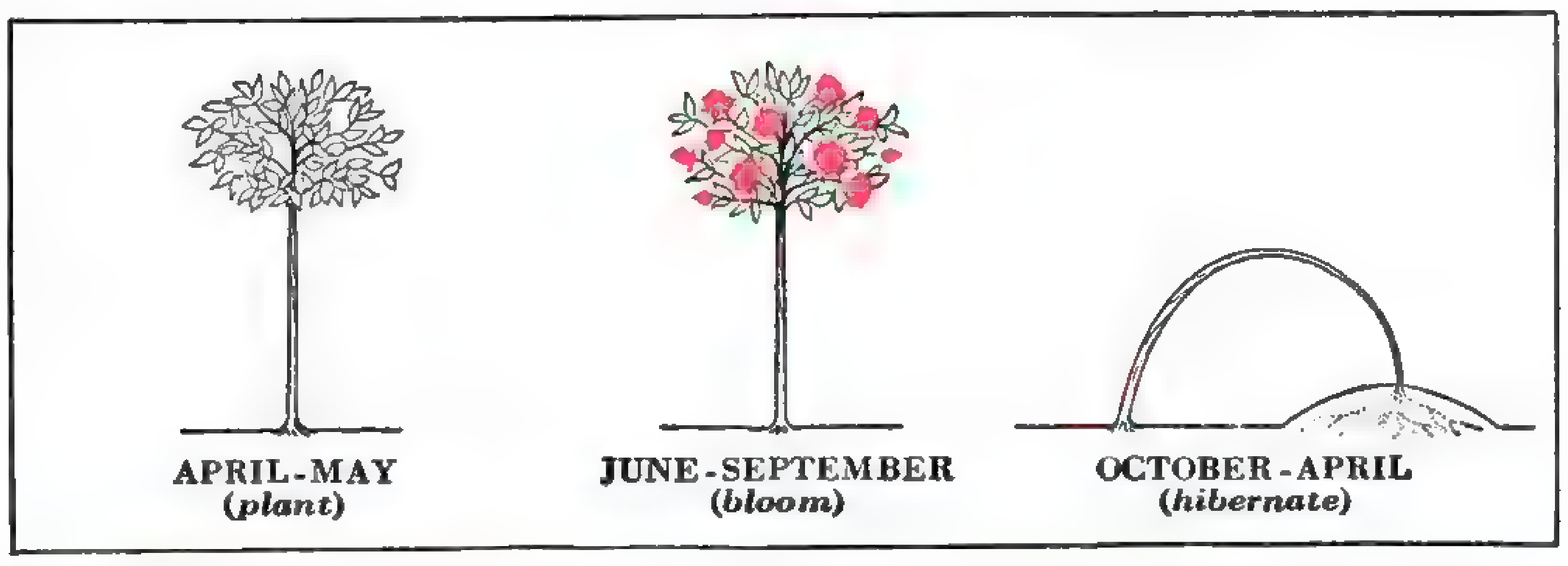
Willowbrook Tree Roses will be the making of your garden—or make a garden of your yard

STANDING three to six feet tall, Willowbrook Standard (Tree) Roses will glorify your garden, relieving its flatness and creating a new focal point of beauty and interest. With them, you enhance your garden permanently—in an easy economical new way.

And if you haven't a garden, but have a lawn or other open space—however little—then Willowbrook Standard Tree Roses are your answer to that garden-urge. For each tree rose is really a rose-garden in itself!

Each tree has three grafts, making a perfect round crown of roses. Each will bear from 40 to 60 beautiful roses, this summer and every summer for 10 or 12 years to come.

The trees reach you ready to plant, with moss-tied soil around their roots, and bearing a tag that gives you clear simple easy directions for planting and the relatively little care they require. You plant them in late April or early May (for the North Central states) and with June "you shall have roses." All summer through, their blooms will be a fragrant delight. And then, "if winter comes"—why, then comes the best part. No messy or expensive removal to winter storage frames! All you do is bury their heads, like so many ostriches, and tie them down to hibernate. Then next year, and for years thereafter, you will again enjoy their beautiful ever-blooming yield of roses.



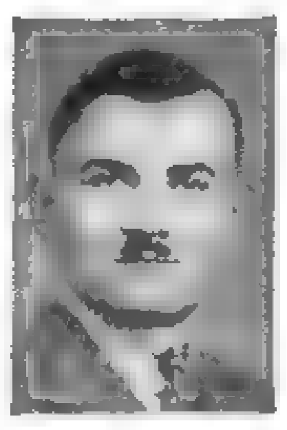
Address all correspondence and orders to the personal attention of Walter Domke, in care of

WILLOWBROOK NURSERIES
GOLF, ILLINOIS

Big estate owners and small householders both appreciate this easy thrifty yield of roses

Whether your own gardening standards are maximum or minimum, you would be thrilled to see how these tree roses are produced—and quick to realize why their remarkable long-run economy is no accident.

Willowbrook Standard Tree Roses are grown and grafted in the Middle West's most modern greenhouse, at a controlled temperature varying less than two degrees, under the personal supervision of Walter Domke, master rosarian of long and distinguished American and European experience.



No matter whether you buy one or a hundred, each individual rose tree is specifically guaranteed under the directions bearing Walter Domke's signature on each tree's tag.

Willowbrook Standard Tree Roses come in the four varieties shown below, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria (white), Hollywood (red), Joanna Hill (yellow) and Briarcliff (pink). Be sure to specify both size and color in ordering.

3 foot trees	**$4.00 each**
4 foot trees	**5.00 each**
5 foot trees	**6.00 each**
6 foot trees	**8.00 each**

Orders for six trees or more enjoy a 10% discount

All orders must be accompanied by check or money order. Trees are ready for delivery now.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSENOW

The Birthday Party

Continued from page 79

the mountain and starting down in the little valley where Great-grandma lived on the land her husband had claimed and settled in '51, two years after he'd discovered you could put more gold into the ground than you'd ever get out of it, even on Sutter's Creek.

The long, sprawling house looked white and clean in the distance. My father shaded his eyes with his hands and stared gravely at a herd of shorthorns grazing a few hundred yards from it. "Nice and plump," he said. "Good pasture here, better than we got. The old man wasn't so dumb as some thought when he picked this valley."

"Nice enough," my mother said. "Though I'll never see what sense there is in a woman her age living alone with just hired help to tend for her and the place. It don't stand to reason."

"Phil gets over often," my father observed. "And I do now and then. And before Ned got to kicking up his heels he was here most of the time. Anyway, no use arguing it. As my father used to say, maybe the devil is more independent than she is, but he doubted it. And so do I."

At the end of the private road that led into the place, I jumped down to open the wooden gates.

"Wait a minute," my father said, "ain't you forgot something?"

I looked around, puzzled. But I had better sense than to ask what. I knew by the way he said it it was something I shouldn't have overlooked. Then I went back to the wagon and pulled on the brake.

"Better now," my father said. "Sometimes you have to leave a wagon when there's nobody else in it. And sometimes the finest teams will take it into their heads to leave you and the county behind."

I went back to the gates, deep in shame.

Jasper, the head hand, met us near the barn and after he had shaken hands with my father held out his hand to me. I felt mighty proud to have my hand shaken that way, like a man's. He bowed to my mother and said, "Fine to see you, Mrs. Buckley, fine you all could come," and she smiled and said, "Glad to see you, Mr. Jasper. I hope Mrs. Jasper is well?"

"Very well," Mr. Jasper said and gave us a hand with the unloading. He had two of the Mexicans carry the stuff over to the house. I saw the smoke rising from the barbecue pit and there was a lovely smell of cooking beef. Maybe one of the men would ask me to have a drink today, a glass of wine anyway, I thought. I didn't want anything to drink, really, but it would be a sign of my finally having grown up, and so was mighty important.

We all went inside and hung our coats in the dark hall. Then Great-grandmother's deep, crackling voice called from the living room, "Who's there? Don't dawdle and keep a body wondering."

"Nobody much," my father called, and Great-grandma answered with a happy, cackling laugh. Uncle Phil opened the door to us and we went in. Great-grandma sat in a deep chair before the fireplace, dressed in smooth black silk with a white lace shawl about her head. She started to get up and my father hurried across the room, bent and kissed her and pushed her gently back into the chair again. "Stay there, you," he said. "You'll be thinking you're still a spring chicken."

"I'm better yet than a lot of these modern women thirty years the younger of me," she said. "Get away, you." She stood up heavily and faced us, one pale, veined hand on the chairback. "Well now, Martha," she said, "you're looking just fine. And George too. Quite a man, he is."

"Thinks he is," my father said. "Like all colts." Then Great-grandma hugged me and let me kiss her. I smelled a faint, moldy perfume about her dress, as if it had been laid away a long time in sachets. It was a very pleasant smell.

"Sit down, all," she said. "Jasper take care of you all right?"

"First rate," my father said. "We brought some stuff for you. Out in the kitchen—venison and trout and such. We know you never feed a man decent, so seeing we're staying a while we didn't want to take chances."

Everybody laughed and I sat down in a wooden chair under the mounted head of the buffalo my great-grandfather had killed in Kansas on the way west. Biggest buffalo head ever, rumor said of it. Above was the Sharps rifle he had used, clean as the day it was made, lightly filmed with oil to protect it from rust.

"And we got some presents too," my father went on. "But they ain't in my line. I'll let Martha do the honors when the time comes."

"There's nothing I need," Great-grandmother said. "A passel of sillies to bring me more junk to store away. Got a house too full now."

Uncle Phil went into the kitchen and came back with a tray carrying glasses and bottles of wine and whiskey. "Getting on to time," he said, "we might limber up a little."

"Glass of wine sounds good," Great-grandmother said.

"Whiskey," my father said. "And I guess Martha wants wine. Might give the boy a small glass too, it being an occasion."

I went over and stood by my uncle, feeling pride mounting high and hot.

The drinks went around and Uncle Phil, standing in front of the fireplace, raised his glass. "Well," he said, "here's to you, eighty-seven years young."

"Passel of sillies," Great-grand-

Continued on page 152

MEN! LOOK FOR
Dimples!
Ericson
LOOK FOR THE DIMPLED DAWSON BOTTLE
SPECIAL
SCOTCH WHISKY
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. ESTABLISHED 1877
PETER DAWSON
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
SPECIAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Peter Dawson
REGISTERED OFFICE
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

Long ago, Peter Dawson blended a Scotch that was destined to enduring fame...and enclosed its mellow goodness in a dimpled bottle. Since then, the dimpled Dawson bottle has led each succeeding generation of Scotch-lovers to a glorious whisky. The blend, the haunting tang, the dimples and the pleasure are the same today. At bars, at home—hold out for dimples!

86.8° PROOF

PETER DAWSON

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y.

IMPORTERS SINCE 1877 JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC. • 2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK • SOLE U. S. AGENTS

DOVER—1179
DOVER—1173
also in Black

Style Standouts

FOR TOWN

AND COUNTRY

Any model that Stetson makes is always "right" in style, no matter how select the company. As far as fashion is concerned you can't do better than Stetsons . . . and when it comes to comfort, that's where Stetson really shines! Stetsons feel as though they were made for *your* feet alone—they fit so smoothly, flex so easily, right from the start. . . . When the upper leather is shaped and tacked onto the last it is allowed to "set" an extra length of time. That does the trick—try a pair and see. Ten dollars and up—slightly higher Denver and west.

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC.
South Weymouth, Mass.

LONGER ON THE LAST

Stetson

WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES

The Birthday Party

Continued from pages 79-151

mother said. But she smiled wide, showing her fine shining store teeth. We drank.

"Expecting much of a crowd?" my father said.

Great-grandmother leaned back in her chair and half-closed her eyes. "Not so big as once, but a nice lot. All the family, and the Bakers, and the Johnsons if the baby ain't still sick, and there's that whole tribe of Hennessey's. And of course, Jim Setters and Emily."

No one said anything and I thought the last name was uppermost in all their minds. Uncle Phil tapped his boot gently on the hearth and my mother nodded her head slowly and looked grave. My father went over to the tray and filled his glass again. Great-grandmother's small brilliant eyes looked around the room wisely, from one to another.

"Fine girl, Emily," she said. "Knows how to do things. Spent a year making an embroidered bed cover to give me today. Prettiest thing you ever saw, with my initials on it. Be glad when she and Ned are married."

"Well," my father said, looking with warning eyes at my mother. "Well, yes. Seen Ned lately?"

"No. Will today though."

My father raised his eyebrows. "You've heard from him, then?"

Great-grandmother shook her head ponderously. "No. But he's coming. I've wished for him to come and he will."

My father sighed. "Well, that's fine." He finished his whiskey and looked at his watch.

"Going on three. Guess we'll be starting soon. I think I heard a buggy drive in."

"Invited 'em all for four," Great-grandmother said. "And I told 'em they're all welcome to stay over and keep going long as they can. Probably take an army three days to eat all we got, with what you brung. I know you and eating. Can't get a wagon loaded heavy enough."

There were footsteps on the porch and Uncle Phil went to the door. The Johnsons, from ten miles up the valley, arrived with their two children. There was talk and laughing and Uncle Phil poured drinks. Mr. Johnson proposed a toast in Swedish to Great-grandmother. He was a big man with a tremendous voice that seemed to start far down in his great belly, and it sounded fine. He said it meant that each birthday from now on she would grow younger and more beautiful, or something like that. Great-grandmother said, "Fiddle-dee-dee!" but I could see she was pleased as punch.

A natural-born flatterer like Mr. Johnson must have been a one with the girls when he was young, she said.

In the next half-hour the house was full of people and the bottles had been replenished twice. Great-grandma responded standing to the last toast, a very wordy, pretty one from Mr. Baker, who had once taught school, and then announced we would all go outside. My father and Uncle Phil got on each side of her and took her arms. The rest formed after them and the procession moved slowly to the door.

The picnic tables were up on the lawn beside the barbecue pit, all covered with linen and spotted with bowls of flowers at short intervals, making a splendid sight. There were benches and stools for the guests, and a deep chair at the head of one table for Great-grandmother, who said she'd feel like thirty if she didn't have a back—it always gave her trouble now, even in the very warm summer weather.

The hands were cooking trout and doves over the great stone fireplace, under the watchful eye of fat, sweating Mrs. Jasper. On a small wooden table was a tremendous cake, covered with a thin cloth, and a number of other dishes. It all made me hungry enough to eat a wagon tongue.

Great-grandmother sat down, lifted her arm in a signal, and one of the Mexicans started playing the guitar. He was very fine at it, and played all the old songs she was fond of. *Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes*, and *The Last Rose of Summer*, and *Annie Laurie*, and *The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls*, and after that a group of spirited Spanish songs. My great-grandmother's foot tapped in rhythm and when Uncle Phil brought her a fresh glass of wine she cocked her head to one side like a dancer.

After that she told the Mexican he could rest for a while, then play some more. "Don't know where the Setters' are," she said. "I guess we might as well start in. Something must have held them back." Just then I looked toward the house and saw a surrey come up, hitched to a splendid black trotter, and Mr. Setters got out and handed down his daughter Emily. She had big packages and Uncle Phil took them from her when we greeted them, and put them with the great pile of other gifts, to be opened after supper.

I saw from twenty feet away that Emily's pretty brown eyes were red, and I knew why they had been late. Her father's face was stern and drawn, though he managed a fine smile when he took Great-grandmother's hand and bent and kissed it. Then Great-grandmother drew Emily to her, holding her hand tight. She was a nice-looking girl with lovely long hair and a slight graceful figure and the prettiest skin that I ever saw.

"My family's almost here now," Great-grandmother said softly, and Emily kissed her again. When she straightened, her chin was trembling, and I knew the strength it was taking to keep the tears back. I'd tried to summon that strength myself at times, and not always succeeded.

Then Great-grandmother called for drinks for Emily and Mr. Setters, and saw that the hands filled the glasses of the others. She told the Mexican with the guitar to play something sparkling and gay; he put down his tall glass of wine and played so fast you could hardly see his dark, thin fingers move, and there wasn't a person there not moving in time to his music. Great-grandmother still held Emily's hand and looked up at her smiling, while Emily's other hand marked time to the rapid tune. Great-grandmother said something, and Emily stared puzzled at her a moment until she repeated it, then Emily smiled and I saw that her eyes looked better.

We had been eating for half an hour and I was sitting on the ground, wondering whether I dared attempt more of the splendid food, when I saw the horseman in the distance. He was the better part of a mile away, riding easily across a field. While I watched, the great black horse he rode took a four-foot picket fence almost in stride, and I knew then that it was Uncle Ned. Nobody else rode a horse like that, as if he were literally part of it, and nobody else had a black stallion which took fences like a hunter. He had won the stallion as a bolt in a poker game, and shown an endless, unexpected patience in breaking and training it. I had heard my father speak of it, his voice stern at the thought of a man gambling for horses, then going soft and envious at the thought of a man so lucky as to win such a horse as that.

Uncle Phil saw the horseman a moment later.

He stood up, shielding his eyes with his hand and staring across the rolling fields. "Somebody coming," he said.

"Uncle Ned," I said at once. My voice had boomed out loud in my enthusiasm and I felt my face go red, with everyone staring at me.

"The boy must have good eyes," my father said. "I can't tell a man or a horse at that distance."

"It's Uncle Ned," I repeated in a lower voice. I looked across at Emily and she looked back at me with strange bright eyes. I smiled, but she did not smile back, and I had the odd feeling that she did not see me at all, though her eyes were fixed on my face.

The black horse took another fence, half-stumbled, then steadied and galloped on, as the rider pulled him up. Everyone watched in silence. A few minutes later Ned was in the barn, dismounting and watching the Mexican handler lead his horse away.

He walked slowly toward us, his wide hat in his hand. He looked at me and winked and smiled, nodded at his brothers and went to Great-grandmother's chair. Imperially she lifted a hand and held it out to him. Then he bent down to her and kissed her and she smiled narrowly.

"Well," she said, "you got here finally. Better late than never, they say."

"Didn't know I was expected," he said.

She nodded wisely. "Knew you was coming. I got a way of knowing things. Even if there was more exciting happenings attracting you someplace else."

He laughed, throwing back his head, and I thought that he looked thinner and more wiry than when I had last seen him. There was a fresh scar along his cheek and his eyes were haggard. He pulled a package from his pocket and dropped it into Great-grandmother's lap. "A little something, not much," he said. "Thought you might like it. If you don't, there's probably a silly girl somewhere who'd think it fine."

Great-grandmother picked up the package and handed it back to him. "There's a pile of things over there. You can put it with them and I'll open it when the time comes. No present's more important than the next. And there's food and drink you can help yourself to, and I guess you know everybody here so there's no need of introductions.

"Phil, where'd that Mexican go with the guitar? Oh, there he is. Play something, boy, you're not here just for us to look at. Everybody likes your music."

Constraint ended as the guitar swung into a song, and talk, which had stopped with Ned's arrival, resumed its flow. I looked for Emily, didn't see her for a moment, then saw her talking animatedly to one of the Johnson girls. Ned dropped to the ground beside Great-grandmother and drank a glass of whiskey somebody had handed him. I walked across and joined them.

"Almost forgot your birthday," Ned said. "Hard to remember things about you old girls with all the young ones around."

Great-grandmother sniffed. "You get no rise out of me for that. You didn't forget."

Ned laughed again, reached up and took me hard by the forearm. "Better than it was," he said to me, feeling of the muscle. "Make something of you yet, maybe. Remember what I taught you about horses?"

"I remember," I said. "Dad lets me handle them alone now."

"If you do right what I told you," he said, "you're a better hand than he ever was. He never got on to horse's ways. Just lacked the knack of it."

I saw that Great-grandmother had placed a hand lightly on his shoulder. She leaned toward him and I heard her voice, though she spoke low, above the sound of the music.

"It's funny," she said, "but just now you reminded me of a young fellow I knew once, a long time ago. First time anybody ever reminded me of him."

"Must have been a bad lot," Ned said.

"So they said, some of them," Great-grandmother said slowly. "He was a great one for drinking,

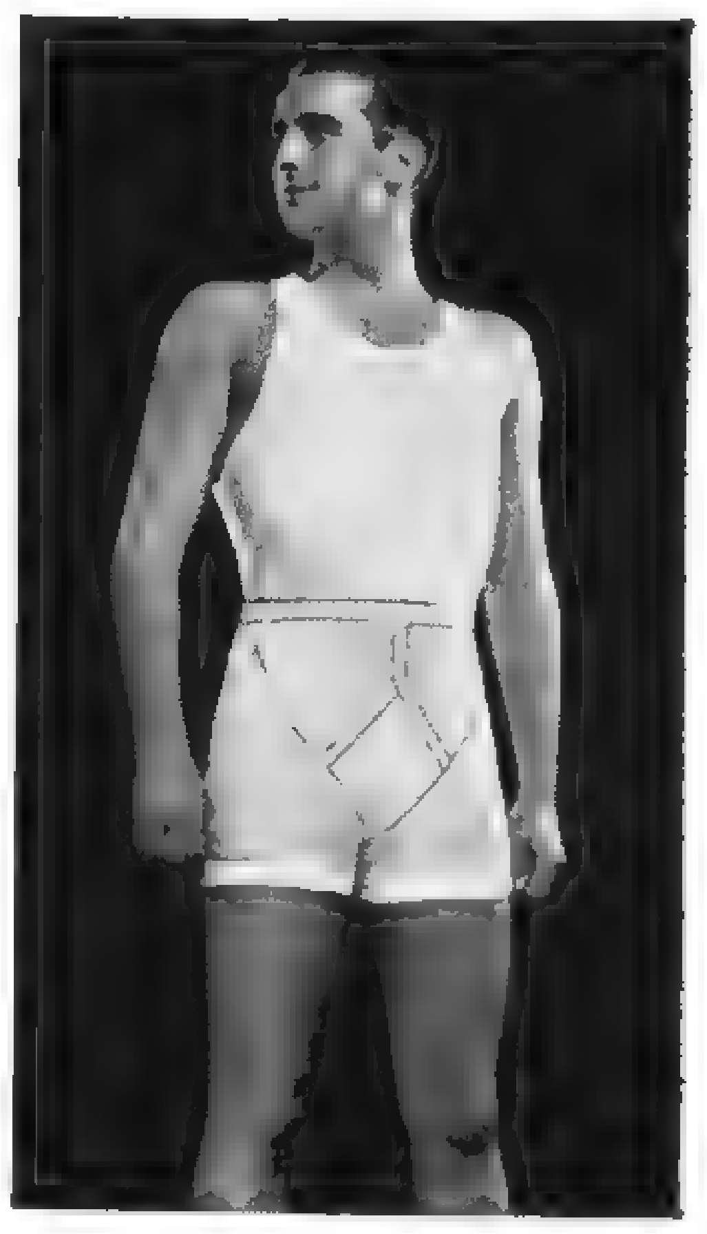
Continued on page 154

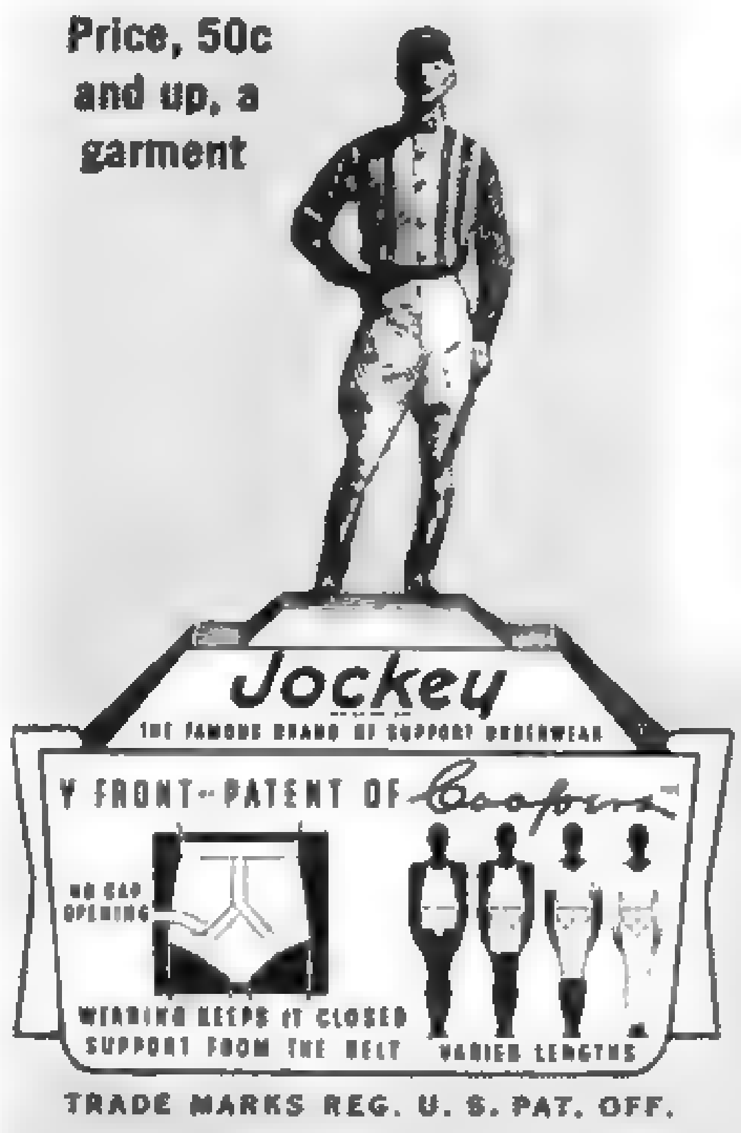
A *Squirmer* is always the "laugh" of the party

Wear Jockey Underwear for Poise

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Be comfortable and acquire poise . . . by wearing Jockey. Jockey's patented Y-Front construction gives mild, restful support, eliminates squirming, assures convenient no-gap opening. Fits the male figure everywhere, no bulk, no bind, no buttons to rip off. Knitted to let your skin breathe. Two piece. A leg length, weight and fabric for every occasion. All cotton, rayon and linen-cotton mixtures. Contoured shirts to match. Start your Jockey under-wardrobe now. Remember, it isn't Jockey without the name Jockey on the label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us. Children's sizes down to 6 years.




Price, 50c and up, a garment
Jockey
THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR
Y FRONT—PATENT OF Coopers
NO GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS

TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EASY TO REMEMBER Jockey

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"I belong to Coopers. I am a symbol of trimness, smartness and style in men's underwear. I am the welcome friend of all men who are tired of old-fashioned underwear that bunches and binds. I am the sworn foe of squirming. I bring this message to all men who wish to be well dressed: 'Wear Jockey'."

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

Confidentially—you perspire!

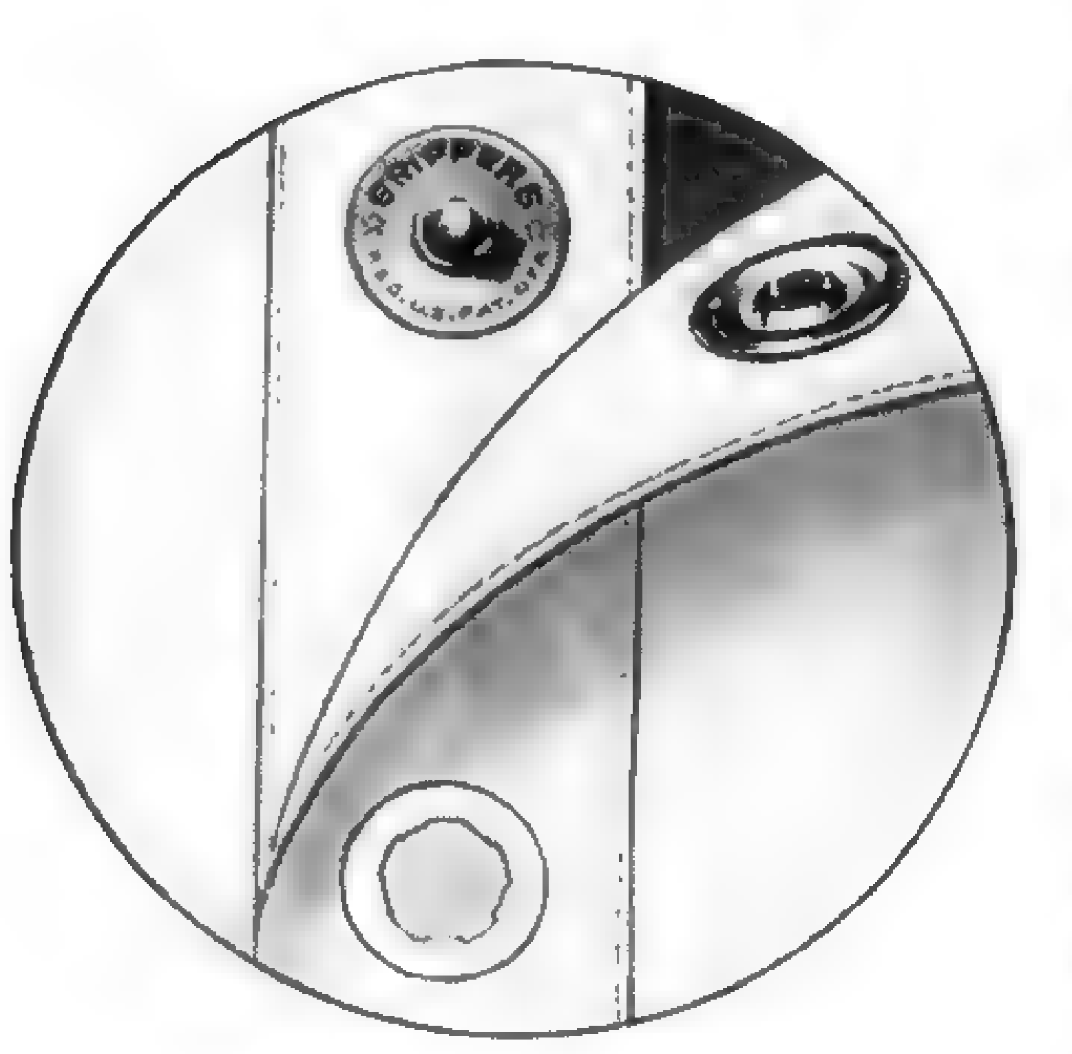
Jockey Shirt with Air-let sleeve gives you better protection against offensive, unsightly, under-arm perspiration. Double fabric under arms for absorption; open vents and bellows action for rapid evaporation. Knitted for coolness. At your dealers or write us. From 75c.

Another Unit in your Jockey Underwardrobe

COPYRIGHT 1940 BY COOPERS, INC.

2+2=4
Jaro Fabry

"Absent-minded, my eye! He's just showing off his new Shorts with 'Grippers'!"



● You'll be proud of the *neatness* of shorts with GRIPPERS fasteners.

... you'll be enthusiastic about the easy way they open and close.

... but the thing that will sell you once and for all is *durability!* No buttons to "rip off"—no torn button holes to mend!

Why not end "button bother"? Ask for shorts with GRIPPERS today. And make sure the snap fasteners are stamped plainly "GRIPPERS." That means they've been tested and proved in use for over four years!

*GRIPPERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**the snap fasteners that end "button bother"!*

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING CO., WATERBURY, CONN.

The Birthday Party

Continued from pages 79-151-153

and the cards, and the fast women."

"Sounds like an entertaining fellow," Ned said, but the note of jibing laughter in his voice was forced. He found tobacco and papers and rolled a cigarette, lighting the match with a flick of his thumbnail.

"There was girls in those days with fine red slippers and exciting ways," my great-grandmother said, "just as there is now, and just as there will be tomorrow. And there was quiet girls with their modest ways and not much exciting about them, just the same as always. Nothing changes much, and not ever people. I always think that women are like horses—you can tell them by the look in their eyes, the good and the bad . . . but this young fellow now, the one you reminded me of. Going to hell on a bandwagon he was, or so they said. Like many a fellow has gone that didn't have the big thing in him. And what the big thing is you can ask me from now on and I can't ever give you an answer, but I know myself what it is and I know when it's there in somebody. I always know."

A Mexican brought Ned a plate of food and he began eating diffidently, as if he had no appetite. I looked around at all the people, some eating, some drinking, some gathered together in groups of two and three for talking, but I didn't see Emily anywhere.

"This young fellow," Great-grandmother said dreamily, "he made sort of a half-promise to a girl once. The quiet kind of girl. And pretty soon nobody thought he'd ever fulfill it, and certainly he didn't have to. Nobody ever would have tried to make him, least of all the girl herself. He could forget it as if it had never been, and never a word would be said. He could have all the girls there were with the red slippers and the dark, exciting ways, and good luck to him. Only in this case the girl knew better. She never doubted and she never worried much even. She was sure of him, and she was sure of herself too."

Ned looked up at her. I saw that his skin was sallow beneath his tan, and that new, deep lines ran from nose to mouth.

"It must be fine to be sure of things like that," he said.

Great-grandmother nodded. "Sometimes," she said, "it takes a while to be sure you're sure. But if you look hard enough and deep enough, way down inside, you finally know."

Ned looked at her sidelong, his eyes wise.

"This fellow now," Great-grandmother continued serenely, "when he fulfilled this half-promise of his he'd never been held to—why, he had to do it because he wanted to. The girl had to know that. It had to come out of him, out of what he really felt, and never out of duty, or somebody's arguing with him, or out of some other thing. It had to be done because he was that kind of man, a man with the big thing part and parcel of him, a man who knew really what the world was and what he wanted of it, and how it must be faced and fought and reckoned with."

Ned smiled up at her and Great-grandmother leaned back in her chair. "Maybe I don't make myself clear, I'm not used to this kind of talking. But it just happened you reminded me of this other man I knew a long time back, and I sort of thought I'd tell you a little about him. Bored you, I s'pose. But he was a man, and it's a compliment to you, you made me think of him, even for a minute."

Ned stretched and got to his feet. "I'd like to have known him," he said. "Who was he, anyhow?"

Great-grandmother closed her eyes. "He was your grandfather. Now go get yourself a glass of whiskey, and I guess one more little glass of that nice wine would never hurt an old tough bird like me."

Then it was time for opening the gifts. We all helped carry them up and pile them before Great-grandmother, and helped her open the big ones. There were fine handmade quilts, and lovely hand-painted dishes, and a set of water goblets ordered by mail from San Francisco, and a wonderful hand-carved picture frame of myrtlewood, and handkerchiefs of linen you could see through almost as if they were glass—oh, many more things than I can remember, and Great-grandmother called out the name of each guest as she read his card, and thanked him and shook hands and said it was the happiest day of her life. Lastly she opened the little package Ned had brought.

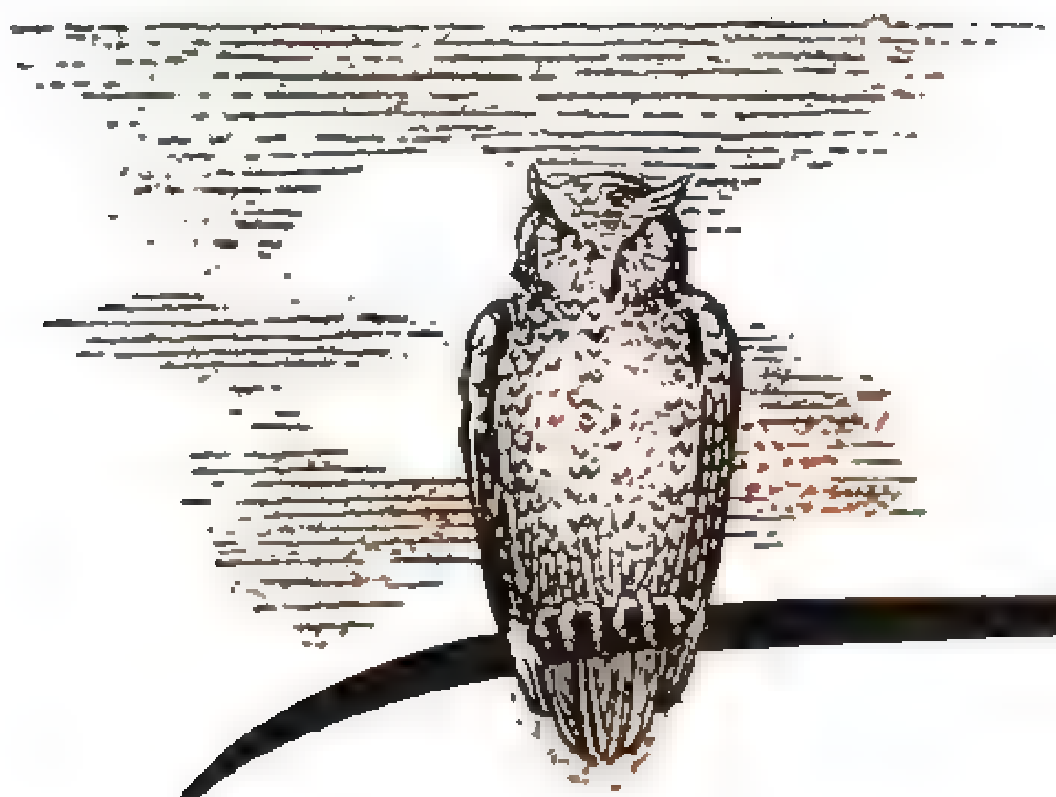
There was a plushcovered box inside and when she opened it all the women gasped and the men arched their eyebrows. Nestling in a bed of white satin was a heavy bracelet of yellow gold, all chased and filigreed with black enamel and pearls. Great-grandmother lifted it out and turned it in her hand and wrinkled her nose.

"Where's Ned?" she said. "Where is the fool?" Her eyes were very bright.

Men called his name loudly and at last he appeared. Walking beside him, his arm linked with hers, was Emily. He walked jauntily, his newly dusted boots glistening in the light of the falling sun. Emily looked straight ahead, smiling very gently. A strange, happy, almost mysterious smile.

"Where'd you get this gewgaw?" Great-grandmother demanded. "A fine thing to give a woman almost as old as time itself. That's for young girls with arms and hands people like to look at."

Ned smiled down at her. "I was on my way to another girl with it," he said, "and that black devil of a horse brought me here. Anyway, you're really younger than anybody else. Smarter and wiser, for certain. And the best story-teller in the world."#



Tonight — treat your palate to this historically famous old whiskey

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

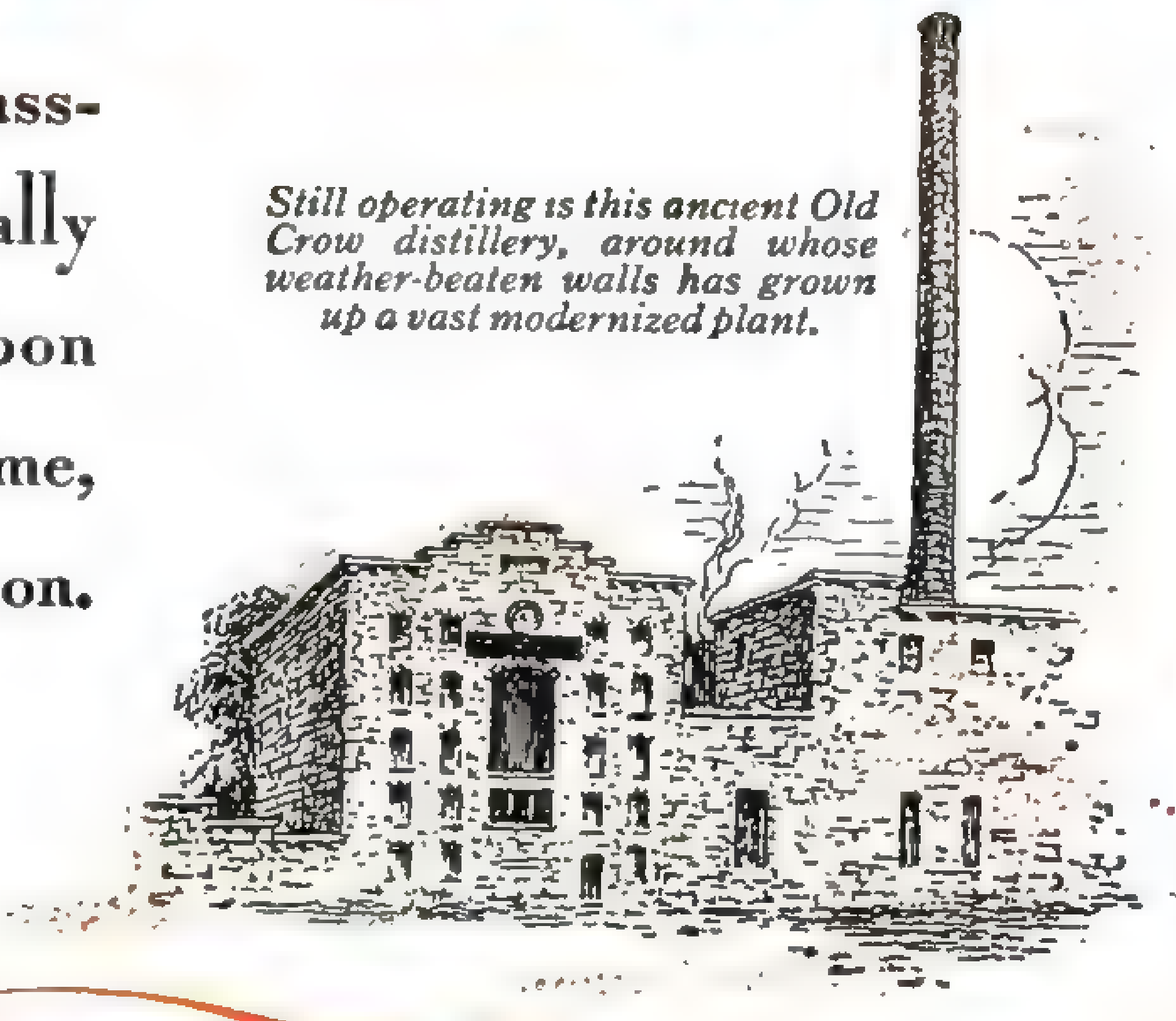
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

ONE QUART
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

BOURBON
OR RYE

Men who remember Old Crow say that the passing years have left unchanged the traditionally fine quality of this distinguished bourbon whiskey. Men who taste it today for the first time, say it more than lives up to its great reputation.

Bottled-in-Bond



Still operating is this ancient Old Crow distillery, around whose weather-beaten walls has grown up a vast modernized plant.

COPYRIGHT 1940 • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION • NEW YORK

100 PROOF

Don't disturb
for at least
a few years
BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND
Gilbert Bundy
Copyright 1940 by P. Lorillard Co.

Long-distance sleep in oaken casks gives BRIGGS Tobacco its extra mellowness and flavor

EARLY TO BED, and *slow* to rise—is a motto that wins rich treasures of flavor and mellowness for Briggs Tobacco.

When the hand-selected, best-of-the-crop tobaccos are finally ticketed "O.K. for Briggs", they are trundled off to bed—for years of quiet, lazy slumber in fragrant casks of oak.

In cool, shaded mellowing sheds, they sleep undisturbed . . . season after season . . . until time's beneficent balm has gentled each golden leaf to rare mellowness and fragrant bouquet.

This is the secret of Briggs' honey-smooth mildness—and rich full flavor. It's aged *months longer*—than many blends that cost twice its price.

Try Briggs Tobacco. Your first pipe-puff will tell you, here is supreme smoking luxury at the modest price of 15¢ a tin. Briggs is the "friend a feller needs".

CASK-MELLOWED *Extra Long for Extra Flavor*

Mr. Abbott and Mr. Costello

Continued from page 80

question is, how long will he have to wait until they are the same age?

COSTELLO: She'll wind up older than I am. Then she'll have to wait for me.

ABBOTT: Why should she wait for you?

COSTELLO: I was good enough to wait for her. After all, if the girl loves me, she should be willing to wait for me. I love the girl . . . I'll marry her.

ABBOTT: Do you know the girl?

COSTELLO: No.

Abbott's remark here, that it doesn't make sense, is a reasonable statement.

The quotations from the Abbott and Costello routines are good specimens of top-notch vaudeville patter; but as you read them, you can spot the gags and take them out. The mustard plaster; the joke about taking work away from husbands; and so on. Drop them all and you still have a funny show, because you've got a funny situation, a great character. It's a little like that of the slow-burning Edgar Kennedy in the movies, but Kennedy was the victim of exasperating people—his relatives and other idiots. Costello knows he's in for it because Abbott is his intellectual superior. You can almost hear Costello wishing to God that he had paid attention when teacher tried to teach him the alphabet. He hates the iron-clad logic with which Abbott proceeds from one statement to another; with the most painful fairness he tries to retrace the steps, pointing out the exact spot where Abbott has translated a "suppose" into a fact. But all the time he knows he's licked. And you know it, too.

As we are all fairly sentimental cows, he doesn't actually stay licked to the end. One of the greatest of the acts, not a verbal routine, is the shell game, played with lemons and outsize coconut shells. It is built on a solid foundation of hokum, rocklike; Costello helps a lady in distress; a foreign dandy is taken for his roll; Costello counts his wad and flips a bill into the orchestra pit, remarking that a fiver has slipped in by mistake; and he gives two tens for a five and then tries to recoup by turning the trick on the foreigner and misses it; slowly the comprehension comes over him that he is being gypped and he determines to get even; the mixture of stupidity and anger and guile is beautiful; and the act ends with Costello feeding lemons under each of the three shells so that no matter which one Abbott picks up, he is lost. From the strolling pace of the opening, through the variety of speeds in the body of the act, and up to the terrific zip and bang of the finale, this is an orchestrated act; and the oftener I see it, the more I like it. My ambition is to see it once a week.

In *The Streets of Paris* (five times as entertaining as its nearest competitor) Messrs. Abbott and Costello are not alone; notably they appear in a little sketch with Bobby Clark. Mr. Clark is an American Legionnaire, in Paris; some of the boys want to revive old memories and Mr. Clark is sent to buy an old phonograph record, known as *Marie*, or possibly *Oh, Oh, Marie;* of which the plot is, "If you'll do zis for me, then I'll do zat for you . . . Oh, oh Marie . . . etc." And he goes into the virtually bankrupt music shop of Abbott and Costello and they haven't got that record, but they are determined to sell him something else. And now the technique of their old routines comes in. Mr. Clark won't buy this Mozart, eh? So just because he's such a big shot, Mozart has to starve, does he? And they play *Finlandia* and *Tipperary* and sing loudly to show that these are really the Marie song, and they go into physical violence of the old Clark and McCullough kind, because Clark is simple and pathetic and pleads with them—and there's an adequate payoff, but you wouldn't need to know about that. The great thing is that when Mr. Clark injects himself into the proceedings, the team takes him in, another masterpiece added on to those they already have. The only thing they haven't done yet is a fifteen minute routine with the divine Carmen Miranda, who is also in the show. Maybe that's for next year.

Life adjusted itself nicely for all writers about the New York theatre when it became known that Messrs. Olsen and Johnson were financially interested in *The Streets of Paris;* it became legal to say that this was a funnier show than their own *Hellzapoppin.* I think you could even get by with saying that it is a better show precisely because of Abbott and Costello and Clark—because they are infinitely greater comedians than their producers, Olsen and Johnson. For sheer mad excitement, nothing equals the mother-show; *Hellzapoppin* is a complete textbook in how to produce for the theatre; and it has about forty of the truest and triedest and some of the most trying acts of vaudeville, dating back to Frank van Hoven and the year one, and coming down to 1940. But Abbott and Costello are what all comic teams always aspired to be: great artists. And they're not funny in spite of being good; they're funny because they are good.

It may be years before I'll write about comedians again (no promises, mind you) so I might honestly say that Bert Lahr is being terribly funny in the DuBarry show. He hasn't anything to equal the vast roaring humor of "What do we chop when we chop a tree?" which, I am told, was immortalized later on film. Cole Porter's songs become positively pale when accompanied by the Lahrian leer; even when Mr. Porter flies in the face of the other great comic writers (including Aristophanes) and also in the face of considerable recorded experience, and says But in the Morning No. Mr. Lahr can make the multiplication table seem so sinister or, if need be, so shocking, that he comes off best in simple ditties. But when he is acting Louis XIV, sometimes upright and sometimes with an arrow in his backside, he's funny. Some people affect to believe that any comedian to whom are given lines about goosing and situations about sexual congress would be funny; I don't know, but I think Mr. Lahr would be funnier than most of the others. In this show he is teamed with Ethel Merman; and that's something pretty grand and maybe I ought to write something about lady-comedians pretty soon.

But for the moment, this is chiefly for Abbott and Costello. I've been getting a lot of cheerful hell from friends because I didn't "discover" these lads nine years ago.

I'm told that someone else did—in which case I'm sorry for the discoverer, because he let these bright jewels rust in the dark places. My only excuse in the matter is that I've been busy. Not with anything important, but I no longer have the time and the money to go leaping out to farthest Yonkers or West Nyack on the rumor that a funny man has been discovered there. Because you hear that all the time . . . and only once in ten years Messrs. Abbott and Costello come along. ǂǂ

A Triumph in Theory

Continued from page 55

of his barricaded position beyond the window, he set his cigarette lighter upright on the floor below an open crack, spun the wheel, then leapt away from the sudden spot of light—such a light as he might have made had his curiosity about Engle's note got the better of him.

With breathless rapidity a spurt of yellow darted from the cabin opposite, followed by a whip-crack report. The bullet passed so closely to the cigarette lighter its little flame flickered darkly. Moreley knocked it out, then permitted a smile to cross his leathery countenance. Why the devil didn't men like Engle join the army instead of going around killing people?

With the coming of the first faint rays of dawn, through which the policeman could make out the shape of the fugitive's shack, he first employed the welcome visibility to stretch his legs and freshen himself physically, never allowing the space between the cabins to move out of the line of his vision. On long assignments he always carried a store of chocolate and a flask of whisky. He appeased his appetite with these condiments, then turned to Engle's note, reading a few lines at a time. The letter was without salutation.

"I don't want to worry you too much, Copper. But you're in a bad fix. I can out-shoot you, and I can out-think you. In other words, I'm a better man than you are. I intend to kill you if I can, but I'd much prefer to drive you crazy, the way you drive people crazy in prison. You haven't imagination enough to risk your life to prove something, but I think you've got enough to go crazy with. When you turn into a raving maniac I'll take you to Santa Rosa, so you can spend the rest of your life in a nuthouse. I'm big-hearted that way."

Moreley read the note twice. He had no intention of minimizing the threat contained in it. His disadvantage in the present case was one of annoyance. Engle intended to make a theatrical tour de force of the deadly business. Moreley could match his courage and ingenuity with any criminal who ever lived, but he was unable to banter quixoticisms. His only chance was to allow his quarry to wear himself down. He tried to exercise the best he could, moving his muscles and stretching himself continually while keeping a clear view from behind his barricade. He wanted a cigarette, but thought it best to wean himself during the day so that the craving would not become irresistible at night. While he was winding his watch a sudden shot rang out and a bullet tore past him.

Moreley remained motionless, trying to determine the significance of this useless fire. Engle was too shrewd to waste ammunition foolishly.

An hour later another shot whistled through the same aperture. The meaning of the action now dawned upon him. Engle was firing exactly on the hour, having conceived some psychological purpose in this regular and expected repetition. After six hours Engle's fire stopped. As the watch hand passed the hour Moreley experienced an unbearable sensation of suspense. His nerves cried for the familiar whine of the bullet. Then he felt himself becoming sleepy. He realized he must now initiate some action which would reduce his opponent's overwhelming confidence. He thought so hard that beads of perspiration began to stand out on his forehead. The government man knew that Engle was counting on compelling him to retaliate in this game of nerves, but he conceded the necessity nevertheless. At last he found the answer.

By flattening himself against his barricade at an angle, he could point his Winchester off in the direction of a rusty tomato tin. Steadying his limber muscles, he suddenly blazed away at the inoffensive tin can. It popped and danced and shivered as Moreley's amazing marksmanship pursued its crazy convolutions. Then, with no perceptible transition, he shifted and pumped a dozen shots into Engle's cabin, tearing half the windowsill away. When the echoes of Moreley's fire died away he heard a curious sound emanating

Continued on page 158

That tempting tinyness at the waist, which makes brave men fear you'll break in two, is favored by fashion—whether in a daytime or playtime designing mood. Curve in your waist provocatively—yet comfortably!—in Hickory Foundations of Loveliness.

"LURANET" HI-GIRDLE
by HICKORY

"Is yours an 'arm-about' waist?" asks Ruth Stone

HICKORY

"Luranet" Hi-Girdle styled by Hickory. Stitched satin panel for front flatness, lined, boned and cut high to belittle your waist. Power net Lastex hip sleeking, with satin Lastex back control-panel. Side zipper. $7.50.*

"DURANET" HI-LACER
by HICKORY

"Duranet" Hi-Lacer Girdle styled by Hickory. Front lacing and all-around light boning to tuck in your tummy and whittle your waist. Firm hip-control and panelled front and back smoothness comfortably combined. 8" zipper. $7.50.*

"Luranet" Back-Lacer Girdle styled by Hickory. Here's your fleck of a waist: high-cut power net with lacing in the back satin Lastex control panel. Front flatness assured by the lined, figured satin panel with stays and thighline-ease gussets. Side zipper. $12.50.*

"LURANET" BACK-LACER
by HICKORY

**Prices slightly higher on Pacific Coast and in Canada*

If your favorite corsetiere hasn't exactly the Hickory model you desire, write me for where-to-buy-it information. Ruth Stone, Fashionist, 1155 W. Congress St., Chicago. A. STEIN & COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Buenos Aires, Toronto. Associate Manufacturer—Dowd Corset Co., Pty., Ltd., Melbourne, Australia.

FOUR *new* REASONS FOR *loafing!*

Loaf, lounge, laze in the "loafingest" leisure shoes you've ever worn. Of course, they're Winthrops, for Winthrops are famous for the way they pack smarter, more casual style and extra comfort into their leisure shoes. Write to-day for your dealer's name.

AMIGO (Snugford) Slips on. Cool, comfortable. Leather or Ropee sole $6

STREET 'N BEACH A Double-duty shoe for summer comfort. Leather sole $6

SLACK...The "easy-going" favorite of thousands. 3 decker rubber sole $6

GAUCHO Winthrop made it a national favorite. Leather sole $6

Winthrop Shoes

Other Winthrop Styles
$6.85 *to* $8.85

Colonial Grades
$5 *to* $6

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY, Div: International Shoe Company, SAINT LOUIS

A Triumph in Theory

Continued from pages 55-157

from the shack across the way. The fugitive was clapping, loudly striking his palms together with the enthusiasm of a vociferous one-man audience. Moreley took a little sip of whisky. Now he actually was matching quixoticisms with that exquisitely cunning madman in the other cabin.

He sat back and rested and wondered if there was any device by which he could snatch a bit of sleep while keeping Engle awake, thereby increasing his chances of outlasting the killer. The speculation was not a happy one, for it now occurred to him that Engle was no doubt considering the same possibility. No. Sleep was out of the question. Then he thought of constructing an incendiary bullet by soaking a piece of handkerchief in whisky and attaching it to the slug. The thing would foul his rifle and spoil its accuracy, however, making the scheme too risky. Night fell on another moonless evening. Moreley became very sleepy now, much sleepier than it was safe to become. He sterilized the point of his penknife in the flask, then scratched the meaty part of his left arm deeply until the blood flowed. He then proceeded to rub a few drops of the liquor into the wound. The sudden excruciating sensation drove all the sleepy sogginess out of his brain. He repeated the formula all through the night. There were no interruptions. In the morning he felt fresh and fine. His brain was clear. He ate a large piece of chocolate.

Moreley knew the next danger was from thirst. Thirst was a thing which might eventually draw one out into the open. It had a pervasive effect on the brain, and was quite capable of producing hallucinations. Before the hallucinations of privation set in he must begin to think. Well, thinking was the process whereby he must determine what constituted his opponent's outstanding weakness. The weakness of a criminal usually centered about the ego. George Engle's weakness was his insupportable confidence in himself. In this match of nerves it was therefore essential to evolve some plan of procedure which would puncture the armor of his quarry's ego. In another forty-eight hours Moreley's mind would no longer be capable of clear reasoning; nor, by the same token, would Engle's.

Consequently it was necessary, Moreley told himself, to devise a method of convincing Engle that his pursuer possessed superhuman powers of endurance. He might thus be maddened into committing his first fatal error. Moreley, in the quiet freshness of the dawn, took out pencil and paper and began to write. The trick was to master some casual and unworried vein while he was yet capable of it.

Then, forty-eight hours hence, when both himself and the killer had reached the borderline of collapse, to despatch the note in order to deceive Engle into believing that Moreley had just written it. Engle must become infuriated to desperation by the knowledge that his opponent's stamina was superior to his own. His ego, under the stimulus of this most unbearable thought, might very well explode.

"Dear Engle," he wrote. "I guess it would be poor manners to put off any longer answering your interesting letter of several days ago. Indeed, I have just now finished a generous ration of chocolate and whisky, which puts me in an extremely benevolent mood. Your note kept me amused, indeed, when otherwise I might have become very bored. Personally, I am beginning to feel that the superiors in my department have done me an injustice. I'm supposed to run after criminals, not screwballs. You are, my dear Engle, as batty as the belfry of a haunted house. I'll either have to take up psychiatry in order to deal more efficiently with nuts, or insist on more reasonable assignments. They should have put you in charge of a nurse rather than a jailor, as you are unquestionably a sick man. Why don't you give yourself up while there's still some hope of retaining some part of your mind, rather than waiting until you become altogether insane and perhaps compel me to blow out your brains. Think it over for a couple of days and let me know. There's no hurry. I've plenty of chocolate and whisky, which keeps me fit and prevents me from becoming drowsy."

The effort to keep his tone casual almost destroyed his equilibrium. The letters danced in front of his eyes, and he felt nauseous as he used the remainder of his strength to retrieve the stone around which Engle's letter had been wrapped. He then sat down to wait, as Engle was waiting, trying to conserve his own energy. A thin foam appeared on his lips, and his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth. Whatever happened he must remember to keep from throwing the note over until the very moment when his mind was no longer capable of functioning.

The following day Engle resumed his hourly firing. Only this time he put his bullets through a knothole the size of a silver dollar, quite obviously for the purpose of demonstrating the excellence of his physical condition. Moreley wiped the foam from his lips and smiled in admiration for the skill of a man who, four days without food or sleep, his nerves sharpened to razor keenness, could fire through a knothole hourly at fifty yards. It was absolutely essential, in this wordless contest of endurance, to accept the challenge. Moreley, though he wished desperately to save his stores for the following day, drank off all but a few drops of whisky to rub later on his sore arm. He cleared his eyes with his handkerchief, slapped his cheeks with the palms of his hands until they showed painfully red.

A stunted cottonwood stood a few yards beyond the door to Engle's cabin. Moreley studied the way in which its first branch, possibly two inches in diameter, curved out from the trunk of the tree.

His best two shots should bite grooves through either side of the rim. If he succeeded in nicking the outer edges properly he could blast the rest of the branch off with two shots through the middle.

He balanced his Winchester a long time, winding up his nerves, his eyes closed and resting. Then he fired, very fast, four shots in rapid succession before his strength left him. A great silence followed the final round. The branch remained stiff and rigid. Tears clouded his eyes. Then, like an afterthought, the branch cracked suddenly and splintered off the tree.

His heart throbbed as though it were demanding to burst a blood vessel. Moreley tried to control his dizziness. He was safe for a while. Engle would try no tricks while he could still shoot straight.

Moreley tried to count minutes with the second hand of his watch, but the dial swung from side to side like a rowboat on a choppy lake.

Everything was now staked on the letter he had written in order to convince the killer his pursuer still remained fresh and strong.

He hugged the stone, wondering how long he could last and yet command sufficient strength to deliver his message. It would not be very difficult to crawl out a few yards, throw the rock through the large window of the other's cabin at an angle in order to avoid the response of fire, lie flat in the cover of the scrub weeds until it was safe to return, then wait for dawn, when Engle would have an opportunity to read it.

The day passed, its interminable minutes dragging out while strange fantasies coursed through his brain. Night came, and each moment was like some new and original torture. For long periods he forgot what he was doing or why he was here. Then the shape of the stone with the letter wrapped around it reminded him. At midnight he staggered to his feet. He thought it would be a good idea to walk over to the fugitive's cabin and beg to be taken into Santa Rosa and locked up in a nuthouse where there would be food and a bed with soft white sheets and water. Instead, he rubbed the last few drops of whisky from the bottle upon his lacerated arm. The ache cleared his head momentarily. The letter. Yes, the letter. He'd forgotten why he'd written the letter, but something told him it would solve everything. All he had to do was to throw it into the window of Engle's shack, and then he could go to sleep, blissfully to sleep.

Another hour passed while he tried to make up his mind. Why did he have to throw the rock into the window? It was the sort of thing schoolboys did, not Federal Bureau agents. Why? His watch stopped ticking, and the silence made a terrific noise in his ears. He thought he was falling asleep. But there was this rock to be got rid of first, for some reason which he could not now recollect. Moreley reached up and struck his Adam's-apple a rough blow in order to lessen the stricture that thirst was causing in his throat. He crawled out on the ground. The merest rim of a moon was moving up off the horizon. The darkness of the outdoors enveloped him. He was too far gone to make but the most tortuous headway. Someone was hammering on his skull with a sledge, or so it seemed. It was Engle, he supposed. Well, Engle was the better man, just as he had said. His breath came in short spasms. Slowly, imperceptibly, he advanced. Finally he no longer had strength to hold onto the rock he was carrying. He did not know where he was going, so there was no sense taking it further. Allowing it to slip from his fingers, he continued on without it.

A wild animal suddenly pounced upon him. Or rather, when he stopped to examine the situation, he appeared to have pounced upon a wild animal. The body was stretched out, its claws extended like that of a tiger. It lay lifeless on the ground, and Moreley raised his weight upon it, fighting it senselessly. It was the body of George Engle. The man's breath came in rhythmic gasps. He was asleep. Under the palm of his outstretched fingers lay a stone, and around the stone was wrapped a letter.

Moreley felt himself sinking fast. With the remainder of his strength and the remainder of his consciousness, he drew out his two sets of handcuffs, thrust one over the extended wrists of the killer, jammed the claws together, then chained the other to the links and snapped the end about his own wrist. His brain twisted out of its socket and he fainted.

In the morning Engle was already awake when the Federal man opened his eyes. The fugitive was staring at the stone, a few feet behind his captor, which Moreley had dropped on his tortuous journey.

The convict allowed a sickly grin to pass over his features. He turned to the man beside him. "Was yours a fake, too?"

Moreley made the admission with a nod.

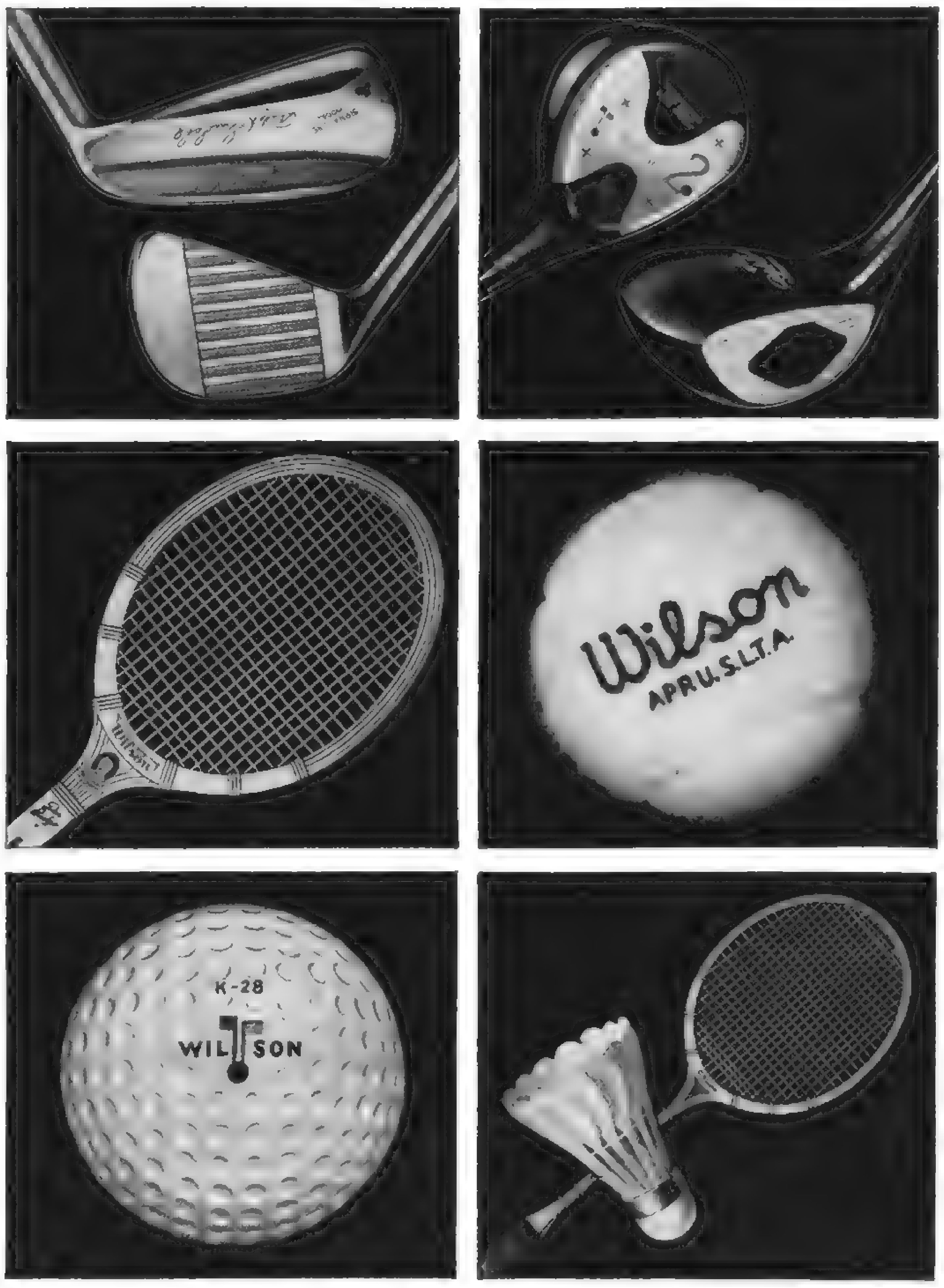
Engle seemed to derive an enormous satisfaction from this confession. He smiled grimly. "Then you're the better man," he observed hoarsely, "in theory only."

Moreley shrugged. "That's all right with me," he conceded agreeably. ⌗

WIN WITH WILSON

The nation's greatest sports stars counsel in the designing of Wilson Equipment. This is one reason why it has attained so high a degree of perfection and superiority. It is as fine equipment as the sports world has ever known. Designed for better playing of the game, it is also fitted to every player's ability to buy. It has assisted leading players in winning the world's greatest sports events. It will assist you in bettering your game. Here is a tip from those in the know—Win with Wilson.

Champions in order shown above: "Dutch" Harrison, Don Budge, Ralph Guldahl, Johnny Revolta, Sam Snead and Eleanor Tennant, are retained on Wilson's Advisory Staff.



Wilson
SPORTS EQUIPMENT
WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO. • Chicago, New York and other leading cities

Allen-A
PRESENT
Double Feature with a Short!

Style-right by Allen-A, here's a Life Guard shirt and short that'll suit you to a "t".

Form fitting athletic or cap-sleeved shirt, and brief or thigh-length shorts are spring-needle-knit to s-t-r-e-t-c-h with you . . . spring back to original shape when you relax. A finer kind of comfort!

To keep you brisk on busy days, these shorts have built-in mild support. Moderately priced. The name of your local dealer will be sent on request.

On the left are the Four-most Life Guard styles . . . Allen-A spring-needle-knit longs and shorts.

Makers of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, Swim Trunks, Sweaters, Sportshirts

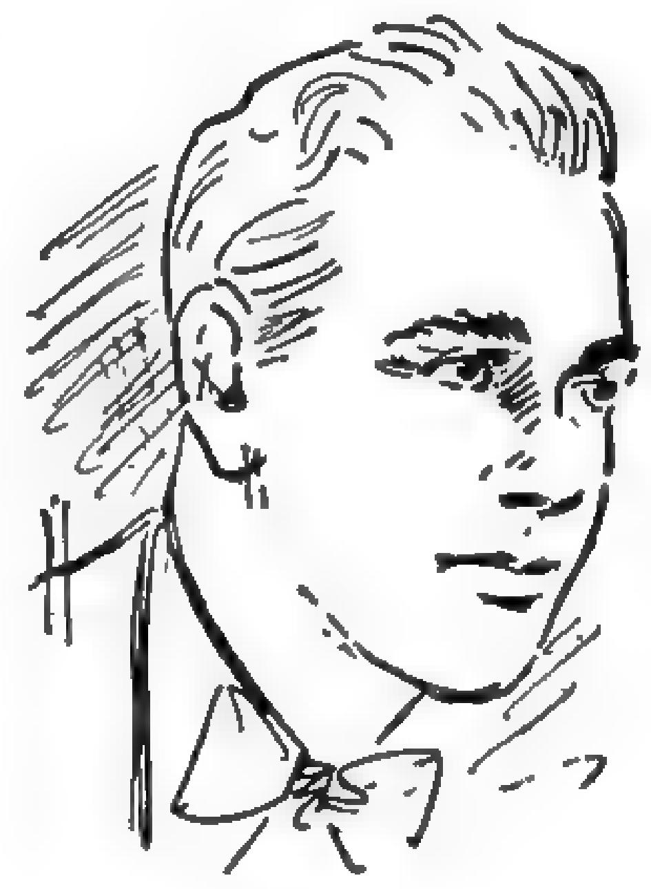
Allen A

THE
Allen-A
COMPANY
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE MORGAN MANNER

Russ Morgan, the bandleader, is a charter member of the local Sidewalk Superintendents Club, and where there is a jolly excavation job, anywhere from 72nd Street to Times Square, you'll find him among the kibitizers, in his full dress "overalls." Russ must know a lot of contractors for he's always present, Johnny-on-the-spot, when the first manhole cover is jerked out of the pavement.



Beyond his fascination in excavations as a hobby, the tall, husky bandleader has a definitely sound reason for his regular attendance. As a lad in Hyde Park, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Scranton, he developed what his fellow musicians consider the finest ear for tone in the business, by listening to the noise of the waters below the street manholes. He got so adept at this that he could rattle off the musical notes corresponding with the noise below each manhole cover within 12 squares of his home. He also practiced on trolley cars, and made a nice bit of change for his trombone lessons betting with friends congregated in the second floor of his home that he could tell the serial numbers of approaching trolley cars simply by listening to the sound of the motormen's bell.

When Morgan shed kneepants to work in the Nanticoke Mine as a coal heaver—the dirtiest job in the world—his keen sense of hearing came into practical use. By listening to the peculiar crackling noises down in the mine, he could correctly predict the depth of the mine and the strength of the creaking walls. Once, he saved ten men, including his father, who was the foreman—and today, the superintendent—when he warned them in the nick of time, of an impending cave-in.

He liked working below the earth in the coal mines, especially since the acoustics were favorable for practicing on his trombone. One day, however, his father caught him entertaining the miners and promptly gave him his walking papers. Morgan took four of the boys with him and they organized an orchestra, playing at local clubs and ballrooms.

In his spare time, he learned the piano, saxophone and clarinet through correspondence musical courses and with the help of his mother, a former stage pianist. It wasn't long before he became known throughout the state for his original dance arrangements. By the time he was 21, he was arranging music for John Philip Sousa and Victor Herbert. In 1925 he organized the celebrated Jean Goldkette orchestra, considered by musicians to have been the first and greatest swing band of all time. It featured Jimmy Dorsey, another Scranton lad, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, Don Murray, Steve Brown, Irving Riskin and the immortal Bix Beiderbecke. Steve Brown was the first man to slap the bass fiddle for dance rhythm. Morgan, of course, handled the trombone in the unit.

"We played in all kinds of holes in those days," he told us, "simply because we enjoyed playing."

"And we didn't restrict ourselves to swing, either. Frequently we'd get together and play Greig, or MacDowell, or such classical compositions as Bartlett's 'Dreams.' We would give concerts of symphonic music in church basements, and then move over to the dance halls and honky-tonks, where we would give out with hot licks."

The Goldkette orchestra, despite its star performers, was disbanded after two years. It is Morgan's opinion that people weren't ready for swing music at the time, and whenever the band would improvise and jam the music, the listeners thought the boys were hitting the wrong notes!

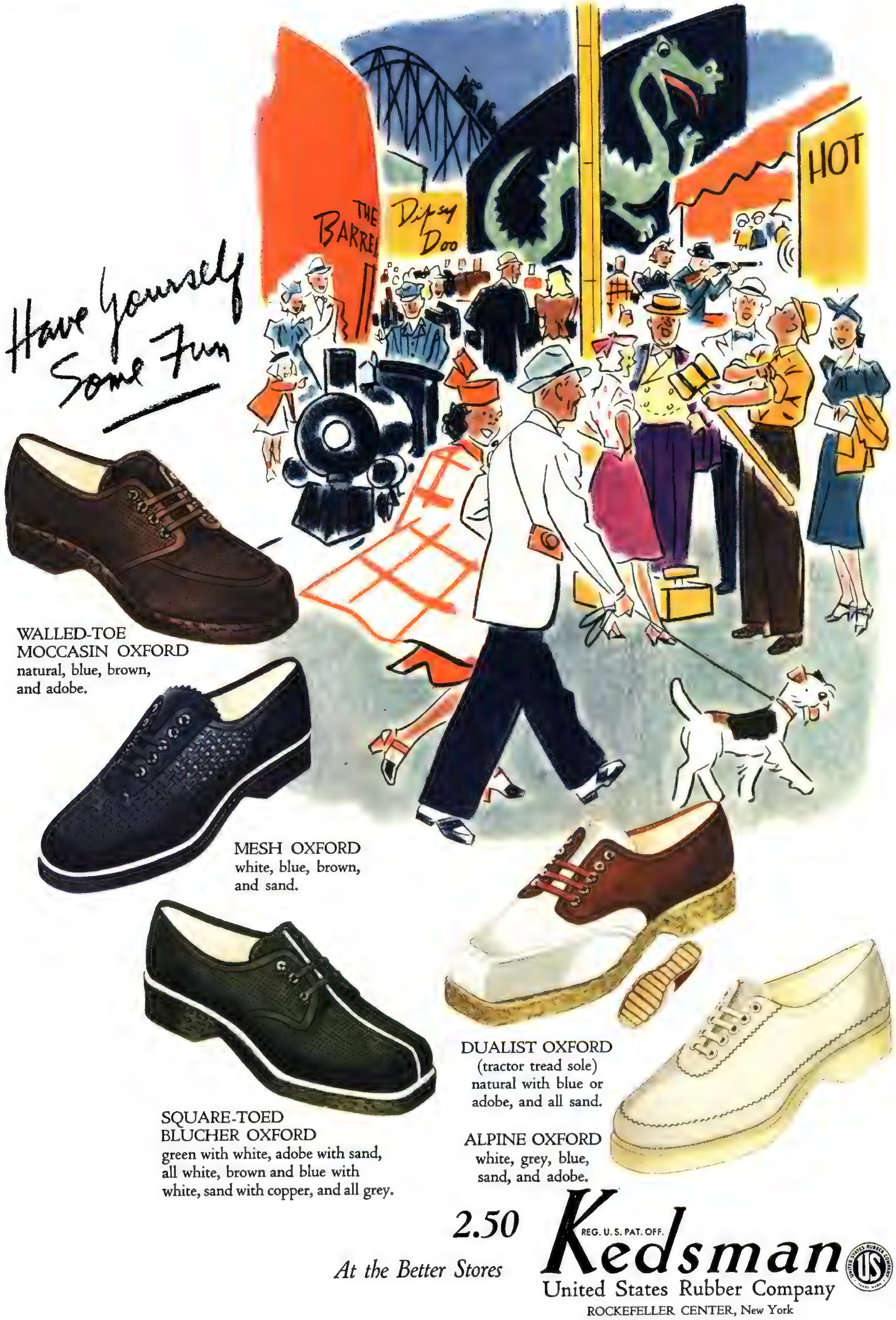
He moved into the job of directing the music for a Detroit theatre, and while on a vacation in New York, he was approached by National Broadcasting Company to form a radio orchestra.

In November of 1935 his famous "Music in the Morgan Manner" orchestra made its debut on the air. Russ made several guest appearances on the Rudy Vallee show, and won his first commercial playing on the Philip Morris show.

Although he was instrumental in starting swing, he hasn't played a swing note since the Goldkette days. He prefers to play music designed for dancing as well as listening.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



WALLED-TOE
MOCCASIN OXFORD
natural, blue, brown,
and adobe.

MESH OXFORD
white, blue, brown,
and sand.

SQUARE-TOED
BLUCHER OXFORD
green with white, adobe with sand,
all white, brown and blue with
white, sand with copper, and all grey.

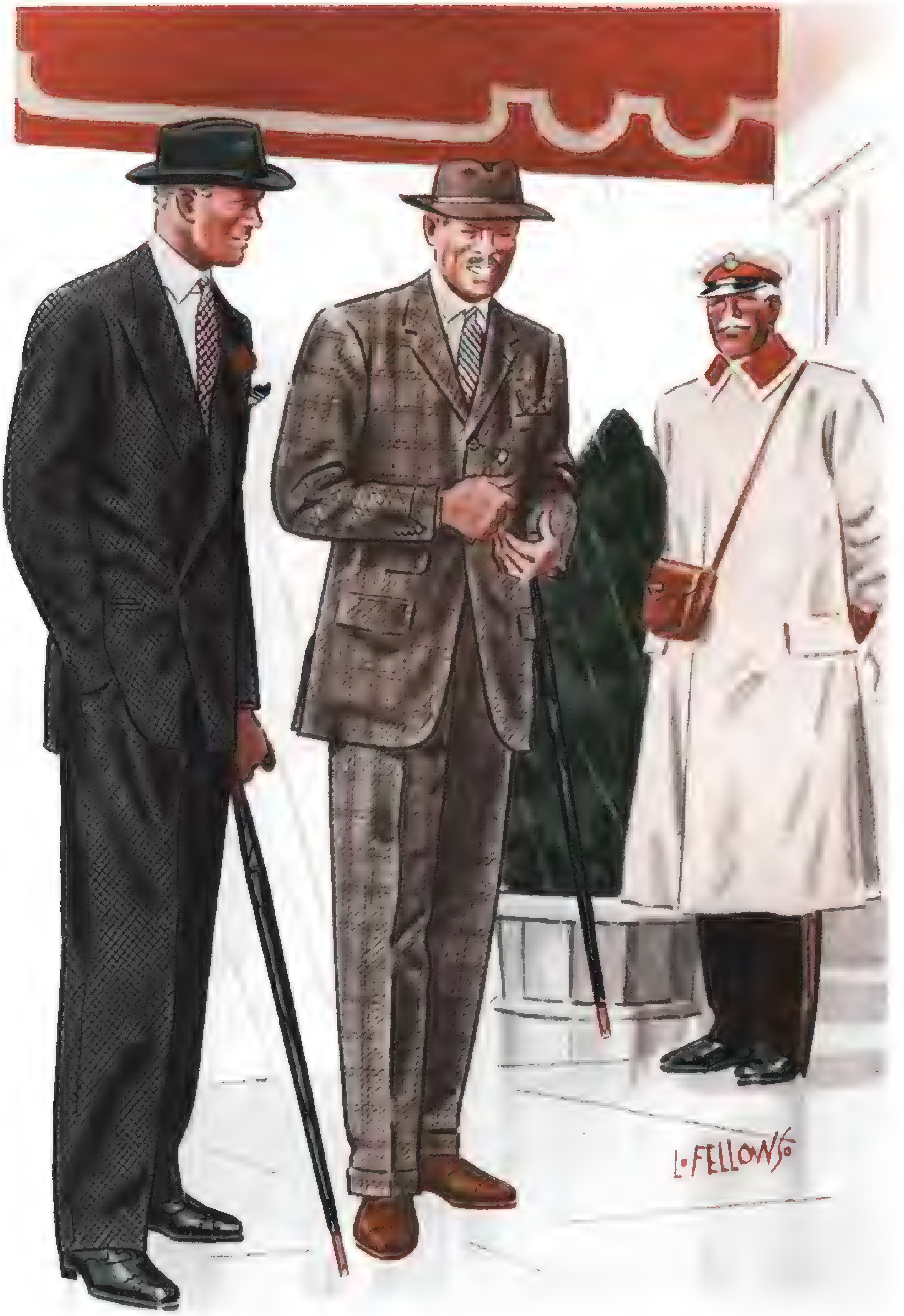
DUALIST OXFORD
(tractor tread sole)
natural with blue or
adobe, and all sand.

ALPINE OXFORD
white, grey, blue,
sand, and adobe.

2.50

At the Better Stores

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Kedsman
United States Rubber Company
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, New York



hello, it's spring again

THESE men are flipping a coin to see whether they walk or take a taxi, but so pristine is their attire we have a hunch they won't venture out into the wet even if the coin stands on end. Anyway, heads or tails, wet or dry, know all men by these sprightly new habiliments that spring has come to town. The man at the left sports a pinhead pattern clear cut worsted suit in the new stone blue color, ivory silk shirt with high white starched collar, blue and red all-over pattern Spitalfields tie, black quarter brogue shoes and Cavalier hat. The fawn color tweed suit is in the paddock model worn by King George on his American visit. Turn-back cuffs, flapped pockets, ticket pocket and the narrow trousers are its fashion features. It is worn with a striped broadcloth shirt with starched matching collar, county check silk tie, lightweight sports hat and tan reverse calf shoes. And now—we dare you to hold out against that spring dress up fever.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Thoeny: Between Two Worlds

Continued from page 94

ody of the quality of which you may not, perhaps, be aware at first, but when the "charming" picture has evaporated, Thoeny's will still be there, in full power.

As a linear artist, in black and white, Thoeny is in no one's debt and requires neither apology nor explanation. In graphic art, it could be said that he was born with the essentials. Pascin was another such artist. Thoeny has shown me a drawing which he made when he was not yet seven. In its completeness and sophistication it clearly announced the promise of the artist to be. Thoeny would have been a graphic artist had he never stirred from his corner. His flair for the pen, pencil and etching needle were early discovered and the first sum he ever earned (aside from prize money for an exhibited painting) was for six etched illustrations for a new Balzac edition. Thereafter he became one of the best known illustrators of his time, making drawings for new editions of Poe, Dostoevski, Lessing and Wilde and illustrating contemporary works, as well as contributing sketches to *Jugend* and *Querschnitt.* (In Europe the good artist does not lose face by filling illustrating commissions, nor is the bad artist uniformly given precedence in such jobs.) There are drawings of Thoeny's in the permanent collections of the Albertina Museum, in Vienna, and the Kupferstich Cabinet in Munich, not to mention his paintings which are even more widely scattered, being in the possession of state and municipal museums in cities from Graz to Paris.

* * *

He might have become an opera singer. He had a narrow escape. Although his graphic talent was buried under no bushel, he was only a struggling art student when a break which might have been lucky had he taken it opened to him in his youth the stage door of the Munich State Opera. He passed on. It was a choice of the unknown for the known, of the uncertain for the certain, a choice of creative art against reproductive art. His brother, Herbert, is an opera singer, well known abroad for his performance of the Wagnerian roles of Beckmesser and Alberich.

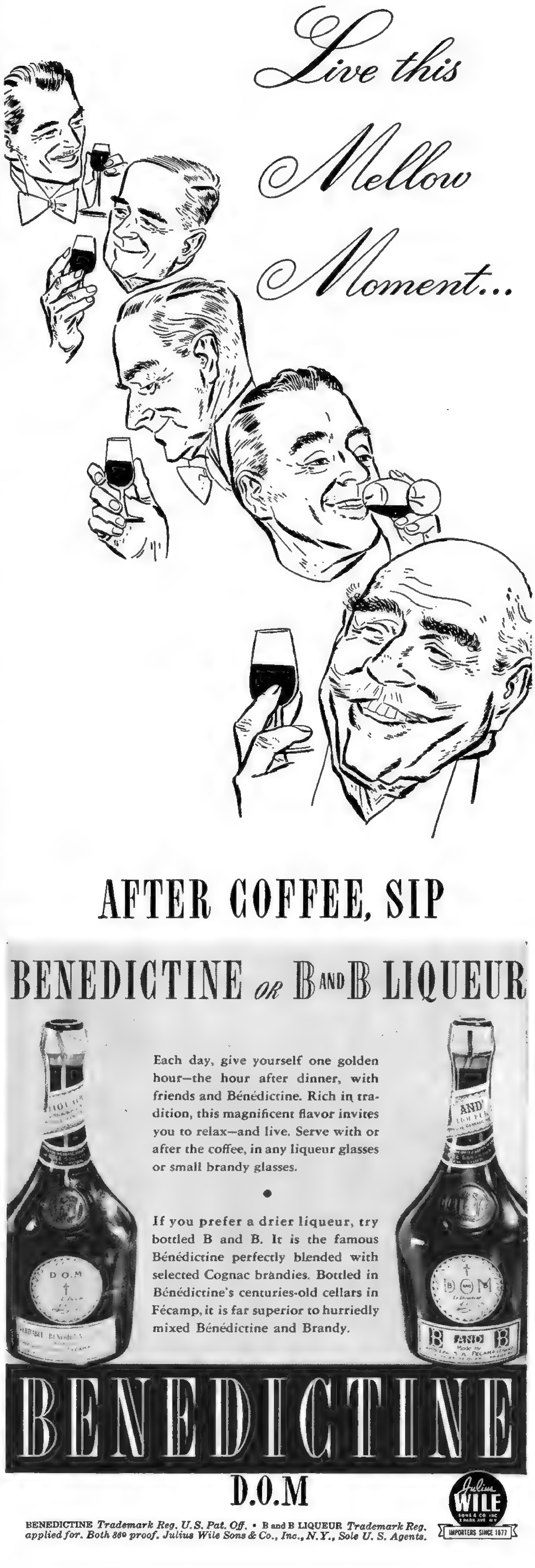
The subject of our story was born in Graz, Austria's second largest city, in 1888, the son of a prosperous and cultivated family whose members were deeply interested in music, the theatre and art. Both Herbert and Wilhelm had private tutors in piano and voice at the same time they were going through their *gymnasium* courses. Wilhelm began sketching as a mere child almost, and was not discouraged. There was nothing extraordinary about it. Herbert, too, has always been able to sketch. During his years at the Staatsoberrealeschule, the equivalent of college, Wilhelm took lessons particularly in the piano. His art education began around the age of nineteen under a conscientious pedagogue named Marussig and his education for the theatre was most thoroughly pursued between his graduation from the Staatsoberrealeschule at the age of nineteen and his departure for the Munich Academy of Art a year and a half later.

At seventeen he had studied the *lieder* of Wolf, Strauss and Schubert well enough to be singing them around the house and one evening he sang a group of songs at a private gathering, but one not so private that mention of it did not find its way into the town paper, together with praise of the way in which the young man had sung. Delighted, his father promised him that upon his college graduation he would be permitted to study voice professionally and at that time he was prepared in the roles of Wotan, Alberich and the Flying Dutchman and in a repertoire of something like 150 *lieder.*

Nevertheless, in 1908, he chose Munich and art, enrolling for the full four-year course. It was a gay life, built on robust health and a generous allowance from home. There was a piano in his studio and he played and sang. He entertained and was entertained, his singing making his presence particularly welcome. One evening, no more than a month after he had arrived in Munich, he had consented to sing and after he had finished one of his fellow-guests introduced himself. He was a conductor of the Munich State Opera and he insisted that Thoeny meet Herr Mottel, the director, the very next day. There was not the slightest doubt in his mind that the art student was an operatic find. Thoeny begged for a day in which to think it over and then, repelled by the thought of the mechanics and grease paint of the operatic stage, failed to appear for the interview, and so ended the potential stage career of Thoeny. Music was to remain a diversion, not a way of life.

He was a prize student, specializing in black, white, grey and tones of related colors. He drew well from the beginning. He learned more from seeing the work of other students and exchanging ideas with them than from his teachers. Perhaps he overspecialized in those notes of art to which he brought native facility instead of devoting himself to that part of the octave in which he was weak. For student pictures exhibited at the Academy he received silver and bronze medals and he had the honor to have Bavaria's Minister for Culture, von Wehner, purchase one of his paintings for the State. He sent a painting to an exhibition of the Vienna Secession and won a thousand-mark prize with it—money in any language at the time. His early success doubtless consoled his father for his cavalier rejection of an operatic career. For

Continued on page 164


Live this Mellow Moment...

AFTER COFFEE, SIP

BENEDICTINE *or* B AND B LIQUEUR

Each day, give yourself one golden hour—the hour after dinner, with friends and Bénédictine. Rich in tradition, this magnificent flavor invites you to relax—and live. Serve with or after the coffee, in any liqueur glasses or small brandy glasses.

If you prefer a drier liqueur, try bottled B and B. It is the famous Bénédictine perfectly blended with selected Cognac brandies. Bottled in Bénédictine's centuries-old cellars in Fécamp, it is far superior to hurriedly mixed Bénédictine and Brandy.

BENEDICTINE

D.O.M

BENEDICTINE *Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.* • B and B LIQUEUR *Trademark Reg. applied for. Both 86° proof. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N.Y., Sole U. S. Agents.*

Julius Wile Sons & Co. Inc. Importers since 1877

IT'S A SNAP TO END BUTTON TROUBLES

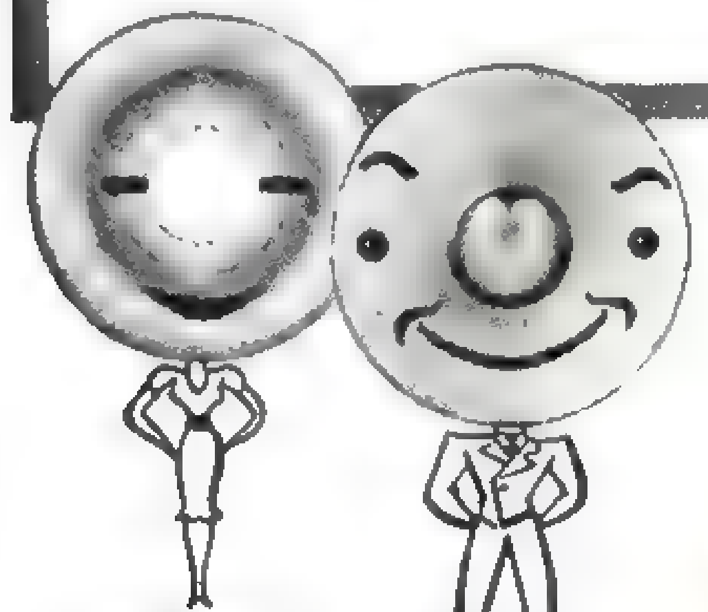
"RICH MAN, POOR MAN,
BEGGAR MAN, THIEF,
NO MORE BUTTONS! NO MORE GRIEF!"

COUNT yourself lucky . . . the day you discover Dot Snappers. Your button troubles will be over. No more threads to pull out. No more buttonholes to tear. Nothing that can break. Dot Snappers are on to stay!

When you buy haberdashery ask to see pajamas, shorts, and shirts that have these streamlined, quick-action fasteners. Leading makers of men's wear are using them on many lines to make life easier for you.

The name Dot Snapper is stamped on every one.

UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORP., Cambridge, Mass.



I'M DOT

I'M SNAPPER

We are wear-proof, tear-proof, laundry-proof. We've been tested and approved by the American Institute of Laundering. Between us we'll put an end to your button troubles.

DOT SNAPPERS
REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

Thoeny: Between Two Worlds

Continued from pages 94-163

a state academy school young Thoeny was a most untypical prize student.

During his last year in the Academy—1912—he sent a batch of etchings and drawings to that year's exhibition of the Munich Secession. The judges gave him a section of their wall space. Fellow-exhibitors included the finest artists of Europe, from Renoir down. The exhibition was a historic one. This event led also to his first commercial commission, offered to him by George Mueller, the publisher, for whom he etched six plates illustrating a new Balzac edition. The pay was one thousand marks. In this manner he slid out of school life into active work as an artist. He remained in Munich. He made illustrations at night and painted by day, one activity supporting the other. There was a series of book illustrating commissions. At the 1913 Munich Secession exhibition he showed two large canvases and because of their quality was asked to become a pioneer in the new revolt against the old revolt, to help form a New Secession. Of this he gladly became one of the organizers and the first exhibition of the New Secession took place in Munich in June, 1914, among fellow exhibitors being such radical artists as Paul Klee and Vassily Kandinsky.

Then came the War cutting into his career like a monstrous *non sequitur*. He was recalled to his native Austria and, at Graz, drafted as a private. As a college graduate he had the right to go into training for an officer's commission. After six months of instruction alternated with service in field and barracks he became a corporal and emerged at the end of the War with the rank of lieutenant and the award of the golden cross with crown for valor under fire at the Italian front. Whether as reward for valor or for art, it is a fact that during the War the director of the state museum of Munich bought one of his paintings. Also, he was commissioned by Austria's War Ministry to make sketches for the Ministry's archives of types of war prisoners, which job he did without once falling into caricature.

Demobilized in Graz following the Armistice, Thoeny returned to Munich and began to work again, although under difficulties. The city was in the grip of revolution and freedom of movement was naturally restricted. He had made efforts to pick up the threads of his career at the point at which he had dropped them when he was called to the colors. He resumed book illustration; despite war, hunger and revolution, books were still being written, illustrated and published. With two commissions to engage his brain and hand, Thoeny went to Switzerland, making his home in the peaceful countryside outside Lucerne. After a time there was restlessness for the homeland and Thoeny returned to Graz and, the following year, in 1923, to Munich, in which, he recalls, he had a very good time, exhibiting with the New Secession group. Sensing the approach of inflation to Germany, he shuttled back again to Graz, in which for something like seven years, he fostered and fathered a minor cultural renaissance, with considerable profit to his own purse and enlargement of his prestige.

Thoeny had hung up a roomful of his pictures and Graz came to the show. Among the visitors was a young painter who challenged Thoeny to organize a Secession Graz. The elder artist picked up the gage; Secession Graz came into being. A group show was formed and during the three weeks of the exhibition came 4,000 visitors whose admission fees put Secession Graz on its financial feet. This was only the beginning. Secession Graz created a ferment in the cultural life of Austria's second city. They presented modern music, including Hindemith and Stravinsky; they encouraged modern German authors. They designed sets and costumes for plays presented in the state theatre. The society whose function it was to care for and restore the city's ancient palaces and cathedrals called upon Graz Secession for counsel. Thoeny organized a kind of representative assembly in which painters, sculptors, architects and others exchanged ideas in an atmosphere of social cordiality. This was a case of art truly impregnating life and fulfilling its functions socially rather than in the arid ivory tower. During this period Thoeny was busy ten and twelve hours a day painting, drawing, organizing, conferring. It was at the same time exhausting and exhilarating.

The group sent its pictures on traveling exhibitions to Vienna, Stuttgart, Munich, Frankfort, Berlin, Warsaw, Leipzig, Venice, Prague and even New York. Within this period Thoeny began contributing sketches of street and theatre to the magazines *Jugend* and *Querschnitt*. The state galleries of Munich, Vienna and Prague bought his paintings and many of his drawings, the Albertina, in Vienna, alone acquiring eighteen. There was such a delightful hum of activity close to his ears that Thoeny might never have heard the more distant rumblings of political changes.

They say on Wall Street that it is better to sell a month too soon than a minute too late. In the fall of 1931 Thoeny left Austria to make his home in Paris, establishing himself in a studio high above the roofs of Paris. His painting, *Paris at Night*, will give you an idea of the visual command Thoeny had over the city. He fell in love with Paris and for the first time explored the water color medium, in which he sought to capture the spring-like quality of the city and its sky. He produced a quantity of water colors. The old palaces and public buildings with their Revolutionary inscriptions exalting Liberty, Equality and Fraternity sent his mind back to Revolutionary and Napoleonic history. Out of his reading and his imagination he created in sanguine a set of portraits of the Revolution which are remarkable for the economy of means with which the artist's insight is conveyed. As an artist-sleuth he put himself on the trail of Napoleon and in drawing and painting tried to sum up the man within his characteristic gestures and attitude. His portraits of the great Frenchmen, his water colors and oil paintings of Paris, even his casual sketches of street scenes may be taken in toto as the declaration of a man who had fallen in love with France. In 1937, at the invitation of the Austrian Ambassador to France, he painted a portrait of the Archbishop-Cardinal Verdier, which was shown at the *Jeu de Paume*, in the exhibition of Austrian art. Around the same time four of his paintings were shown in the Austrian Pavilion at the World's Fair and he received honorable mention from the art jury and a gold medal from the directors of the Fair.

It was in 1938 when it seemed that France and England might go to war for Czechoslovakia that Thoeny rightly smelled smoke again. Disentangling his heart strings from around Paris he set sail in that year for the new world. He has established himself in a studio overlooking the mighty towers of New York and has declared his wonder at and his admiration for the metropolis in a series of paintings on cardboard (one of which is reproduced) and in water colors. He wants very much to encompass New York; it is, he says, like a city not on or of this planet. He cannot understand the point of view enunciated by Europeans that New York is not picturesque. If it isn't picturesque that is because it is practically breath-taking. Its glass, steel and concrete and its brilliant frosty light make New York a particularly congenial subject for Thoeny, for the city is line and mass rather than color. Thoeny's wonder at New York is not Marin's, but it is authentic excitement and wonder expressed in a genuine personal medium. Perhaps New York is too overwhelming to be loved, as one might love Paris, but it does call forth from the artist qualities that are more exacting than those love requires.

In this new world William Thoeny hopes to begin a new life—at least a series of new chapters. Its distance from the old world, although seriously reduced by recent mechanical progress, does justify an effort at a pretense that the old world does not exist. In any event its chances for survival have been somewhat diminished of late. With Thoeny we face towards a new world. ⧺

Donald McKay of the Clippers

Continued from page 43

ship's crew to be American citizens. Like most such laws it was a dead letter. Samuel Eliot Morison, the only historian of that age to be fully trusted, says bluntly "our clipper ships were, in fact, manned by an international proletariat of the sea, vagrants with an attitude curiously similar to that of the casual workers in the West today."

Even the officers were not always Americans. The *Black Prince* was commanded by a Portuguese, the mate was Danish, the second mate British and the third mate German. Only two Americans were listed in the crew. The *Reindeer*, on a voyage from Canton to Boston, had only two Americans on board. Ships are national; but behind the façade of houseflags and ensigns, shipping is international and always will be. Until the war in Europe started recently one of the largest corporations in America was building ships in Germany and running them under the Panama flag with German crews and a dummy subsidiary.

There was no reason why Americans, whose ancestors had fought for their independence and whose native spirit made the confinement of sea life a torture, should go to sea in those days. The wages on the record-breaking California clippers ranged from eight to twelve dollars a month, while stevedores, who slept at home every night, got twenty-five cents an hour. Caulkers and carpenters, who built the clippers, received three dollars a day for less than seven hours' work. The mortality of men and ships was high, but nobody cared. The owners and underwriters made money, and so did those hard-driving masters who had the luck to survive. As a commercial phenomenon the clipper ship era in America has the same unsavory economic background as the textile and coal mining industry in England. Patriots either have to turn away or hold their noses while contemplating the facts.

All this had nothing to do with Donald McKay. He was an artist. The fact that he refused a long term employment contract and went into business as a ship builder himself, does not make him a business man in the ordinary money-making sense.

It might almost be advanced as an argument against his practicality. Samuel Cunard, who stands forth in shipping history as the hardheaded Bluenose business man who saw far into the future and who died rich, was the exact converse of McKay, the artist who died poor.

McKay's spirit craved the freedom to design, to build and to sail the ships of which he dreamed. To him it was as deplorably decadent to use iron to fasten a ship's hull as it was to Ruskin, who wrote the most beautiful and eloquent non-

Continued on page 166

O-SO-EZ-E
STYLES
$6.95
AND UP
Tally-Ho
Brogues

THE *Taylor-Made* SHOE
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

PROOF— THAT CUSTOM CHARACTER NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

At a glance you can see the rich Brown leathers. It took months of experimenting to perfect this hand applied lustrous finish—

—and, there's more than meets the eye, such as Taylor's exclusive O-So-Ez-E Innersoles—giving you instant and permanent comfort.

Next time, say "*Taylor-Made*"—a great name in shoes.

From $5.00 up—they'll make you ask "Why pay more?"

Write the makers—E. E. TAYLOR CORP. 275 Congress St. Boston for name of dealer in your community and folder showing other styles.

For the First Time in Raincoat History

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

ONLY THE KOROSEALED* PHANTOMWEIGHT
Zephyr
by RAINFAIR
Can Offer This Guarantee

1. Absolutely waterproof.
2. Won't stick, stiffen or harden.
3. Sun-proof, grease-proof, stain-proof, mildew-proof.
4. Contains no rubber or oil.

Here at last is a lightweight raincoat that leaves nothing to be desired. It is made from finest rayon and silk Korosealed by Goodrich and is backed by an iron-clad guarantee that insures your complete satisfaction. Only Zephyr offers you these qualities and this guarantee. The coat weighs five ounces in its handy pouch. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon below with $5.00

*Trade Mark of B. F. Goodrich Co.

Same Features — Same Guarantee

Zephyr GOLF JACKET

Keep it in the pocket of your golf bag and you can play through mist and storm. Also ideal for fishing and other outdoor sports. Made with Talon Slide Fastener, at your dealer or by mail. $4.50

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
Sizes or colors gladly exchanged

IF DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY USE THIS ORDER BLANK

RAINFAIR, Racine, Wisconsin:
Send me Parcel Post Prepaid, Zephyr Raincoats ($5) and Zephyr Golf Jackets ($4.50) as shown.
The Zephyr: ☐ Black ☐ Green ☐ Brown Zephyr Golf Jacket ☐ Green
My Size is________ My Length is: ☐ Regular ☐ Long
Check or Money Order ☐ Cash ☐ C.O.D (15c extra) ☐

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City________________State____________

©1940

RAINFAIR
CHICAGO RUBBER CLOTHING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

Donald McKay of the Clippers

Continued from pages 43-165

sense in the world on that subject. It is not too much to say that a shipwright's passion for timber, with copper bolts and sheathing, takes on at times something of the ecstasy of a religion. We must remember that iron, in those days, was a stubborn material, uncertain in texture and strength, laminated with scale hammered or rolled into it, a problem to shape and caulk. It was, in short, revolutionary, and of all men in the world, ship builders and sea captains are the true conservatives. Forbes and Howes could contrive new and more convenient double topsail yards. McKay could even admit a fifteen horse power engine on the *Great Republic*, to work cargo and hoist the enormous spars. But in fundamentals these men had a profound affinity with the timber they used to build their ships. Their passion carried them down to defeat because it caused them to lose sight of the simple law of diminishing returns. Just as a skyscraper's expenses accelerate after the thirtieth floor, so that it can no longer be profitable, so the sheer weight of timber required for a wooden ship of more than 4000 tons, to make her strong enough, exceeded her cargo. She was like the prehistoric monsters, whose enormous size and weight were the cause of their ultimate extinction.

There were other things. With a sail-spread of an acre or more, and with a captain who drove her ruthlessly until the very masts bent like whips or were torn out of her, what do we suppose was happening to the frames? Given a furious speed of sixteen knots, even a clipper's fine bows took a beating that tested every strake. Often a cargo came in first into London River with tons and tons of tea bogged down with salt bilge. This being the inevitable result of building ships big and keeping the scantlings down, and trying to defeat that old devil fact, that sailing ships make time, while steamers keep it.

Another thing happened, too, as Griffeths' ideas, of long sharp ends and wedge-shaped hull amidships, spread among naval architects. This was a narrowing down of cargo carried while the crew personnel either went up or stayed stationary. These clippers were extremely costly to build and to operate, says Samuel Eliot Morison. They "proved prodigal ventures on routes that paid normal freights." Take the *Reporter*, 1474 tons, costing $80,750 to build. Her captain called her, in a letter to the owners, for all her speed, "a 1000-ton ship for freight and a 2000-ton ship for repairs." How could such ships compete with medium hulls when the soaring freights to California and the Australian immigrant traffic vanished? When the Crimean War ended and the French began to subsidize wind-ships?

The answer is, they could not. They ceased to be built and McKay, the artist in lines and canvas, the poet in scarphed oak and hackmatack, had to close his yard, and was degraded at last to fabricating iron paddle steamers and wooden gun boats. That year Sir Samuel Cunard died, Inman's *City of Paris* crossed in eight days, four hours, and a Scotch engineer named David Elder was designing the first compound engine. The fight was over.

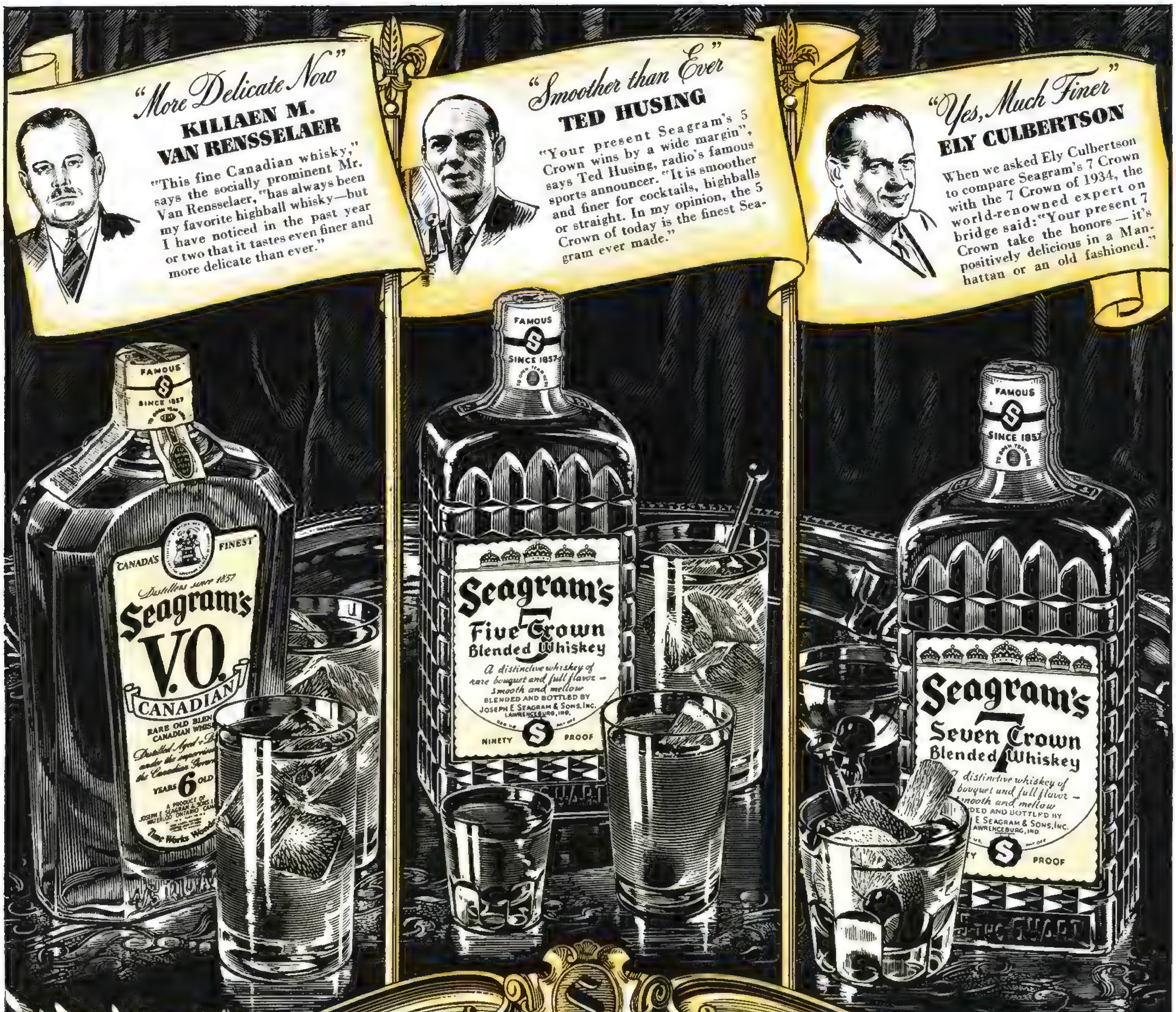
The point, of course, is that the value of an artist's work is not computed in dollars. McKay, the artist, lived in an age when America was supposed not to have any originality in the arts. Yet there was Maury, the inspired pathfinder of the sea; and there was Bowditch, whose mathematical genius laid all future navigation in his debt. They were the big three of those times, and they make the ante-bellum politicians and poetasters seem like third-rate imitations. Bowditch, who found eight thousand errors in the standard English book on Navigation, sailed into Salem Harbor on Christmas Eve, in a heavy snowstorm and without sighting any landmarks. That was navigation!

Donald McKay, had he been a far-sighted business man, when he conceived and constructed the *Flying Cloud* and the *Sovereign of the Seas*, would have gone on repeating himself, selling his product to shrewd merchants like Enoch Train and James Baines. Or he would have seen the trend and changed to steam. But in his mind he saw a great ship, and when he could get no backing for such a gigantic enterprise, he decided to build her to his own account and run her too, if need be, to prove his theories correct. That was always his utter need, to see what he had conceived perform according to his dream. It was nothing to him that, as he bent over his drawing board, shadowing forth the *Great Republic*, another dreamer in Brooklyn, a forgotten pioneer named James Frost, was brooding over the possibility of using superheated steam in a marine engine.

McKay was forty-three when his masterpiece, the *Great Republic*, went down the ways in East Boston. She was his ship, in design and actual ownership, free of mortgage. Boston ladies, we are told, insisted on Cochituate water for christening, as a boost for temperance. It seems more likely that McKay's son Cornelius and some companions had a party in the mould-loft the night before and drank up the champagne. So legends gather. The ship was launched and completed, and sailed for New York to load for Liverpool. McKay had spent the huge sum of $300,000.

She was enormous. A Glasgow firm in 1890 built a five-masted sailing ship for French owners with a registered tonnage of 3750 and a carrying capacity of 6150 tons. But the *France* was an iron ship;

Continued on page 168


Seagram's V.O. Canadian
Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey
Seagram's Seven Crown Blended Whiskey

"More Delicate Now"
KILIAEN M. VAN RENSSELAER
"This fine Canadian whisky," says the socially prominent Mr. Van Rensselaer, "has always been my favorite highball whisky—but I have noticed in the past year or two that it tastes even finer and more delicate than ever."

"Smoother than Ever"
TED HUSING
"Your present Seagram's 5 Crown wins by a wide margin", says Ted Husing, radio's famous sports announcer. "It is smoother and finer for cocktails, highballs or straight. In my opinion, the 5 Crown of today is the finest Seagram ever made."

"Yes, Much Finer"
ELY CULBERTSON
When we asked Ely Culbertson to compare Seagram's 7 Crown with the 7 Crown of 1934, the world-renowned expert on bridge said: "Your present 7 Crown take the honors — it's positively delicious in a Manhattan or an old fashioned."

Have you tasted Seagram's lately?

When did you last taste Seagram's "V.O.", Seagram's Seven Crown, or Seagram's Five Crown? A year ago?...two years? If you haven't tried them lately be prepared for a pleasant surprise. They are whiskies at their very best. These luxury liquors, each the finest of its class and type, are smoother, mellower, more delicate than ever—the result of never ceasing improvement. For every Seagram brand *does* become smoother and finer as the years roll by. Try Seagram's *now.*

Since 1857 **Seagram's** SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

SEAGRAM'S "V.O." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof. Copr., 1940, Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Offices: New York.

WEYENBERG
Modern Aristocrat
SHOES

MODEL 6936
HE-MAN LAST
Antiqued
Russet Tan Mayzon

MODEL 6503
HAMPTON LAST
Antiqued
Two-Tone, Russet Tan and Natural Mayzon

... Top o' the Season

There's no smarter footing for young men than Modern Aristocrats . . . in the new Spring tans and two-tones. Broguish details add a touch of swagger to the quality look of mellow, hand-antiqued leathers. Sturdy soles keep your feet "high and dry". See the near-by Weyenberg Shoe dealer . . . today.

Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

$5.50 and $6
Slightly Higher West of Rockies

MODEL 6927
FLAREWOOD LAST
Antiqued
Sunset Tan Mayzon

MODEL 6940
HAMPTON LAST
Antiqued
Copper Tan Mayzon

Donald McKay of the Clippers

Continued from pages 43-165-166

the *Great Republic* was of wood. She had 2056 tons of white oak in her, 56 tons of copper, 336 tons of iron work and around 2500 tons of hard pine. Her launching weight must have been almost 5000 tons. She had nearly 1½ acres of canvas with all sails set. Her main lower mast was 44 inches in diameter and 131 feet long. Her main yard was 28 inches in diameter and 120 feet long. Even her main sky sail yard was nine inches in diameter and forty feet across.

But it was in the hull where we could see the final impasse confronting those who believed they could build wooden ships bigger and bigger, to go faster and faster, and so defeat the steamers. The *Great Republic's* keel and keelsons were over eight feet deep, solid beams fifteen inches square. Her keel, of rock maple, was 18 by 12 wide, and the false keel added another four and a half inches of oak below that. Her floor timbers were from 12 to 15 inches thick by 22 inches. Her frames were diagonally braced by iron straps four inches wide and an inch thick. Her 'tween deck stanchions were ten by twenty-three inches. Her bowsprit was thirty feet long outboard and 44 inches in diameter, and beneath it was the head of an eagle carved in oak near twelve feet overall. Her best bower anchor weighed 2¼ tons. Her capstan was invented by her captain, Donald McKay's brother Lauchlan, and could be operated on two decks. Her crew consisted of a hundred seamen and thirty boys.

There are some curious facts to be noted here. While the crowds, wild with enthusiasm, watched the *Great Republic* slide down the ways at East Boston, the world was moving on. Samuel Cunard was making the momentous decision—to use a screw propeller instead of paddles for his ships. John Ericsson, he of the *Monitor* fame, had built an extraordinary vessel with a "caloric" or hot air engine, with an almost incredibly small consumption of fuel. A French engineer in Marseilles had built an iron screw ship whose engine used fuel made of water and ether.

The compound steam engine thrust Ericsson and the Frenchman into the discard, which matters not at all now. The significance of their achievements is that they were on the march, with the rest of the maritime world, towards the new era. In 1852 the age of mechanism was in its stride and the cheering crowds in East Boston were unaware of its existence.

The final tragedy for Donald McKay was the burning of the *Great Republic* as she lay at her berth, loading for her maiden voyage. She was her creator's masterpiece, the ship of ships, the final conception and realization of the wooden shipwright's genius.

McKay was dogged by fire on his ships all his life. It was as though fate wished to warn him of what the future held for him, that his day was done, and ships would move by fire from the earth and not by the winds of heaven. It is problematical whether, as time went on, such fearful hazards for underwriters as those huge wooden ships would not have labored under almost confiscatory premiums for insurance. They had only hand pumps to fight a fire.

Donald McKay collected the insurance money but he did not buy in the *Great Republic.* Why was this? The historians do not answer. Perhaps he had a glimpse of what was to come. Perhaps his great artist's spirit was dismayed by the thought that the creations of his brain and hand were to pass away and leave only a few dismantled hulks behind.

It is curious, at first sight, that the historians—apart from Morison—give no reasonable explanation of the change from extreme clipper to medium clipper design after the *Great Republic.* Why, if the *Flying Cloud* and the *Sovereign of the Seas* were such supreme examples of naval architecture, if they made such astounding time, were they not the forerunners of scores of other record breakers?

The answer, of course, is that such ships did not pay in competition with ships of fuller model and slower speed. Moreover, a shipowner figures his ship's earning power over a probable life of twenty years. She has to make a profit and also lay by a reserve for replacement. This no clipper ship could do, once the fantastic freak freights of the California and the China trade vanished. The tea merchants soon discovered that tea chests lined with lead kept better in an iron ship than in a wooden one. The strain of a few years' furious driving by record breaking captains wore the clippers out. They became "spent." To compete with ordinary ships on ordinary trades a clipper ship was like a racing yacht pitted against a coal schooner. She was as practical as a hundred-mile-an-hour automobile matched against a freight truck. She held all the records. And (after California and Australia were finished) her owners went consistently bankrupt.

All this, again, concerns Donald McKay not at all. He was an American artist of the first rank. His most lasting creation is the legend he has bequeathed to Americans of our day, a legend of more than mortal splendor and national glory. The *Great Republic* was the Great Illusion. In spite of her lovely lines, her long sharp bows and her giant strength, she was but the embodiment of an error in the fourth dimension of America's pioneer development. Her destiny, and McKay's, was not to lead America to fresh victories in maritime trade, but to launch the legend of a romantic period, to inspire romantic fiction, and to console a continental industrial nation with a maritime mythology. ⧺

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 97

was close to a unanimous agreement among them that, when it came to writing about acting, the reviewers were a lot of fried fish. At this point it will naturally be expected of me, as one such reviewer, that I will in turn denounce the actors as a lot of idiots and observe with stale facetiousness that they often seem to know even less about acting than the critics.

But I fear that I shall disappoint you. I shall do no such thing. What I shall do is rather simply to allow that both of them often play a scoreless tie.

That critics betray their defective knowledge of the acting craft in such instances of second-view appraisal as I have mentioned is readily to be admitted. That they also betray it in their periodic confusion of the player with the role, whether in the way of favorable or unfavorable opinion, in their visiting upon the actor of praise or blame that properly belongs to the director, and in other such aberrations is similarly to be acknowledged. But that actors themselves frequently usurp to themselves credit that properly belongs to directors alone, and to roles to a considerable degree, should not be overlooked. The bulk of the acting business is fraud, plus a fortuitous incidence of extrinsic good or bad dramatic and theatrical luck, and it no more approaches sheer individual governorship, which is the mark of the true artist, than do the constituent elements of a swing band. There are, of course, actors apart from the general who do not come under the animadversion, but they are few and far between. There are also, it may be allowed, critics apart from the general who exercise a sound eye upon the acting business. But by and large it is often on both sides rather a case of cheating cheaters. So let both sides take it as they find it—and genially chuckle to themselves.

Birnam And Dunsinane. One of the hoped-for silver linings of the grim Central and Eastern European clouds was the immigration to this country of many of the celebrated stage directors of the war lands. These refugees, it was thought, would bring to the American theatre talents it might profitably avail itself of and thus add to its stature and acclaim. What the arrivals on these shores may conceivably do in the future only the future may tell, but the regrettable fact persists that so far they have made a pretty poor showing.

Max Reinhardt, the best known of them all and the avant-coureur of the excursion, has in the years he has been operating on American soil given us as the chief token of his theatrical skill the production of *The Eternal Road* which, as all who viewed it sadly recall, represented approximately a half-million dollars consecrated to overpowering boredom. Add to this a reproduction of his old *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Hollywood Bowl and a supremely dull movie version of the play and you have the picture of his great achievements since he left home. Erik Charell, famous for his musical show productions in Berlin, has restaged his old *White Horse Inn*, which brought us nothing new in the way of stagecraft, and this season put on the overnight failure, *Swingin' The Dream.* Leopold Jessner, who did some excellent things in Germany, is languishing in Hollywood and, so far as I can learn, has not confected even a Class-B movie. Erwin Piscator, whose experiments in Berlin were much talked and written about, has thus far done nothing and has taken up school lecturing on various phases of the showshop. Otto Preminger, the Austrian, has fooled around with the commercial drama and has contented himself with staging a court-room melodrama, *Libel!*, a murder mystery, *Margin For Error*, a jitney comedy, *My Dear Children*, and a revival of *Outward Bound.* He has managed these trivial jobs well enough, but there are any number of American directors who could have done them fully as well.

We come to the Russians. Michael Chekhov's initial production in English, *The Possessed*, drew a volume of derision and so few customers that it went to the storehouse in apple-pie order. Ilya Mottyleff's staging of *Empress Of Destiny* suffered a similar reception and a similar fate. Andrius Jilinsky's production of Strindberg's *The Bridal Crown* was so bad in every particular that the management closed it overnight. Leo Bulgakov, who has been over here for a much longer time, has exercised himself most recently with such trash as *Close Quarters* and *Don't Throw Glass Houses* and hasn't perceptibly improved it. Then there was someone well known to himself, if not to the rest of us, as Vadim Uraneff, who —hold your hats!—staged *Clean Beds.*

It is possible, as I say, that these and other pilgrims from unhappy lands will someday earn their critical salt amongst us; I, for one, sincerely and prayerfully hope that they may, and with all my heart. But so far they have made a puny start. I am sorry to have to report the bad news, but there it is.

Foolish Criticism. Nothing, I appreciate, could be more critically senseless, but I have yet to see a play—and there have been a number of them—which has succeeded in arousing much interest in me if its program notes in the cast of characters: *Pablo, a peon.*

Maxwell Anderson. *Key Largo*, his latest play, makes us speculate again if its author hasn't been very greatly overestimated. I do not mean in the last few years, for since *The Star-Wagon* and *Knickerbocker Holiday* and now in the case

Continued on page 170

"MIDSECTION SAG"

STEALS YOUR PEP—SPOILS YOUR APPEARANCE

GET MORE
DRIVE-
BRACE UP WITH
THE
Bracer
BEFORE
AFTER

You'll feel better, look better, too!

DON'T LET "Mid-Section Sag" get *you* down. No man can *feel* his best when a sagging waistline and a tired, aching back steal his energy—lower his reserve. No man can *look* his best when bulging stomach muscles and stooping shoulders ruin the hang of his clothes, make him look old.

But now it's easy to regain that old-time pep and drive—that trim athletic look. Just *Brace up with The Bracer!* You'll be amazed at the difference it makes—delighted with your improved appearance—your new reserve of energy.

For this exclusive Bauer & Black supporter belt is scientifically designed to support sagging stomach muscles, help improve faulty posture. It gives you instant, comfortable support—makes you look better—feel better, too.

And only The Bracer gives you all these features: No Rip—seams cannot pull out. No Roll—four removable ribs at top. No Bulge—knit from two-way stretch "Lastex" yarn. No Bother—convenient fly-front.

Remember, only Bauer & Black make The Bracer. Get yours today and brace up—get new pep and drive! At department, drug, men's apparel, sporting goods stores, and surgical supply houses.

THE
Bracer

If your dealer cannot supply you with The Bracer, simply fill out and mail the coupon with a check or money order. Price $2.00 (Canada $2.75).

BAUER & BLACK, Division of The Kendall Co.,
Dept. D-5, 2500 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
(In Canada, Station K, Toronto.)

I am enclosing check or money order for_____
Please send me________Bracers
My waist measurement is________
Name________
Address________
City________State________
My dealer's name
and address is________

MARTELL
COGNAC Brandy
An Ancient and Honourable Title
Martell of Cognac
FRANCE
Borne by the Nobility of Brandies for over 200 Years
1715
MARTELL
J. & F. MARTELL
COGNAC
The Choice of Gentlemen
SINCE 1715
84 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 97-169

of this *Key Largo* there has been manifest a considerable head-scratching and backsliding. I mean in the years directly before, when the critics (myself in part on at least one occasion among them) went to town for him with what seems to have been a questionable rapture.

That his *Winterest* had some definite merits, and that his *High Tor* was a fairish effort in the direction of legendary drama, we may freely admit. But that even the former, the best thing he has written without collaboration, was quite all we thought it, I wonder.

Key Largo, it seems to me, represents all that is best and worst in Mr. Anderson. And through it we begin to perceive the reasons for the large skepticism regarding the man and his antecedent plays expressed, to the quondam irritation of his local advocates, by visiting English critics. In those days we local critics were given to such a determination to boost the American theatre, which was coming along pretty nicely at that, that I fear we sometimes started cheering before the football was even taken out of the locker room.

Anderson's newest play, outlined in these pages last month, indicates the same high purpose and intention which its author's name generally guarantees and which in the past have often induced his critics to praise him for what he has tried to do rather than for what he has actually done. As in the past, too, it indicates a dramatic ambition not matched by the talent behind it that consequently fails to reach the heights to which it aspires. Two things, it seems, are instrumental in causing Mr. Anderson to stumble. One is his conviction that he is a sizable philosopher when he is rather simply an eloquent expounder of the oldest and most worn stencils of the defeatist doctrine.

The second is his passionate adherence to the blank verse form, often not only debatable in its relevance and appropriateness but sometimes internally dubious.

As for No. 1, we have sufficiently fecund illustrations in this *Key Largo*. I quote several essences:

A. "No way squares with the rules . . . you're thinking of the old rules . . . Men don't live by faith or honor or justice . . . that's revoked . . . they live as they can, as the animals they are."

B. "Our cause is lost . . . maybe because there isn't any God."

C. "They say there's just one test for whether a man's a fool—it's how long he lives and how well."

D. "The soul—or psyche—has the same composition as eggs and butter."

E. "If it's like all the other faiths I've ever known . . . it's nothing. A pocket of air under the vest."

F. "The sky's quite empty . . . the scientists have been over it with a fine-tooth comb and a telescope and the verdict is, No God, nothing there."

G. "We die—as a sacrifice to the rules . . . it would be something to know who it is arranges these little ironies . . . I say it's better to live . . . and let the dead bury the dead."

H. "There's no faith sure if you test it often enough . . . no love of woman or love of man that won't dry up in the end."

I. "The mind has but one purpose, to defend the body and ward off death."

J. "And Christ hangs dead on the cross, as all men die, and Lenin legislates a fake paradise, and the girl holds out her arms and she's made of sawdust, and there's sawdust in your mouth!"

K. "Then why would one live—woman or man or beast? . . . To eat and sleep and breed."

L. "Where this voyage started we don't know, nor where it will end, nor whether it has a meaning, nor whether there is good or evil, whether man has a destiny or happened here by chemical accident," etc.

(Footnote: Mr. Anderson's defeatist mouthpiece makes a sudden Pollyanna about-face at eleven o'clock, but that has no bearing at all upon the critical point at issue.)

As for No. 2, we may question the integrity of blank verse which, as in this *Key Largo*, incorporates into brusque colloquialism like "sons of bastards," "eat dirt and be damned," "we'd better hump it," "some sob story," "the hell with it," "hell, we're not here for fun," "I got it," "nutmeg alma maters," "you God damn fools," "Jeez, this bird's an amateur," "hand over fist," "belly-button," "comfort stations," "that's my meat," "God damn service," "this thing was on my chest," "barge in," "how's tricks, pardner?," "oh, boy!," "hot damn," "disappearing like a bad smell," "look, bo," and "cause a stink"—we may, as I say, question the integrity of blank verse which interlards such lingo with words and phrases like the following: "expiation," "the least approximation," "idiot ideologies," "I had some reluctance about deciding," "without warrant, without reason, incessantly," "allergic," "faces draining white under the moon," "dead white light from the dead moon," "cleansing the earth," "a demon that lives in my soul," "the earth's shell," "a parting curse," "beyond all begging," "interminable branching highways," "shriven," "over-simplified," "ophidian," "satrap," "casuistic brain," "envisioned," "magnanimity," "under the rose," "limitless tensions of the sky," "rope of sines and cosines," "Wells' Martian polyp," and "unathletic periphery."

And, please, I don't want to get any letters saying that if Shakespeare could do it why can't Max Anderson. ⋕

Style in the rain

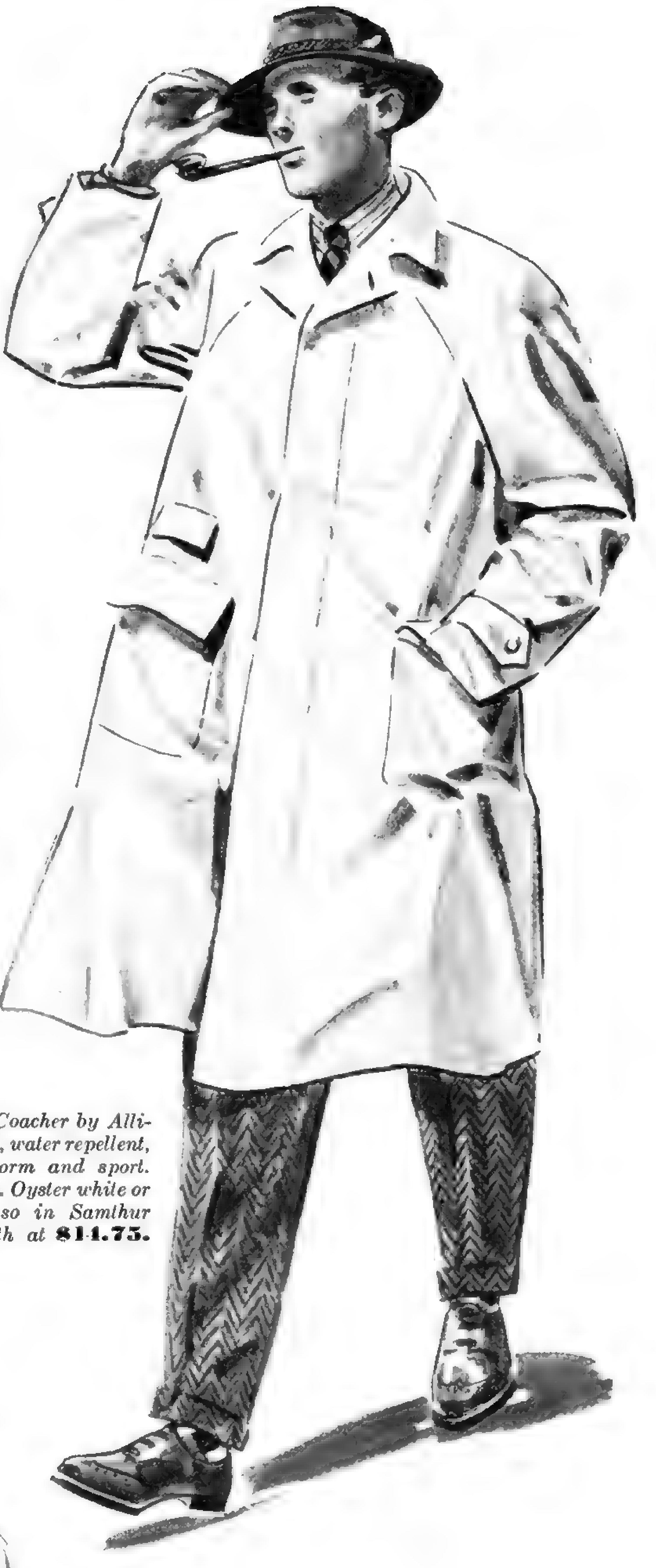
...by Alligator, of course

BETTER stores everywhere are now featuring these smart new rainwear fashions. Handsome, aren't they? And far cries from the raincoat styles of old! But there's one thing on every coat shown—one thing that has been a mark of distinction on rainwear for scores of years—the ALLIGATOR label.

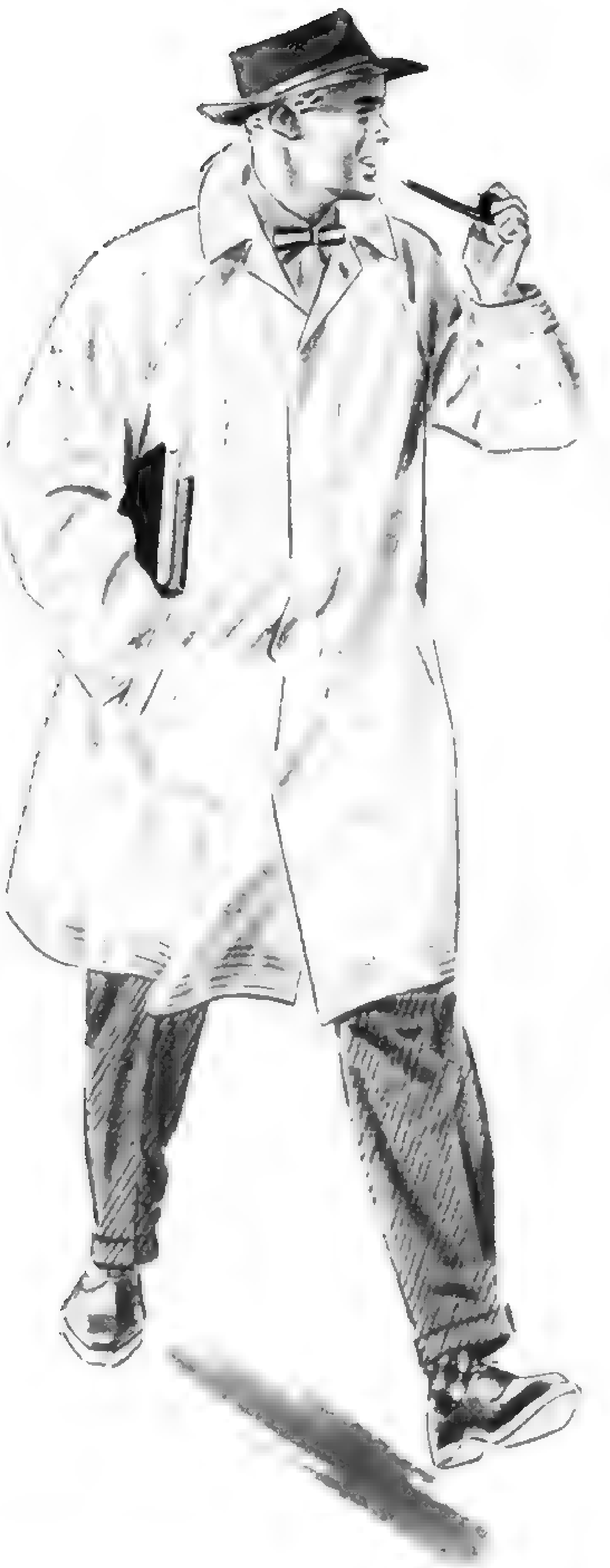
It's mighty important that you look for this famous name on the raincoat you buy. It's assurance of hidden quality along with striking eye appeal. Whether you need the absolute protection of genuine waterproofing, or the protection of a good water repellent finish, you *know* you're getting top quality when it's an Alligator!

So visit your nearest Alligator dealer today. See these new styles. Buy the one you like best, the one best suited to your needs—and remember, *because it's an Alligator you know you're getting guaranteed quality!*

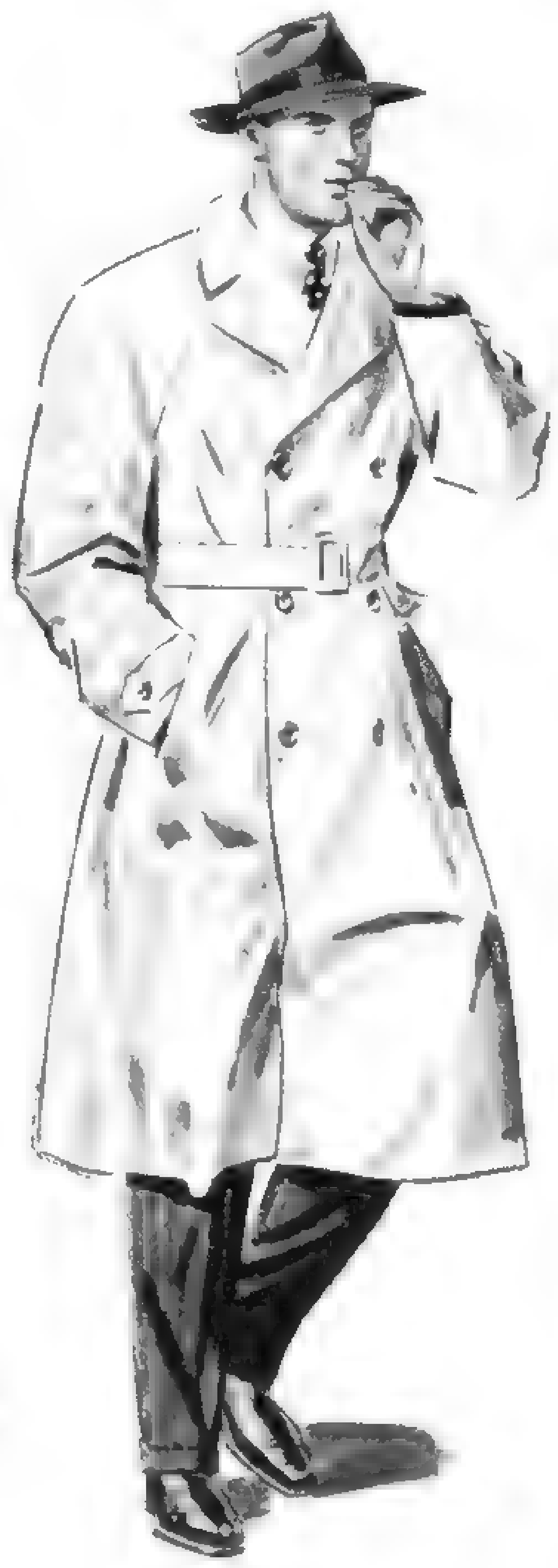
The Alligator Co., St. Louis, Mo., Los Angeles, New York



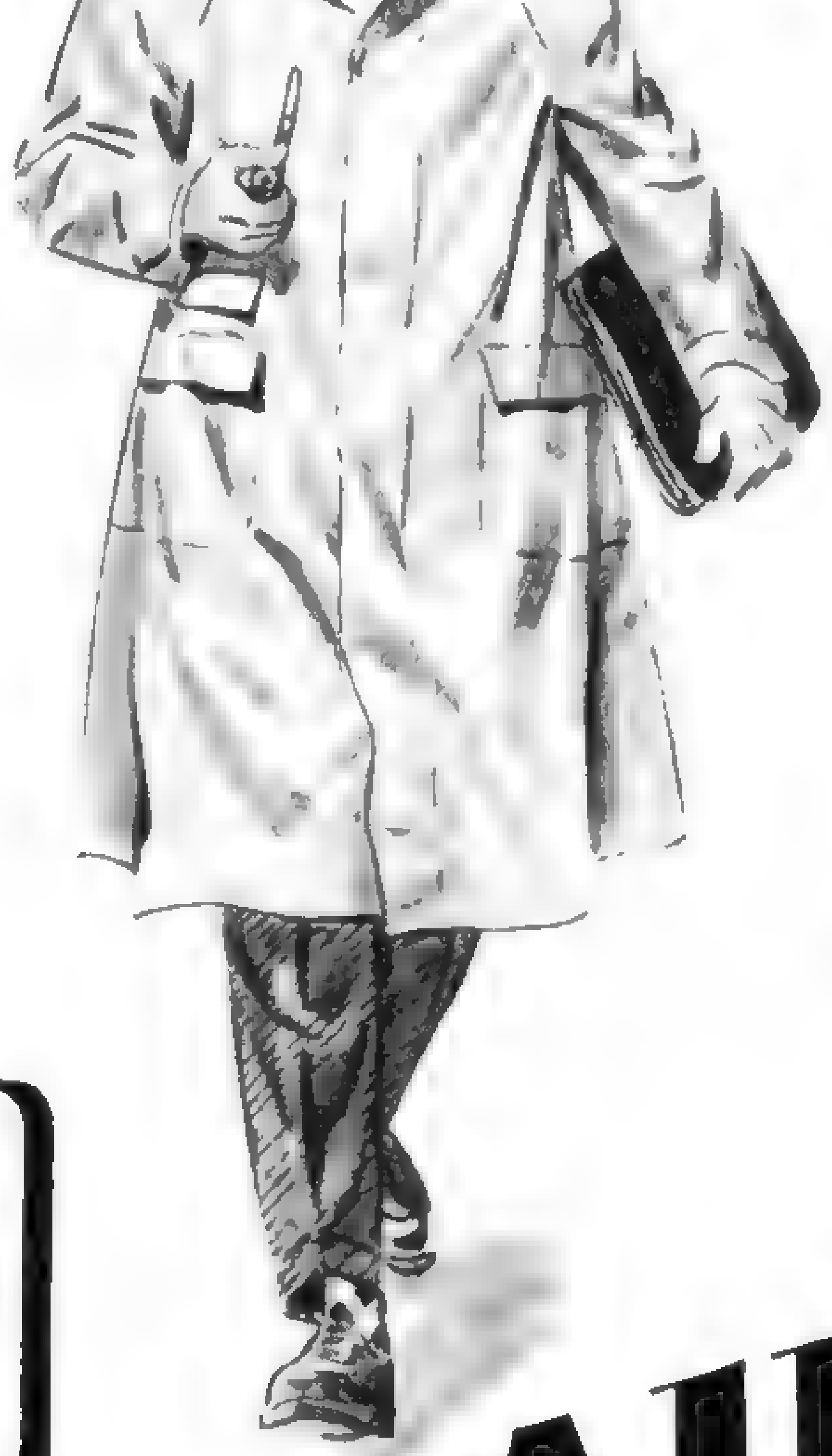
(RIGHT) *Galecloth Coacher by Alligator. Tightly woven, water repellent, wind proof—for storm and sport. Full, sweeping lines. Oyster white or grey,* **$18.50.** *Also in Samthur Special Finish cloth at* **$14.75.**



(ABOVE) *You'll see this smart model wherever sophisticated under-grads congregate! Knee length with heavy stitching at bottom and cuffs. Water repellent, wind proof. Oyster white or tan Samthur Special Finish cloth—***$13.75.** *Also in Stormwind cloth at only* **$10.50.**

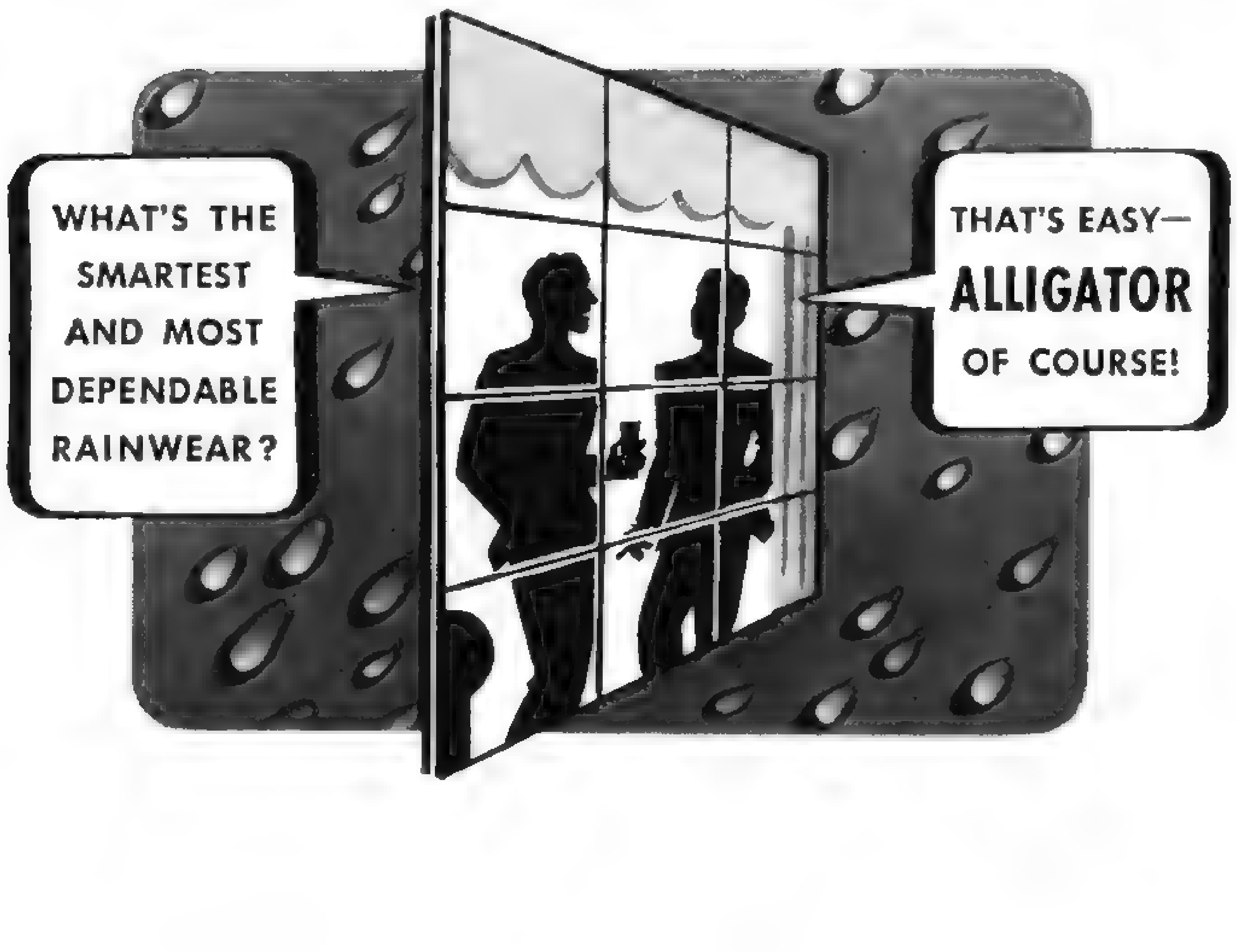


(RIGHT) *Swagger double breasted models in waterproof Alligator fabric at* **$5.75** *up. Galecloth model illustrated* **$15.75.**

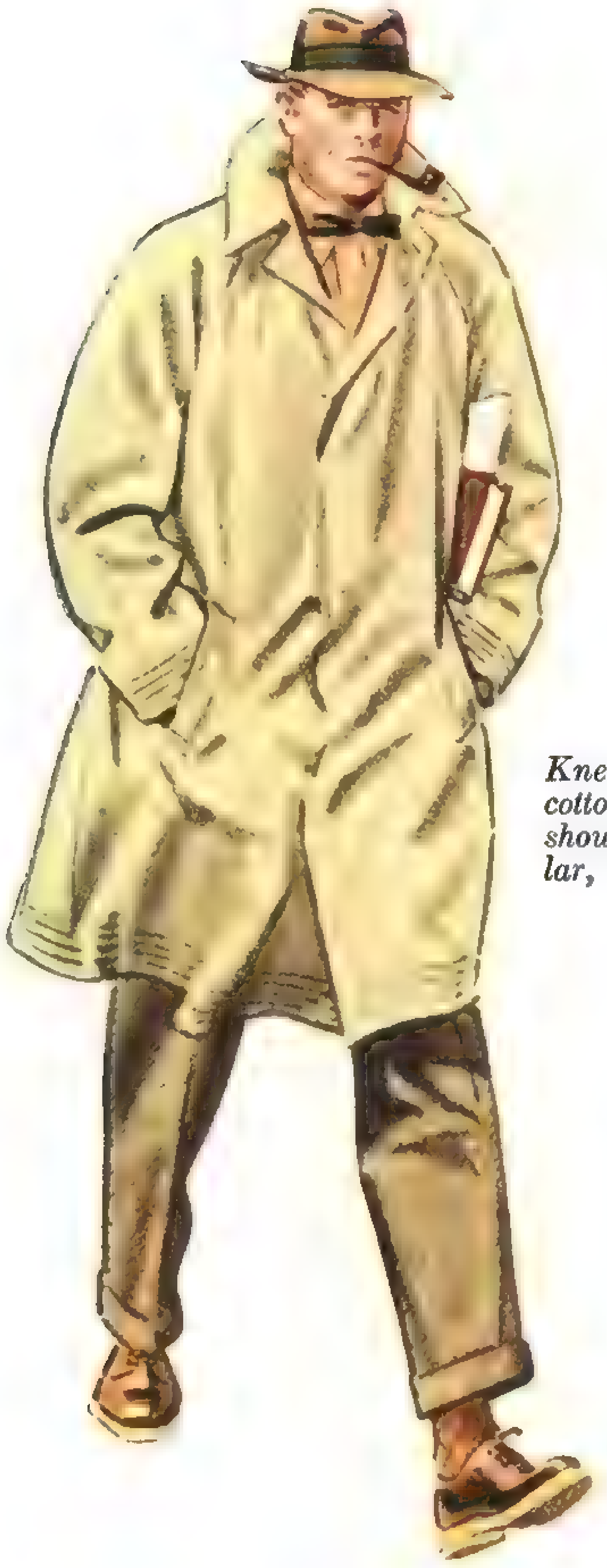


(LEFT) *University Coacher by Alligator. Favorite with college men everywhere. Same model as above but tailored of light weight WATERPROOF Alligator fabric. Made with smart shiny brass buttons. Deep sea green, yellow or black—***$7.50.**

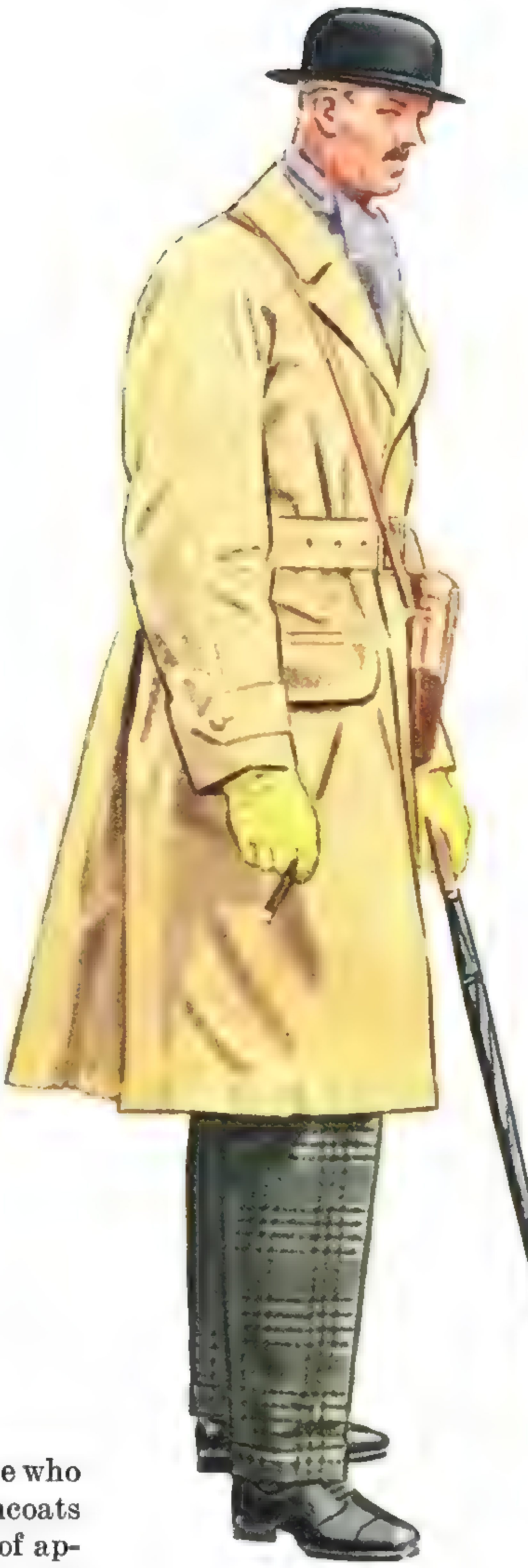
At Better Dealers Everywhere
$\$5^{75}$ to $\$26^{50}$


WHAT'S THE SMARTEST AND MOST DEPENDABLE RAINWEAR?
THAT'S EASY—ALLIGATOR OF COURSE!

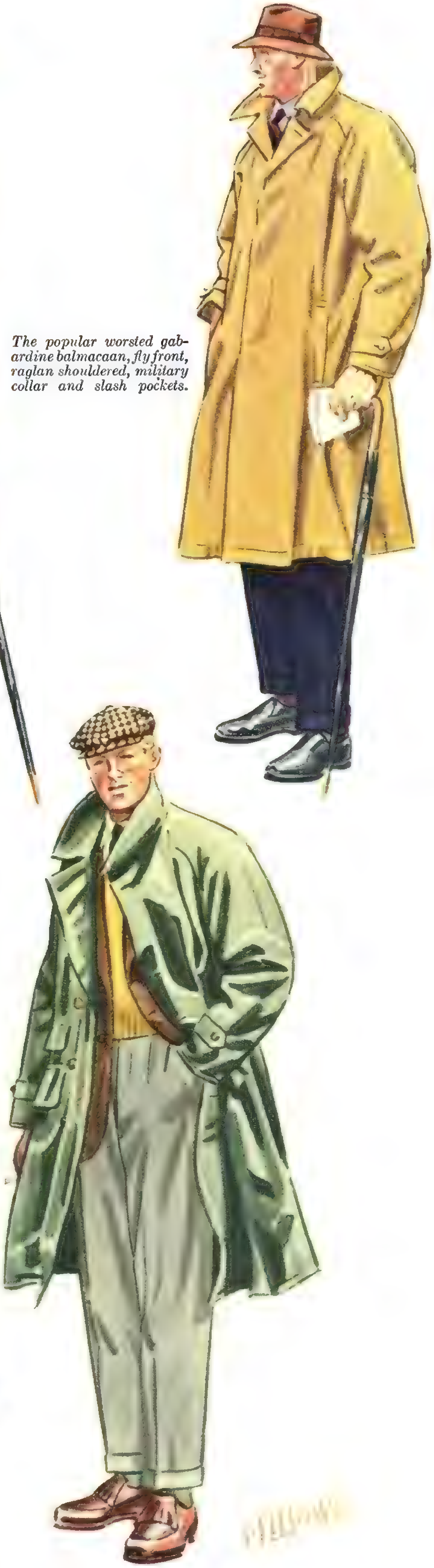
Alligator
Raincoats and Galecoats
because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN



Knee length bone color poplin weave cotton university raincoat, raglan shoulder, fly front, balmacaan collar, stitching at bottom and cuffs.



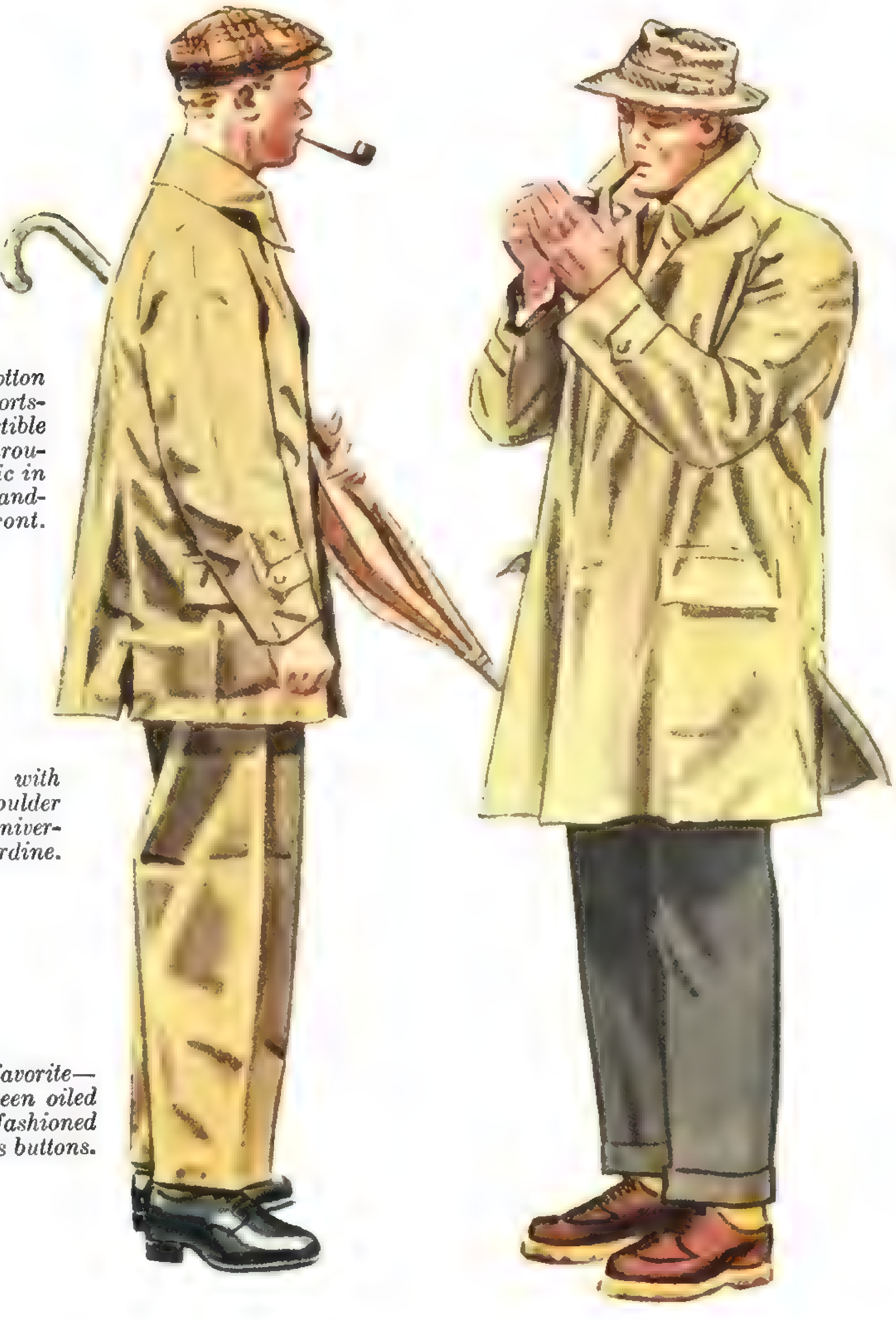
Full skirted single breasted fly front rubberized cotton hunting raincoat, with all-around belt, large flap pockets and convertible collar.



The popular worsted gabardine balmacaan, fly front, raglan shouldered, military collar and slash pockets.

rainbeaters

You won't be interested in this page if you're the type who enters a store and says, "Give me a blue suit!" Raincoats today are as individual in appearance as any item of apparel. Your personal taste should find among these six shower shakers a long lasting form of weather insurance.



Right—The waterproofed cotton rain suit—a favorite with sportsmen—fingertip length, convertible collar, side slits; matching trousers. Also smart and authentic in raglan style with deep expanding center vent and fly front.

Center—The short raincoat, with side vents, fly front, raglan shoulder and convertible collar, for university and country, of cotton gabardine.

Extreme right—A university favorite—the coaching type coat in a green oiled cotton fabric similar to the old-fashioned slicker. This model carries brass buttons.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Five Great Whiskies Skillfully "Wedded" into One

If you could sip these prized whiskies separately, you'd enjoy the one rare, outstanding characteristic of each. But your enjoyment is fuller, richer, when you taste them *combined* in Golden Wedding—*five* great whiskies skillfully "wedded" into one.

5 YEARS OLD
Stimulating Tang
4 YEARS OLD
Luxurious Flavor
11 YEARS OLD
Delicate Aroma
4 YEARS OLD
Distinctive Character
6 YEARS OLD
Rich Body
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

GOLDEN WEDDING WARRANTY

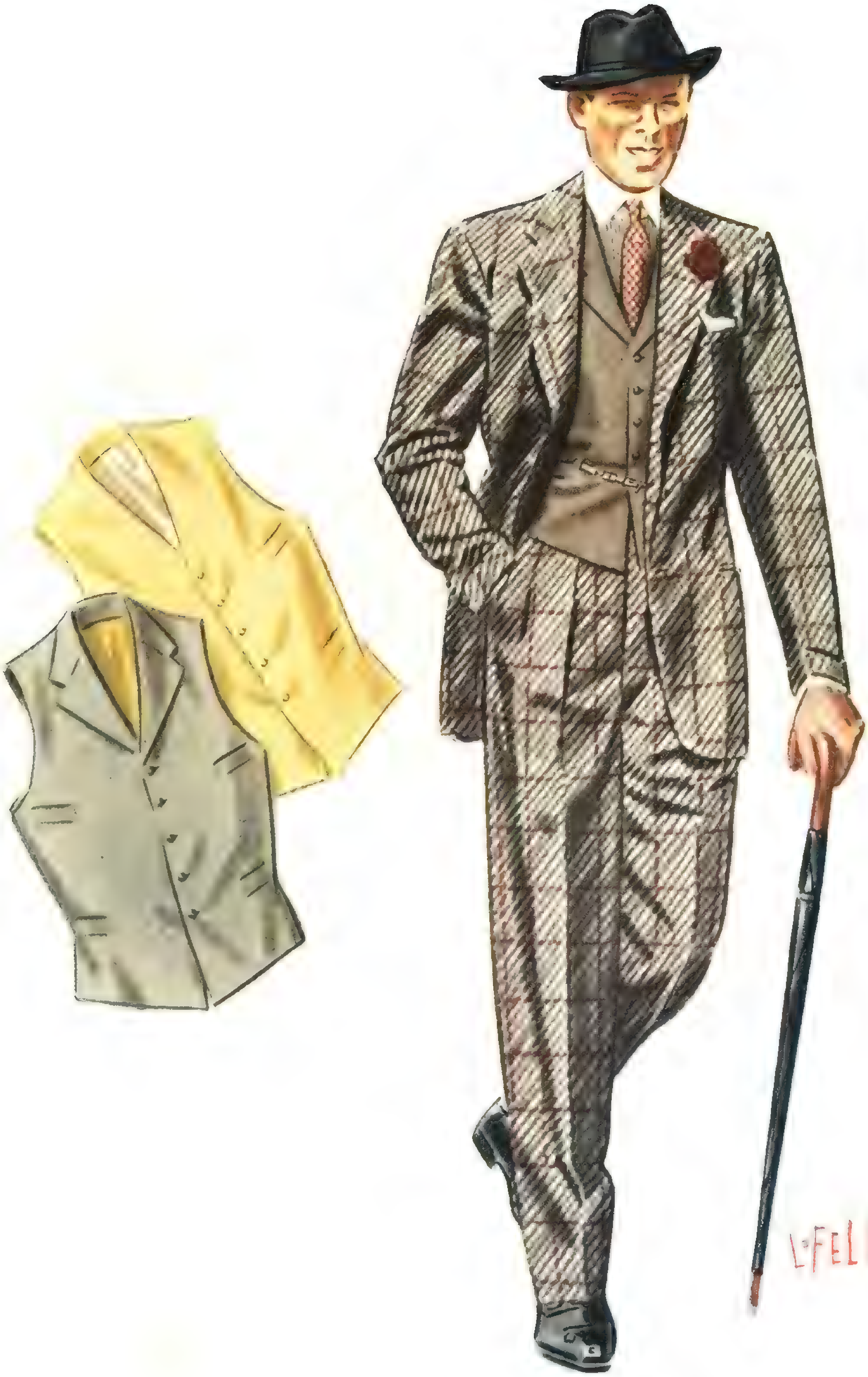
We warrant that Golden Wedding, at its reduced price, is the same luxurious whiskey it has always been. It's all whiskey—five great whiskies skillfully "wedded" into one—every drop 4 years or more old.

There is no other reputation like that of Golden Wedding—It "Has Had No Peers for 50 Years."

Copyright 1940
Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc.,
Schenley, Pa.

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof. As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old.

it's smart to be sporty



THE birds and flowers will be along as per schedule, and here is something else that spring will usher in. It's a semi-sports outfit, not so mute testimony to the fact that the sports influence has by now invaded town for keeps. The suit is a three-button single breasted grey cheviot tweed with large red windowpane check. Note its rather long jacket with side vents and the cuffless trousers. Distinguishing characteristic of this outfit is the odd waistcoat of grey boxcloth, carrying a step collar and cut like a postboy riding vest. Other accessories include a grey striped broadcloth shirt, high white starched collar, red and white county check tie, sporting stickpin, black calf quarter-brogue shoes, black Cavalier hat and red carnation. Sketched at the left are two waistcoats showing details, one with and one without the step collar, and both in the five-button model with long, square flaps.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N Y.)

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 105

ner. But the menu is up to you. You must tell me what you want."

She had her answer ready without hesitation.

"I would like shrimps, but very highly spiced, and in a cream sauce. Oxtail soup. Roast beef with Yorkshire pudding. I am longing for some bread sauce, a sauce that I have never had in this country. Green peas, potatoes with breadcrumbs, a chocolate soufflé with lots of whipped cream, or a Summer Pudding. I'll wager you never heard of this last. Rhine wines, demi tasse, and I *must* have some brandy."

I agreed about the shrimps, but was rather curious about the cream sauce; I know the English cannot make good sauce, and I told Anne so politely but firmly. She evaded the cream sauce issue, and retorted that only they can make bread sauce, "the best in the world." She assured me that any English gal abroad would think very highly of a gentleman who gave her bread sauce. It is made of stale bread crumbs, milk, onion, peppercorns, salt, mace and nutmeg or cloves. She also praised the peas of England highly, telling me that the best came from Warwickshire. I know the English vegetable situation well, war or peace; green peas count as a delicacy in London. I saw them only at the horribly expensive Boulestin, Quaglino, and Berkeley restaurants. In other, lesser places, the saying that there are only six vegetables in England (Brussels sprouts, potatoes, potatoes and Brussels sprouts, and Brussels sprouts and potatoes) seemed to hold good. Remembering with indignation the tasteless vegetables of England, which are cooked with too much water and vengeance, I diplomatically changed the subject.

"I am very much in favor of your meat course," I said to Anne, "and did you know that James I knighted a piece of roast beef with his sword?"

I was proud of knowing this bit of English history which I probably read in the excellent Hume or perhaps in an old cookery book; but Anne's only response was to ask with her usual dry humor whether Yorkshire pudding was also knighted, and if not, oughtn't it to be by the present ruler.

Summer Pudding, which I think is also called "Fool," is made of raspberries, blackberries, black currants and red currants, all stewed together, strained, piled into a mold, with squares of white bread soaked in the stew's sauce laid over the form, topped with very cold whipped cream before serving. It sounds good, but I fully underwrite the English saying: "God could have made a better berry if he wanted to, but God never made a better one than strawberries." And I do not want the berries stewed, either. I take mine neat.

Italy. Baroness Marietta Szvetenay-Persico is one of the most important eyefuls in New York City. You would expect her to be dark and very very Italian. In fact she is blonde, and looks much like a fine Greuze painting or perhaps a Boucher or Fragonard. She is in business in New York, holding a responsible job with a fashionable *couturière;* her former husband is Italian Minister to Cuba.

"My favorite dish is not at all Italian," said the Baroness, "it is international. It is pheasant. I like it made any way, but I really love it when it is roasted after the recipe of Brillat-Savarin, stuffed with chopped woodcock, truffles, anchovies and oranges. If possible the truffles should be white, from Piedmont. I adore them."

With the pheasant the Baroness would like chestnut purée, made with cream, butter, white stock, salt and pepper.

Second favorite turned out to be *Pollo alla Cacciatore*—chicken, hunter style in our prosaic language. This is a ragoût, with the chicken cut up in small pieces, cooked with tomatoes, green peppers, garlic, onions, salt and pepper. The Baroness likes *Prosciutto Crudo*, which is smoked ham, and naturally she enjoys a piece of cantaloupe with it. She likes spaghetti with stewed fresh tomatoes and onions, but her favorite *pasta* is *Cannoli*, a sort of wide macaroni stuffed with chopped meat and spinach. She never eats sweets, and her best liked beverage is a Florentine chianti called Marchesa Antinori. Her favorite vintage is 1928, her favorite restaurant a little Italian joint on Madison Avenue. Baroness Marietta likes cheeses and knows a lot about them. She gives preference to Camembert, especially when it's the real goods with the inscription *Syndicat des Fabricants du Véritable Camembert* on its round wooden box. Roquefort is another favorite; but most women like this pungent cheese with its thousand years of history. She adores *Petit Suisse Sucrée à la Crème*, and so do I and so does everybody else. It is made by Gervais—the clattering of the hoofs of Gervais horses trotting swiftly with the cheese wagons invariably wakes you up at six in the morning in Paris. You have to fix it yourself, covering it with powdered sugar and cream and mashing it with your spoon as though you were making hard sauce. Marietta (it is time to be less formal) likes to have an apple—a Mackintosh or a Scarlet Nonpareil—or a banana with her cheese.

Austria. Greta Keller sings Viennese songs in a New York literary café. She is a type that the good Austrians used to call *rassig*, in other words a woman of temperament, not sweetly pretty, but much more than that. I wish I could invent a new idiom in place of the often-used, tedious sex appeal. But that is what the great Greta has, even in her voice. She is very fond of eating, and also of

Continued on page 176

C&K KNAPP-FELT Announces the New

1940 Tailored Styles

The TAILORED BRIM FOR STREAMLINED STYLE

The TAILORED PANEL EDGE NEW AND EXCLUSIVE

The TAILORED CROWN AND SPREAD-BACK

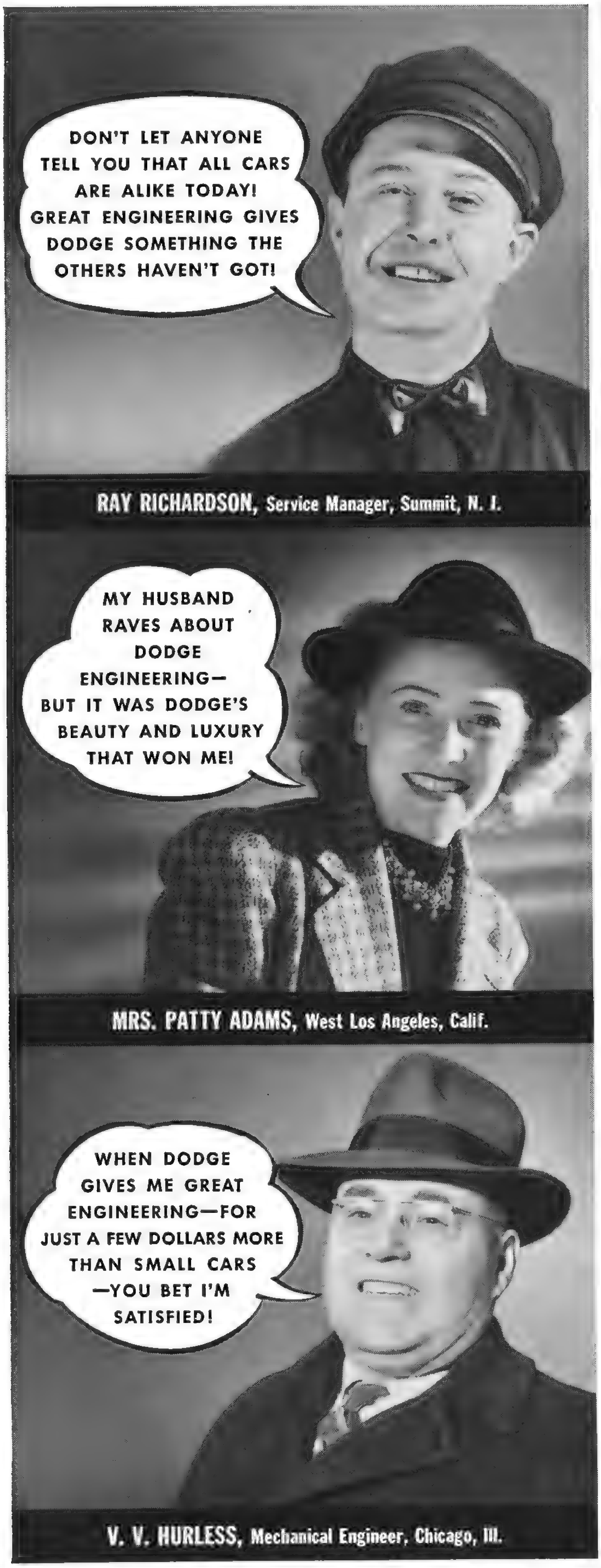
In the New DANUBE BLUE

UNDER C & K handwork today's hat styles have taken on smarter lines than ever before! Crown, brim and edge are proportioned to set off masculine features in the most favorable manner... This is the correct Knapp-Felt for town and business wear.

$5 · $7.50 · $10

C&K KNAPP-FELT

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
Fifth Avenue, New York


DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU THAT ALL CARS ARE ALIKE TODAY! GREAT ENGINEERING GIVES DODGE SOMETHING THE OTHERS HAVEN'T GOT!
RAY RICHARDSON, Service Manager, Summit, N. J.
MY HUSBAND RAVES ABOUT DODGE ENGINEERING—BUT IT WAS DODGE'S BEAUTY AND LUXURY THAT WON ME!
MRS. PATTY ADAMS, West Los Angeles, Calif.
WHEN DODGE GIVES ME GREAT ENGINEERING—FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN SMALL CARS—YOU BET I'M SATISFIED!
V. V. HURLESS, Mechanical Engineer, Chicago, Ill.

4,061 ENGINEERS BOUGHT DODGE IN THE LAST 12 MONTHS†

DODGE PRICES START AT $755 DELIVERED IN DETROIT. ALL FEDERAL TAXES AND ALL STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDED. TRANSPORTATION, STATE AND LOCAL TAXES (IF ANY), EXTRA.

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

† October, 1938, through September, 1939. Latest figures available.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 105-175

cooking; so beware if you invite her in; she might go to your kitchenette at once, and make one of her *Lieblingsspeisen.*

"I am an extremist in food. I either want to eat a Lucullan meal or a simple one, like an Austrian peasant woman," she told me between two songs, "either plenty of marvelous caviar, vodka, a bit of cold roast chicken and a lot of the best dry champagne, or a piece of bread and butter and a slice or two of Bologna out of a greasy paper."

Greta likes steak too, but only if it comes with Sauce Béarnaise. She gave me her recipe for this excellent sauce, which greatly improves all steaks, and I pass it on to you. I warn you that all sauces should be made in a *bain-marie*, a double saucepan, named after a famous alchemist of the fourth century, called Marie.

Sauce Béarnaise à la Greta

Put half a wine glass of vinegar and a half a wine glass of white wine into a saucepan with a teaspoonful of chopped shallot, a little parsley, pepper and salt. Boil till reduced to half, then strain. When cool, add and mix slowly four egg yolks, one ounce of butter; cook very slowly on a slow fire stirring all the time. When the mixture thickens, add another ounce of butter and a very little, finely chopped tarragon. It must be served very hot, but must not boil, or the sauce will curdle. It should be the consistency of mayonnaise.

Greta did not start her practical gastronomic career in Vienna; she learned to cook in a Paris night club, the Casanova, where she filled a long engagement a few years back; she told me that she spent more time in the kitchen than in front of the microphone. The song of the year was: "Perhaps it's because I love you too much." Figure it out for yourself. It was here that she picked up the habit of eating only two meals a day, or night rather—at seven in the evening and five a. m.

"Please put in your article," she said, "that my real love is *Krautfleckerln*, a Viennese specialty that we eat for dessert. They are square-cut noodles, or fleckerln, for which there is no English word, and they are mixed with chopped fried cabbage. Oh, it's vonderfoll! *Des is ja a fleckerl!*" she added enthusiastically in Viennese dialect, "but I don't dare to eat it. It makes me fat. I only venture to make it and eat it when I am already sure of one man's affections and I know he does not care what I look like."

India. When I asked the young princess, Bachoo Dinsha (income reputedly $20,000 a month, phone No. Bombay 40627) to compose a menu for a dinner in a bachelor apartment, she arranged the folds of her pale blue sari, took another sip of her Scotch and plain water, and upon my honor she spoke to me in the following terms:

"O.K. Butch, give me a pencil, I'll write it out for you."

Expecting some Anglo-Indian bât I was mildly surprised at the Princess' phraseology; but I nearly fainted when I saw her menu. It was oysters, roast beef, fresh strawberries, coffee, and some more Scotch.

I protested vigorously.

"Now, Princess," I said to her, "this won't do at all. First of all I already have someone who swears by roast beef, and then I want you to give me the names and recipes of some of those marvelous Indian dishes, curries and things."

"I hate curries," said Princess Bachoo. "I loathe Indian food. I only like American food; for instance I just remembered that I adore apple pie. In fact I can't exist without apple pie."

In the course of the conversation she explained to me that since the pasturage is bad in India, the milk, butter and meat are bad too. She thinks the poor quality of the meat was the reason for their first using curry and all sorts of different spices, to cover up the nasty taste of the meat. But before the interview with the princess, I had carefully looked up books of infallible authority, and found that spices have been used in India since time immemorial because they were thought to be beneficial. For instance ginger (called *Adrak* in Hindustani) is a great appetizer and improver of taste. Mace and cloves are good for colds. Coriander (*Dhunnia*) is supposed to be excellent for the whole system, while pepper (*Kali mirch*) discourages biliousness. I confronted the Princess with these verities, and I also added that according to Mulk Raj Anand, a gourmet from Kapurthala, all the maharajahs like highly spiced food, and now and then even go out to the kitchens of their palaces, don an apron, and begin to cook, like other ordinary busybody family men all over the world.

"It's so much hot air. Some day I'll debunk that propaganda," said Princess Bachoo, sticking consistently to her American slang, and it seemed to me that once more I was facing a discord in life. Here was a young Indian princess on a short visit to America who chose to denounce the many-thousand-year-old culinary civilization of her native land, and side with young America. And I was thoughtless enough to drop a half-sarcastic, half-reproachful sentence.

"I suppose you even like peanut butter sandwiches."

"I love 'em!" exclaimed the Princess. However, after lengthy and extremely skillful operations on my part, the Princess came through with an Indian recipe, which I cautiously verified by a Gandhi sympathizer. The Princess said that this was the only Indian dish she liked, and that it was fairly tolerable. I tried it out, and it proved to be more than excellent.

Partridges Pulao

Truss (tie up) two fat partridges, and boil them in water with a bit of salt. Then take the birds from the water, which has now become stock. Fry two small onions in butter in a large saucepan, add cloves, a few almonds, raisins, peppercorns, cinnamon and a little garlic. Fry the partridges in this mixture till brown. Add a half-pound of rice, covering the birds and rice with the stock that was left from cooking; let the whole thing boil, taking care that the rice does not burn or stick to the sides. You may add some saffron to color the rice just before it is done. The pulao is ready to serve when the rice is tender.

Rice dishes and curries are at the same time extremely difficult and terribly simple to make, and the young Rajah of Mandi told me that all Indian potentates employ Javanese chefs because the Hindu ones cannot cook rice to perfection. I ought to put in a word here about chutneys, a manly must with Hindu entrées, because I love them, but know little about them, never having been to India. This country is not thoroughly chutney-conscious as yet, and there are only a few domestic brands—one of them excellent but expensive—and the real Merwanjee Poonjajee Bengal mango chutney is hard to get. Professor Valyi, who recently came back from India, and is an authority on the subject, tells me that very good Lallah chutney may be made at home out of twenty peeled and sliced apples, a pound of preserved ginger, half a pound of chilies, half a pound of sultanas, three shallots, three onions, two pounds of brown sugar, one ounce and a half of mustard seed, and three pints of vinegar, all boiled together for four hours, and then bottled for later use.

France. Gourmets always leave the best morsels to the end. Her name is Jeanne Levasseur, she is tall, brunette, extremely pretty, was born in Limousin Province in France, and she is the very important secretary of a Fifth Avenue importing house. At the sight of so much feminine beauty, I involuntarily sighed:

"Oh, how pretty French women are!" and I added slyly: "while their men as a rule are plain, often ugly, and rather insignificant in stature."

"First of all," answered Mlle Levasseur, with a frown on her lovely forehead, "I assure you that a great many Frenchmen are very handsome. Secondly, we French women have no objection to a little *embonpoint*, which we think makes a man more distinguished and marks a *bon vivant*, nor to beards, nor even to slight baldness. More often than not we like a man's brains. Thirdly, you came here to ask culinary questions. Let's get on with them."

I was brought to order.

France being the real home of gourmets, I thought I should get the best contribution to my survey from Mlle Levasseur. I was quite wrong. It seems that Jeanne does not care much for food; she admits to a most proletarian palate. She likes *Saucisson de Lyon*, which is garlic salami, the simple soup of the French peasants, or a Petite Marmite; plain boiled or French fried potatoes, and Moules Marinière, which is a common enough food in France. She likes a very flat minute steak, and spaghetti and ravioli. After careful deliberation we decided that she would want the following food if she were invited by an amateur chef to a meal in his bachelor apartment:

Lunch: hearty, as is the French habit. To begin with, Bouillabaisse or a plain omelet; lamb chops with bacon for the entrée, or perhaps Cassoulet Toulousienne; potatoes and green peas, but the peas must be cooked in butter with lettuce. She loves all sorts of cakes because when she was in boarding school, at the Lycée of Limoges, she was forbidden all sweets. She would like a light Alsatian wine with the entrée, and demi-tasse to end up with.

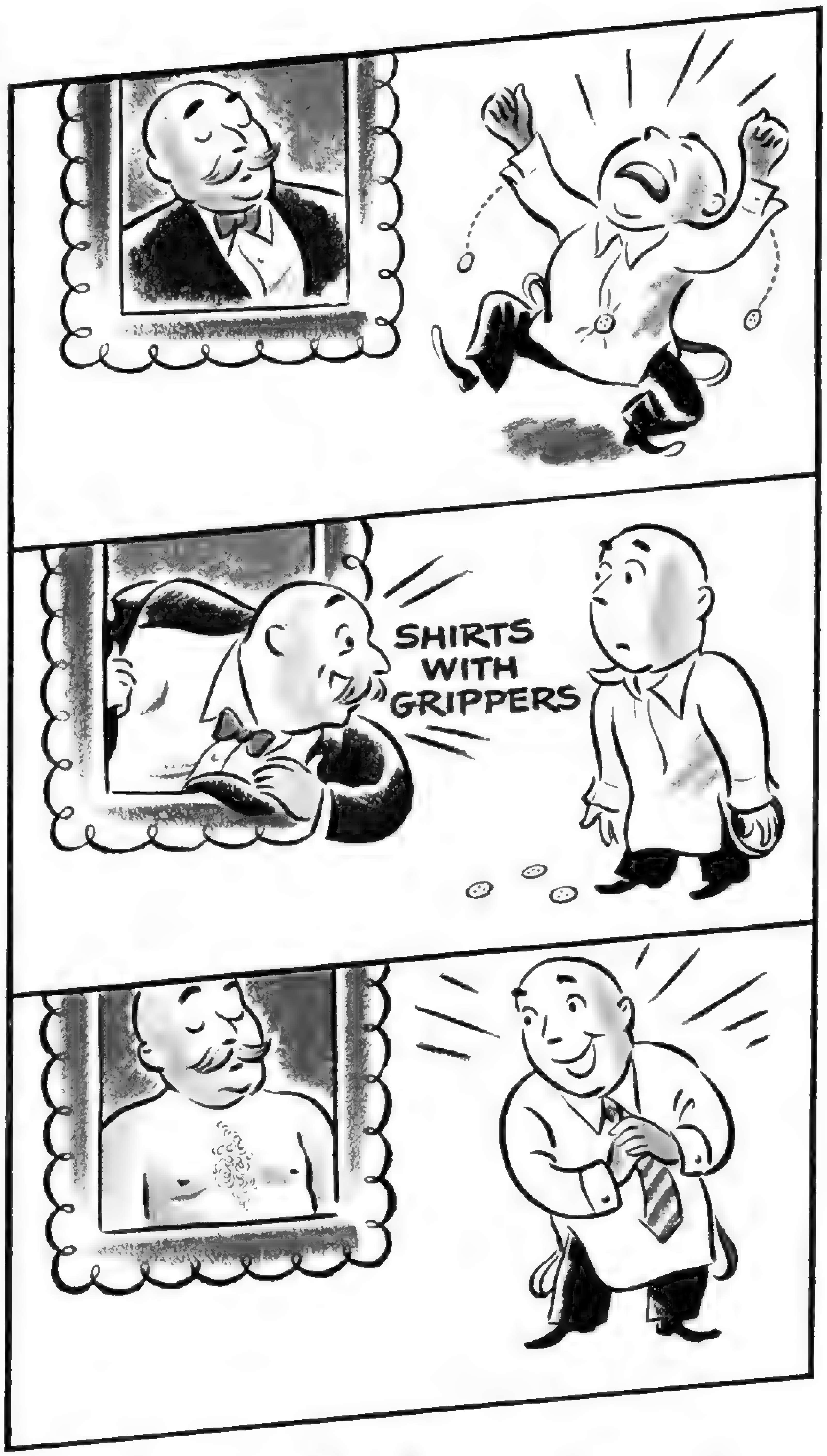
Tea: she will allow no man to touch the tea kettle. Jeanne says tea is the only thing she can make, but this she brews superbly. She takes her coffee with hot milk, not cream; this is a taste left over from France, which she would not change for anything. If there are no croissants she would just take coffee with milk; but a croissant might soften her. So would a tart aux fruits.

Dinner: she does not like American poultry, with the exception of duck and turkey. So make it turkey or a ragoût or roast leg of lamb; Jeanne does not like veal either; in the evening she must have her salad after the meat and vegetables, not with them, and the salad should be seasoned merely with oil and vinegar and salt and pepper. She does not like mince, apple or rhubarb pie, loves greengages and Frangipani tarts or chocolate profiteroles. Two or three glasses of ordinary, non-vintage champagne, another demi-tasse, and that's all.

For future, after-the-war reference I will tell you that Jeanne's favorite Paris restaurants are the Brasserie de la Reine Pedauque and the Rotisserie Périgourdin, and that her favorite crossing boat was the *Normandie*. I refuse to divulge her telephone number.

While the list is by no means perfect, owing to shortage of space, and probably I have omitted to write about what the ladies of your favorite nationality like to have you cook for them, it may give you some idea how to stir the affections of an English, Italian, Austrian, Hindu or French girl, or to alienate them by the simple device of changing the menus around.

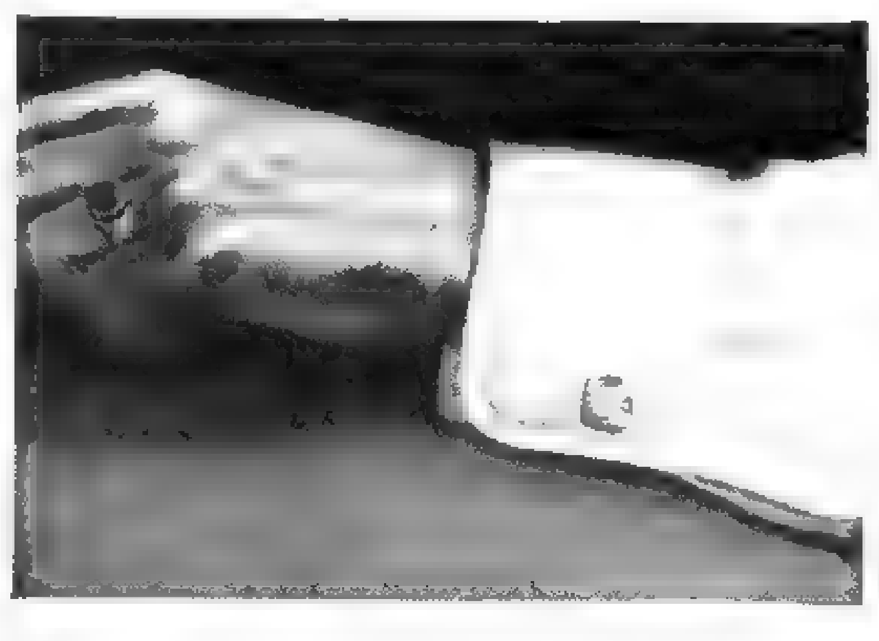
But then that might be just the thing that would take her fancy. As we all know, women are inconsistent. ⧺



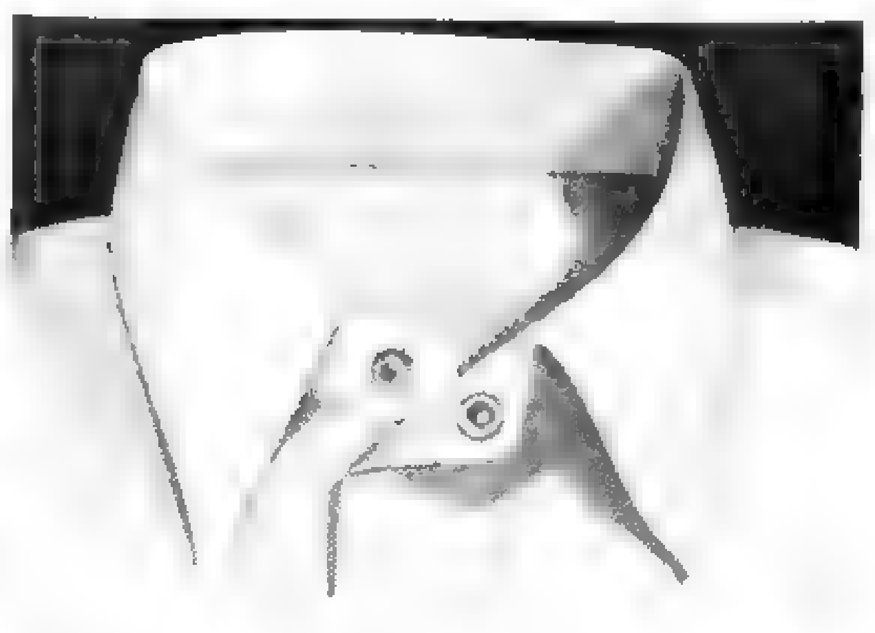
Say Good-by "Button Bother"

Get SHIRTS WITH "GRIPPERS"*

Imagine! A shirt that won't shed buttons at the neck . . . a shirt that won't return from the laundry with the cuff buttons missing. The secret: It's closed with GRIPPERS fasteners. They can't rip off—can't break or crush in the laundry. They're neater than buttons, and so much more convenient! Why pass up these real and obvious advantages. Why not ask for shirts with GRIPPERS today?

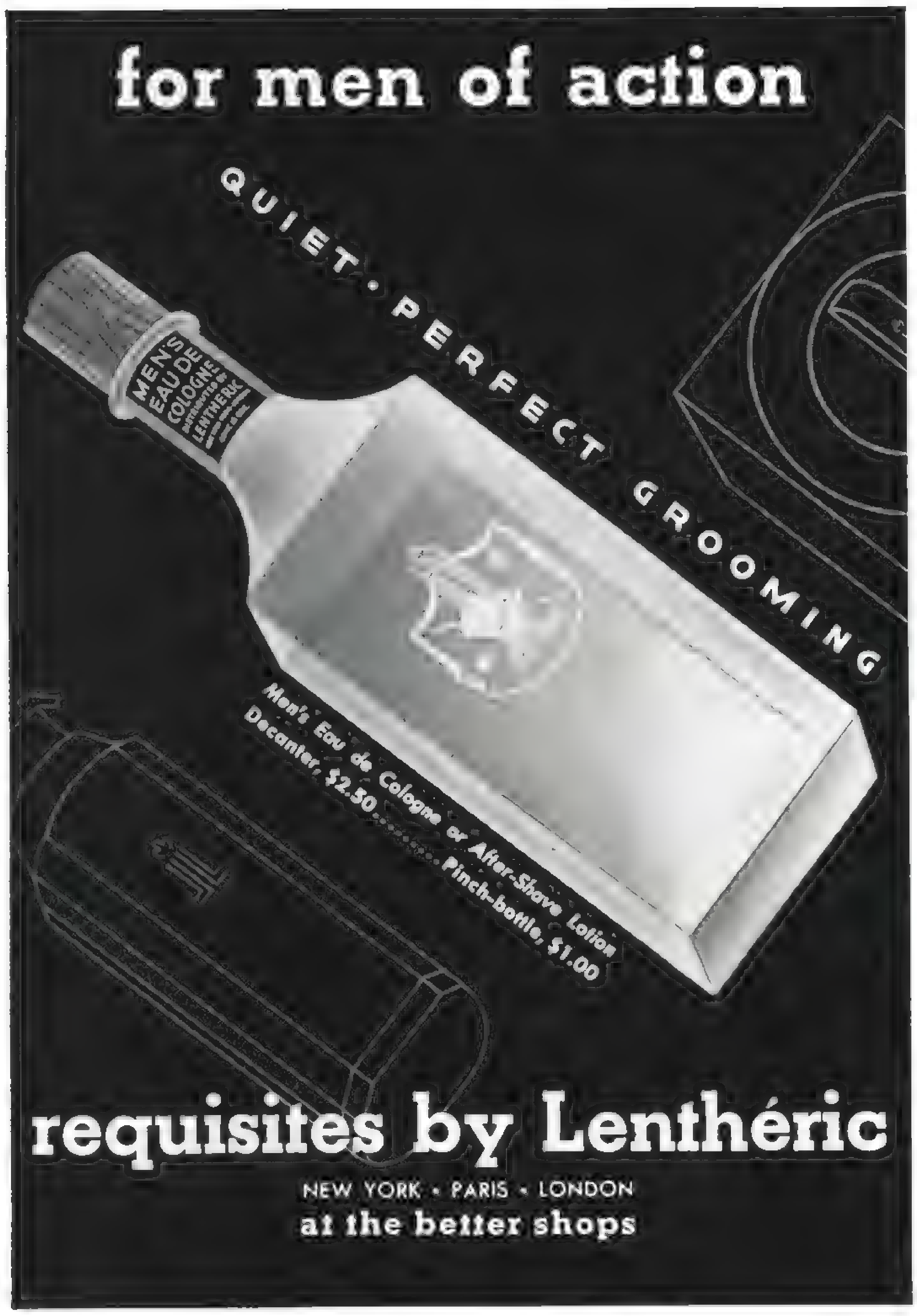


Wilson Bros. and Shirtcraft shirts feature GRIPPERS at the neck and special de luxe GRIPPERS at the cuff.



The Arrow "Times" shirt and The Manhattan "Cue" shirts now feature GRIPPERS fasteners at the neckband.

GRIPPERS FASTENERS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN.
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS
**The laundry-proof fasteners that end button bother*


for men of action

QUIET · PERFECT GROOMING

Men's Eau de Cologne or After-Shave Lotion
Decanter, $2.50........Pinch-bottle, $1.00

requisites by Lenthéric
NEW YORK · PARIS · LONDON
at the better shops

Neither Rain
Nor Sun
Nor Blackout
Impairs the Smartness
of a BURBERRY

Business as usual implies a Burberry Topcoat as usual for the discerning civilian in 69 countries of the world.

But the Burberry is a sportsman as well . . . a sturdy defier of the elements in country and town alike. Carefully cut and meticulously tailored it provides a welcome but lightweight warmth for the exigencies of the American Spring and Fall.

BURBERRYS
of London

Selected Burberry Agents are located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. Names on request to Burberrys Ltd., 16 East 38th St., New York City.

A Moose on Me

Continued from page 75

hunting than for the shooting."

"It relieves me to know you don't mind it," Bill came back. "However, there is a little group of French-Canadians that gather around a round table and set the dates for the open seasons on game. They are going to be hurt. Yes, and when you get your deer out of the bush and apply to a game warden for an export permit, he is going to be hurt. Take it from me, my friend, the only cure for their outraged feelings will be the transfer of a number of American dollars. The fines are steep, and to make matters worse, they'll take the deer and give it to a hospital."

"In other words," I suggested, "in words of as few syllables as possible, the season is closed on deer."

Bill nodded.

Gus, my guide, explained that we were south of the 47th parallel, the line that divided the hunting from the no-hunting territory. But by paddling a canoe to the upper end of the lake we could hunt moose legally. Deer and bear were out.

"I have seen a lot of moose," I stated, "but never deliberately hunted one."

"That will make it something of an experience," Bill retorted, gathering from my tone that I didn't think much of the sport.

Then I looked through my duffel bag for cartridges and realized the whole thing was preordained. Before leaving I had called the gun shop and ordered fifty rounds of 150 grain bullets. They had arrived and I stowed them away without examination. Upon looking at the boxes I found I had been given 180 grain and 220 grain bullets.

Gus decided we might as well try our luck that afternoon, so after a hearty lunch I took my place in the bow of a flimsy birchbark canoe and we headed for the upper end of the lake. The wind was against us, and in addition to making our propulsion arduous, it made for bad hunting conditions.

"No use trying to call up a moose in this wind," Gus complained. "The sound wouldn't carry a hundred yards up-wind, and no moose is damn fool enough to answer a call that's accompanied by our scent."

"How about trying some still hunting?" I suggested.

"Not in October," Gus explained. "You haven't a chance while the rutting season lasts. The moose are scattered through the muskeg, and you couldn't cover five miles through that stuff in a day. You sink to your knees in muck every step, and the moose can hear you a mile off. No good still hunting until the swamps freeze next month. We'll try calling if the wind dies out."

At the upper end of the lake we beached the canoe and Gus led the way over a series of small wooded ridges to the shore of a tiny pond. Along the edge of the water we could see several places where moose had been feeding on lily pads and water beets. Some of the signs were made that morning.

Gus went to a white birch, peeled off a three-foot square of bark and fashioned a crude megaphone. The bell was about eight inches in diameter, and it tapered down to a mouthpiece the size of a dime. He rejoined me at the edge of the pond, where I was making a vain and I thought valiant effort to ignore several million blackflies. Placing the call to his lips and holding his nose with two fingers, Gus gave a long, drawn-out bellow, putting as much seduction in it as possible.

"Cow call?" I asked.

Gus nodded.

It had always struck me that this method was an especially dirty trick to play on a moose, even during the mating season when members of the weaker sex in the moose kingdom are, as Gus put it, "*dix cents pour douze.*" A wandering bull in search of a mate hears the call of a prospecting bride and hastens to reply—vocally and on foot. When he arrives, turning over the angles of his proposed courtship as he runs, he is greeted by a bullet. Somehow it never seemed fair.

The wind refused to die out, so we gave up and headed back for camp.

The next morning I suggested an early start, so we again fought a headwind up the lake. We were standing on the shore of the pond by eleven, but at four o'clock Gus decided it was hopeless.

We went back to the canoe, and just as I dipped my paddle into the water the sound of a falling tree reached us from a narrow peninsula two miles down the lake. The crash was followed by two lighter ones, and Gus broke into a French monologue.

"*Un original,*" he concluded. Then, doubting my French, he added, "A moose."

Within a half-hour we were twenty feet from the peninsula, the canoe parallel to the shore and under an overhanging branch. Gus picked up the call and sent a hoarse bellow ringing through the woods.

A few seconds later there was not one response but two, both from bulls. One of the moose seemed to be about a mile distant, the other half that far. The wind had dropped to an extent that failed to sway the tops of the tallest spruces, and sound carried well.

For a half-hour Gus alternated between cow calls and bull calls. It was evident that the best response was gained through the latter. Evidently the bulls were more intrigued by the prospect of a fight than a love affair, so Gus came forth with some grunts that amazed me.

Meanwhile, the light was growing steadily worse, and another half-hour would find it too dark for shooting.

Suddenly there was a resounding crash about three hundred yards from the lake shore, then, almost by magic, the head and shoulders of a big bull emerged from the thicket 150 yards distant. Gus came forth with another grunt and the moose swung his huge head our way and leaped out into the shallow water.

Without conscious direction on my part the rifle went up, the sights rested on a huge shoulder and my finger squeezed the trigger. The rifle recoiled against my shoulder and I automatically worked the bolt, throwing another shell in the magazine. Once again the gun recoiled.

The moose lurched forward and fell on its side, and Gus sent the canoe toward it with a deep thrust of the paddle. When we dressed out the moose later we found that one of the heavy bullets had shattered the heart, the other had broken the spine. The moose must have been dead when he hit the water, but his reflexes carried him more than 100 feet from shore.

It took us two hours to get him ashore, and while I built a fire for light, Gus began the job of quartering the big animal. He did the entire job, in very bad light, with an ordinary pocket knife boasting a three-inch blade. It occurred to me later that Gus had not visioned the possibility of having to quarter a moose when we set out that morning. But I said nothing.

The thing that still puzzles me is how that rifle got to my shoulder, centered itself on the moose and fired. At any rate, I'll be on a moose diet for the rest of the winter. Possibly far into the spring.

The element of danger in moose hunting is just about nil, unless you happen to upset the canoe. As for hitting a moose at any distance at which you can distinguish the sex—any man who could possibly miss might do well to follow one of three procedures: 1. Get a new pair of glasses. 2. Get a new rifle. 3. Give up hunting altogether.

So, as I said before, the whole thing was an accident, but if you want to have a similar accident I can't think of a better site than the Quebec bush. The woods there literally and figuratively reek of moose, but unless you can put to good use some seven hundred pounds of moose I would suggest you spend your time hunting smaller game. When I think how the Ancient Mariner complained about having a mere trifle like an albatross round his neck I think of my moose and decide that I am stoic by comparison. Don't get the idea that you can go up into the bush, kill a moose, and then take out only the choice cuts. You can do that, of course, but when the authorities learn of it you will have a long trek back for the rest of the meat. A law forbids the leaving of any edible moose meat in the bush. Bring it out and give it away, but bring it out you must. As for giving it to your friends—banish the thought.

Unless you plan flying in (and out) of the moose country, it is important to condition yourself before leaving on the trip. Practice carrying a quarter of beef around the block twenty-five times. If you will do this three times a day for about three weeks preceding your trip, you should be in fair shape for the more rigorous task of "getting out" your moose. Thanks to the brothers Wright mine was flown out. ###

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 103

boldest and proudest poetic spirit. Felicitous is the adjective. The tone is clear, sweet—and Mr. Barbirolli demonstrates his undisputed talent as an accompanist—though the orchestra on this album is not as good nor as sonorous as the one he directs now.

Debussy: L'Après-midi d'un Faune. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic. Columbia 69600-D. A placid afternoon with a faun who hasn't suffered too much and who, if he isn't exactly sleepy, doesn't get up on his hind legs. Sir Thomas is restrained, doesn't stress the drama. The record sounds well, and one listens with pleasure though he is not stirred.

R. Strauss: Morgen and *Mit Deinen Blauen Augen.* Lotte Lehmann. Decca 20339. Mme Lehmann gives her utmost to these Strauss lieder. Her shortness of breath doesn't disturb the phrasing as much in *Morgen* as in the other—and for once she is on the pitch throughout. This is a repressing of a European matrix—and unfortunately the surface is not first class.

Wieniawski: Legende, opus 17. Yehudi Menuhin and the Concerts Colonne Orchestra conducted by Georges Enesco. Victor 15423. Not pyrotechnical display as you might expect, but an elegiac romance—to which Menuhin yields just about the loveliest violin tone on wax.

FOR MODERNS:

Arthur Bliss: Music for Strings. Sir Adrian Boult and BBC Orchestra. Victor M-464. Active, bold, interesting, if not profound, music. Adds vitamin Q to your musical diet—good if you don't get too much. By England's 49-year-old Bliss who has spent much time in this country.

Ernest Bloch: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra. Joseph Szigeti and *Orchestre de la Société des Concerts de Conservatoire,* Charles Minch conducting. Columbia Set No. 389. A performance and a recording that well may satisfy composer Bloch. Exalting, exultant, philosophical, this is among his best scores.

John Carpenter: Adventures in a Perambulator. Eugene Ormandy and Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-238. The hedo-

Continued on page 180

PORTIS
"Home Run"
$3.95
PORTIS
"Base Hit"
$3.95
PORTIS
"Patriot"
$3.95
"Protek" Perspiration-proof Interlining.
"Swansback" Water-repellent Finish.

AMERICA'S LEADING STORES ARE NOW FEATURING *Big League Styles* FOR SPRING

PORTIS

Hand Fashioned Hats

Other Styles, $3.95 • $5 and $7

PORTIS BROS. HAT CO. • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

RICHARD CROOKS
OR
LARRY CLINTON
FRITZ KREISLER
OR
SAMMY KAYE
VICTOR

Music to match your mood is always at hand on

Victor Records

This evening, as you relax in that precious pause before dinner, wouldn't it be delightful to hear the particular music that most appeals to you at the moment? . . . Music performed by some of the world's greatest artists? This pleasure can be yours any time with Victor Records. Tonight on Victor Red Seal Records, you may, if you wish, command symphonic music—under Toscanini, Stokowski and Koussevitzky. Perhaps tomorrow you will be gay to the dance music of Tommy Dorsey, Hal Kemp, Lionel Hampton, Wayne King and Xavier Cugat. Always, Victor Record music is music perfectly attuned to your mood.

At your RCA Victor Music Merchant's hear a Victor Record concert on a genuine RCA Victrola. The only *genuine* RCA Victrola is made by RCA Victor. It provides the most brilliant reproduction of Victor Higher Fidelity Recording. You will be glad to learn that new models with automatic record changers have amazing new low prices.

•

New! RCA Victor Long Life Needle with precious metal tip. Prolongs record life and brings out finest tone. $1.00.

The Musical Masterpiece of the Month

A John Charles Thomas Program. With Victor Symphony Orchestra conducted by Frank Tours. Eight selections by Beethoven, Donaudy, Scott, Moore-Gatty, Massenet, Leoncavallo, Verdi and Rossini. Album M-645, 8 sides, $8.00.

The World's Greatest Artists are on Victor Records

Automatic RCA Victrola Model U-40
combines record and radio entertainment

Hear your Victor Records at their best on this *genuine* 1940 RCA Victrola designed by the same engineers who perfected Victor Higher Fidelity Recording. This brilliant instrument has a Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer, powerful Push-Pull Audio System for realism at low or high volume . . . radio with Push-Button Tuning, American and foreign reception, built-in Magic Loop Antenna and plug-in for Television Attachment. Cabinet in walnut or mahogany veneers . . . All this at a history-making low price! $120*

•

For finer radio performance, RCA Victor Radio Tubes. Trademarks "Victor", "RCA Victor" and "Victrola" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc. You can buy RCA Victrolas on C.I.T. easy payment plan . . . *Price f.o.b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

RCA Victrola
COMBINES RECORD AND RADIO ENTERTAINMENT
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 103-179

nistic life of your baby.

Roy Harris: Trio for Violin, 'Cello and Piano. Played by the Italian Trio. Columbia Set No. 282.

Stoical, strong but tentative chamber music effort that hasn't sold many sets. Straight-from-the-shoulder performance.

J. Ibert: Concertina du Camera for Saxophone and Orchestra and *Pierre Vellones: Rhapsody for Alto Saxophone.* Marcel Mule and orchestra conducted by Philippe Gaubert. Victor M-588. The saxophone achieves a high estate. One Gallic wit puts it in the service of the antique *concerts de camera;* another, as a rhapsody. Neither aspires to be other than amusing and, therefore, does not wear out his welcome.

Charles M. Loeffler: Music for Four Stringed Instruments. An unforgettably serene and beautiful tribute to an American aviator who fell in the last war.

Darius Milhaud: La Creation du Monde (*Ballet Negre*). Symphony orchestra directed by the composer. Columbia Set X-18. A tough problem—but not for a Frenchman.

Igor Stravinsky: Les Noces—Ballet. Percussion orchestra with soloists and chorus conducted by composer. Columbia Set 204. A cantata with dances which Stravinsky worked and re-worked until it took its present shape. Suggests, *à la Stravinsky,* the primitive spirit of Russian village life. Sung in English.

Ralph Vaughan-Williams: Symphony in F minor. Performed by the BBC Symphony conducted by Vaughan-Williams. Victor M-440. England's greatest living composer, now sixty-eight, and the only one to hold the Order of Merit from the British crown, here gives a sample of his best work. Closely knit, unified and coherent, it has the unmistakable Vaughan-Williams taste. It was introduced to America by Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra five years ago and deserves a place on more symphony programs.

FOR THE WEEK END:

Grieg: En Svane; Horer du (in Norwegian) and *Drick!* (in Swedish). Sung by Lauritz Melchior. Victor 2007. Telling of Grieg's swan, Mr. Melchior's pianissimo is affecting and beautiful. His plea to listen and the drinking song come off less well. The recorders and he himself have done everything possible to get over the tough spots.

Victor Herbert Melodies: Anne Jamison, Jan Peerce, Tom Thomas, Victor chorus and orchestra conducted by Nathaniel Shilkret. Victor C-33. Herbert fans will consider this a collection item. Jitterbugs won't give it shelf room. The performance is acceptable. Jan Peerce's voice sounds better on wax and over the air than it really is.

The singers all dish out the schmaltz, and easily out-schmaltz the Viennese.

Nin: Malaguena, Jota Tortosina and *de Falla: Seguidilla.* Sung by Lucrezia Bori, assisted by George Copland, pianist. Victor 1984. If you don't object to Miss Bori's cold, brittle white voice and don't mind the absence of color, you will like her rhythmic punctuations and projection of her personality. The songs are transposed to accommodate her range.

Spanish Guitar Selections. Played by Vicente Gomez. Decca Album 60. Both Castilian and Flamenco airs are by Spain's wandering minstrel.

Streets of Paris: Six Brazilian songs. Decca 23095-97. Sung by Carmen Miranda, the lady with the sensuous charm, in the South American way.

Dwight Fiske Album. Eight new pianologues by the one and only Dwight Fiske, including: *The Toast of Calcutta, Thank You for Coming, Souvenir of the Fair, Oh Evening Star, Havana Night, From Titles to Tales, His Excellency, Town and Country Boy.* (Liberty Music Shops.) Need you know more about it!

FOR THE INCINERATOR:

Bach: Overture à la Manière Française, and *Fugue in A minor.* Ernest Victor Wolff playing the harpsichord. Columbia M-357. This dull, stolid playing sets you snoring in no time. It misses entirely Bach's wit and it has no lift.

Schubert: Serenade and *Schumann: Two Grenadiers:* Herbert Janssen, baritone. Victor 15379. The voice sounds like a refrigerator recharging itself. Tremolo is bad, high notes are spread, and the accompaniment couldn't be worse. Mr. Janssen, who can be very good, apparently has neither the temperament nor the style for the Schumann. He is sticky, oversweet.

R. Strauss: Olympische Hymn. Bruno Kittel. Chorus and orchestra. Decca 20294. A piece made to order for the last Olympic celebration in Berlin. Uninspired, dull, there's no Strauss in it. The choirs bawl continuously.

Songs from The Great Waltz (Oscar Hammerstein II, Johann Strauss II, adaptations by Dimitri Tiomkin). *One Day When We Were Young, There Will Come a Time* and *Tales from the Vienna Woods.* Sung by Miliza Korjus. A Hollywood concoction filled with exaggeration, cheap theatricalsim. Mlle Korjus is on pitch but has none of the sureness and beauty of her pre-Hollywood discs. Her coloratura is steely, expressionless, mechanical. Her singing tentative, synthetic, artificial. And there's a lush, schmaltzy violin all over the place.

In fact, more vocal and instrumental faults could hardly be packed into ten inches. It's Strauss gone wrong. And that's worse than you might imagine.

THEY MAKE YOU SLIM...
THEY KEEP YOU TRIM...
Slimline SLACKS
by Moyer

Slimline Slacks make you look better . . . feel better . . . because they're tailored better . . . and designed better. Slimline's tailoring improves your appearance for golf, for tennis, for week-end, for practically any time when you want to combine swank with comfort. (And here's a tip that will double your wardrobe). Two or three pairs of Slimline Slacks to harmonize with your coats, assure you the equivalent of a dozen extra suits! And for this scoop price . . . . it's easy to own them! $4.95

The new Koverzip closure; covered in harmonizing cloth. No more embarrassing glimpses of metal. No buttons, no bulge!

PATTERN SCOOPS..MONTHS AHEAD

In herringbones, stripes, checks, tweeds. In russet, blue, and green.

If your dealer doesn't carry Slimline Slacks mail the coupon below.

MOYER MANUFACTURING CO.
18 N. Walnut St., Youngstown, Ohio
Gentlemen: Please send Parcel Post Prepaid...... Slimline Slacks at $4.95 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. ☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money order. ☐ C.O.D. Post Office delivery charge of 15c on C.O.D.
Sizes: Waist (27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36-38-40-42)
Inseam (29-30-31-32-33-34-35)
☐ Stripes ☐ Tweeds ☐ Herringbones ☐ Checks
Colors____
NAME____
ADDRESS____
CITY____ STATE____

Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Permanent *Transient*

RCA Manufacturing Co., Camden, N. J.

(RED SEAL)

Concerto Grosso in G Minor (Corelli); Walter, London Symphony Orchestra. M-600

Concerto in A Minor (Paderewski); Jesus Maria Sanroma and Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. M-614

Caprice No. 24 (Paganini—Arr. Primrose); *Ave Maria* (Schubert—Arr. Primrose); William Primrose. 15733

Danse Andalouse—Sentimiento; Jose & Amparo Iturbi. 15734

David and Goliath (Robinson-Malotte); *My Journey's End* (Fay Foster); John Charles Thomas. 15736

(BLUEBIRD)

Cherokee; The All Night Record Man; Charlie Barnet. B-10373

Your Feet's Too Big; Suitcase Susie; "Fats" Waller. B-10500

In The Mood; I Want To Be Happy; Glenn Miller. B-10416

(VICTOR)

The Little Red Fox; It's My Turn Now; Hal Kemp. 26416

My Silent Mood; Toselli's Serenade; Larry Clinton. 26417

Columbia Recording Corp., Bridgeport, Conn.

(MASTERWORKS)

Nutcracker Suite (Tchaikovsky); Frederick Stock & Chicago Symphony Orchestra. M-395

A Song Recital; Roland Hayes Piano Accompaniment by Reginald Boardman. M-393

Rediscovered Music of Johann Strauss (J. Strauss); Howard Barlow & Columbia Broadcasting Symphony. M-389

Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, (Op. 67) (Beethoven); Felix Weingartner & London Philharmonic Orchestra. M-254

Carmen-Suite (Bizet); Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra. X-144

Four Indian Love Lyrics (Woodforde-Finden); Nelson Eddy and Nathaniel Finston & Orchestra. X-150

Symphony No. 1 in C Minor (Op. 68) (Brahms); Felix Weingartner & London Symphony Orchestra. M-383

(COLUMBIA)

Let's Dance; Boy Meets Horn; Benny Goodman. 35301

I Left My Baby; Riff Interlude; Count Basie. 35321

Tootin' Through The Roof; Grievin'; Duke Ellington. 35310

Honeysuckle Rose; Spring Song; Benny Goodman. 35319

(VOCALION)

Careless; I Only Want A Buddy—Not A Sweetheart; Dick Jurgens. 5235

Think of Me Little Daddy; Belgium Stomp; Jimmie Lunceford; 5207

All The Things You Are; That Lucky Fellow; Frankie Masters. 5265

The Corley Company, Richmond, Virginia

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Tchaikovsky); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-253

Eine Kleine Nachtmusik—K-525 (Mozart); Bruno Walter & Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor M-364

Water Music Suite (Handel) Arr. Harty; Sir Hamilton Harty & London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia X-13

Aufenthalt (Franz Schubert); *Ave Maria* (Franz Schubert); Marian Anderson. Victor 14210

In The Mood; I Want To Be Happy; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10416

All The Things You Are; That Lucky Fellow; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26401

Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh; How Many Times; Orrin Tucker. Columbia 35228

Scatter-Brain; Tomorrow Night; Sammy Kaye. Victor 26387

Davidson Company, Des Moines, Iowa

Blue Danube Waltz Op. 314; Tales from the Vienna Woods Op 325; Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt arr. Muller) Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 14422

Indian Summer; A Lover Is Blue; Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26390

Stop, It's Wonderful; Lydia, The Tattooed Lady; Orrin Tucker. Columbia 35249

Your Figure Is Trim
As a Racing Sloop in
Seven Seas
ENSEMBLES
by Moyer

All Worsted Tropical or Tropic-weight Gabardine

That's why we call 'em Seven Seas . . . because they give you the same swaggering feeling you'd get lounging behind the whipping wheel of a "J" sloop with the bit in her teeth. English-tailored, with the new tapered leg, the deep, pound-eliminating pleats, the streamline tailoring that only Moyer does so well. For sport . . . leisure . . . day or night . . . Seven Seas Ensembles are your answer. And their smooth drape, and smart exclusive patterns and colors are yours for the value-packed price of just $12.95

The new Koverzip closure; covered with harmonizing cloth. No more embarrassing glimpses of metal. No buttons, no bulge!

In all the smartest new shades! Tan, Blue, Teal and Green. In all worsted Tropical basket-weave or in Tropic-weight all wool Gabardine.

If your dealer doesn't carry Seven Seas Ensembles, mail the coupon below.

MOYER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
18 N. Walnut Street, Youngstown, Ohio
Gentlemen: Please send me Parcel Post Prepaid . . . Seven Seas Suits in sizes indicated below. $12.95. Satisfaction Guaranteed. ☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ C.O.D. Post Office Delivery charge of 15c on C.O.D. orders.
Shirts: ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large
Pants: Waist (27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36-38)
Inseam (28-30-31-32-33-34-35)
☐ Tropic-weight Gabardine ☐ All-worsted Tropical
Colors:
NAME____
ADDRESS____
CITY____ STATE____

The Struggle Over Starko-Barko

Continued from page 68

clothes are in the Patent Office."

As in the case of the totally nude *putti*, the courageous Greenough was again not altogether without his defenders. One of them argued in print that "Washington, to be best seen, ought to be beheld, not as he came from the hand of the tailor, but as he came from the hand of God."

While pondering this nicely argued point, the reader should take time out to note that Greenough was perhaps unconsciously beginning to get at a technique that later was to prove completely successful when used by his contemporary, Hiram Powers: the technique of choosing a subject beloved by all, thus putting any adverse critic of the statue in the position of also casting slurs upon its illustrious original.

In spite of this, the controversy raged hotly until some diplomat providentially discovered that the colossal work of art was causing the floor of the Capitol to sag dangerously. Nobody rushed forward with a suggestion for strengthening the underpinning: George instead at once went down the skids into the Capitoline back yard and everyone breathed more easily.

At present he can be seen in the Smithsonian Institution, peaceful at last among other massive curiosities, such as Langley's aërodrome. In this setting he for the first time received the illumination prescribed by the sculptor, and startled art critics belatedly discovered that he was not a half-bad job after all.

But by that time unhappy Greenough was long in the grave. When news first reached him of the hurried exit of his work of art through the Capitol's back door, the sculptor wrote, "The same purblind squeamishness which gazed without alarm at the lascivious Fandango, awoke with a roar at the colossal nakedness of my Washington's manly breast."

For a while he sulked, with good reason. Then a group of his friends reminded Congress that nothing like a maximum effort was being made to spend the people's money. The result, believe it or not, was another official commission for Horatio Greenough. This time he showed that he had learnt much by his defeats. He outraged no sensibilities by undressing honest American citizens in public. The new groups, called *The Rescue*, was of a fully clad pioneer engaged in saving his chastely garbed wife from the tomahawk of an Indian.

But the campaign for nudity was not altogether relaxed: the savage was quite naked. Nude brutishness strained helpless in the iron grip of virtue. Greenough at last had realized the importance of infusing morality into his marble lines. The statue was a success; but the victory was Pyrrhic. Greenough had returned from Europe with his gigantic group only to discover that art had already been freed by his shrewder rival, Powers.

Thereupon the martyr Greenough fell ill of a brain fever. While he was lying in delirium (so the Boston papers reported) "a large owl descended the chimney and was found in the parlor"—an omen which accurately foretold, by a few hours, his untimely demise on the 13th of December, 1852.

The true emancipator, Hiram Powers, meanwhile had been pursuing a very different approach. Lacking the money to dash off to Rome from Harvard, or even to enter Harvard itself, Powers went early to work in a clock factory and then got himself a job that was right up his alley. He began to design and repair figures for the Cincinnati wax works museum of horrors.

It is difficult to think of any occupation that would be a better apprenticeship for a thoroughly practical sculptor. It was Powers' task to reproduce a particular character as closely as possible—and to make him lifelike as well. The customer who had paid his dime considered that he had also bought the right to express an opinion.

Powers had plenty of opportunities to discover what the public would gloat over, and what it would sneer at. He continued in this employment for seven years, and then went to Washington to make wax busts in all seriousness of the politicos of the late Jacksonian regime. In that city he enjoyed the sort of success likely to come in the world of art to a man with the skill to duplicate what he sees, and the restraint to put himself in the position of the potential buyer. In 1837 he took plaster versions of his wax statuary to Rome, where he proceeded to have them executed in marble.

It had taken him twelve years longer than Greenough to reach the artistic capital, but once there he wasted no time. His first really major work, a statue called *Eve Tempted*, was finished within a year; but if anyone urged him to put it on view in America, Powers had the shrewdness to refuse. He was working in the right direction. Eve, the mother of mankind, was a safe enough subject; and the Bible itself could be cited for absolute evidence that the doleful uses of the fig leaf had not yet occurred to her at the time when she was being tempted. Even so, he must have realized that Eve's reputation was not altogether unsmirched. She was more to be pitied than censured; but censuring her had been a large part of the work of the clergy from the year one. What he really needed was a subject, not naked and unashamed, but naked against her will.

The world of polite letters had been joyously exploiting just such

For More Pleasure at Playtime...The

Mike Turnesa
SPORTS JACKET
BY
Brentwood
$5

● All wool Scotch Heather mixture front—knitted back and sleeves of contrasting color. Yoke lined. Saddle stitched pockets.

with Waldes KOVER-ZIP*
the invisible slide fastener

● First worn by Mike Turnesa, golf star whose tailoring is the envy of his galleries. It's a little different from the ordinary jacket. Better looking. More meticulous in detail. The zipper, for instance, is Waldes Kover-Zip. Invisible. No metal shows. That's because Waldes Kover-Zip—and *only* Waldes Kover-Zip—is fabric-covered. It slides smoothly into an unnoticeable seam. Only one of many superior features of this Mike Turnesa jacket. Ask for it by name at your favorite store.

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR
Philadelphia, Pa.
New York Office: 200 Fifth Ave.
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For Championship Appearance...The

Herman Barron
ALL-WOOL JACKET
BY
WELGRUME
$5

● 100% all wool—for more wear—New two-in-one pocket construction gives room without bulge.

with Waldes KOVER-ZIP*
the invisible slide fastener

● Here's a jacket tailored with fine care for detail that makes a champion. Take one example: the zipper. No ordinary zipper here, but Waldes Kover-Zip . . . the modern, better, *handsomer* way of closing a jacket. The *only* fabric-covered zipper in the world. The *only* zipper that slides into a smooth, invisible seam. The *only* zipper that never shows its teeth. You'll get a great deal of satisfaction out of this Herman Barron jacket. Ask for it by name at your favorite store.

Welgrume Sportswear for more wear

PAUKER BROS.
1225 Broadway New York City
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Par On Any Course...
The
Johnny Farrell
"WEATHER WARDEN"
BY
Skipper Sportwear
$5

● Skipper's "Weather Warden" is light in weight, free swinging. Water repellent. Two roomy slash pockets.

with Waldes KOVER-ZIP*
the invisible slide fastener

● Johnny Farrell not only plays a champion's part but looks it, too. Even in tough weather, the jacket he wears is different... *better*. No stream of metal snakes along the front. Instead, the "Weather Warden" closes with Waldes Kover-Zip, the only fabric-covered, *invisible* zip in the world. Blending in perfect harmony with the rich material of the jacket itself, it is one of the many superior features that distinguish these good-looking Johnny Farrell jackets. Ask to see them at your favorite store.

WILSON BROTHERS
CHICAGO • NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

a subject all through the eighteen twenties and thirties. It was equally available to Greenough and Powers. But it was Powers who had the commonplace genius to see the obvious when it stared him in the face. In proof that he knew exactly what he was up against, one can offer a number of letters from foreign correspondents in the New York press of the early 'forties. One from Edward Everett, in the *Daily Advertiser*, will give their general flavor. After quoting an Italian professor's eulogy of Hiram Powers, Everett remarked, "He has also projected a work representing a Grecian maiden, exposed for sale in a Turkish slave market. Our readers will perceive, at once, the extreme beauty and capacity of this subject." Our readers would indeed.

Such advance press-agentry continued for some time, trading directly upon the flood of stories—usually presented as fact—which had been appearing on the subject of the Constantinople slave mart: "Through the open doors we could distinguish the veiled forms of the white women," one of them reads. "Presently a slave trader came up, followed by a tall phlegmatic-looking Turk, with the unmeaning features and coarse corpulency so characteristic of his nation. The merchant advanced, and seizing one of the slaves by the arm, forced her to stand up before this personage, who—" but I have no intention of divulging, in this respectable magazine, the shocking details of that inspection. In the frenetic 'forties, when young hellions loitered for hours by the stairways to catch a glimpse of an ankle, the press already had learnt our latter-day muckraking trick of revealing practically anything for the sake of loudly denouncing it. The Greek war of independence had been accompanied by one of the most efficient propaganda services on record. What happened to the captured Grecian maid had become a formula story, a sample of which appeared in the *New York Mirror*, and runs in this vein:

"Her sister was cut in pieces, but Ellen herself was retained alive by the Bouloukbas or chieftain, who gave each of his men two dollars to prevent further disturbance." Despite his liberality of nature, Ellen fled his harem and was rescued by an English officer, under circumstances of extraordinary daring.

For twenty years the reading public of New York had been breaking its great heart over the plight of poor Ellen—or Leila—or Agnes, the beautiful Grecian maiden filched by the libidinous Turk. Thus the announcement that Powers' statue, called *The Greek Slave*, was to be put on view in New York caused a terrific crush of art lovers to assemble at the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street, on a crisp autumnal morning in 1847. I leave it to my readers to decide what the common attitude must have been, on the way up to the third-story gallery of the National Academy; but there are plenty of written evidences that those who came to be titillated and those who came to be shocked all departed alike in a mood composed of equal parts of sensuality and exaltation. The trick had been turned at last. True enough, the lady was quite nude—starko from toe to crown. Lest anyone miss the point, or think that she never had had any clothes in the first place, sculptor Powers had carefully piled them all beside her, in marble, on a marble hitching post. Patiently and pensively she stood awaiting her ghastly fate, and any New Yorker who felt inclined to lift a hand against her was brought up short by the sudden realization that in so doing he would be identifying himself with none other than the Terrible Turk, her incipient master.

Thus, by one shrewd choice of a proper subject for utter nudity, Powers achieved all that poor Greenough had failed to do in a series of efforts. There remained only one question of basic importance. How, if Powers had remained an upright American gentleman amongst the corruptions of Italy, could he have acquired so accurate a knowledge of "woman's beauty, robbed of sheltering vest," as one admirer of the *Slave* put it?

The Literary World, evidently primed in advance, undertook to explain. After telling the boggling Gothamites that *foreign* sculptors in their depravity used dozens of naked models for a single statue, on the excuse that none was perfect in all departments, it continued: "For the 'Slave,' the character Powers had established in Florence, for purity and uprightness, obtained for him one model (who was not a professional sitter) of such perfections of form as to furnish nearly all that he could derive from a model."

There must have been something in the story: the same vacuous features recur on so many of Powers' statues that Horace Greeley at a later date was moved to suggest that all of them "if their heads were knocked off, would command universal applause."

But then, who except Horace Greeley ever looked at the head of a nude statue? ⧺

For Fairway or Fireside
Willie MacFarlane
KNITTED SPORTS COAT
BY
Gantner
OF CALIFORNIA
$5

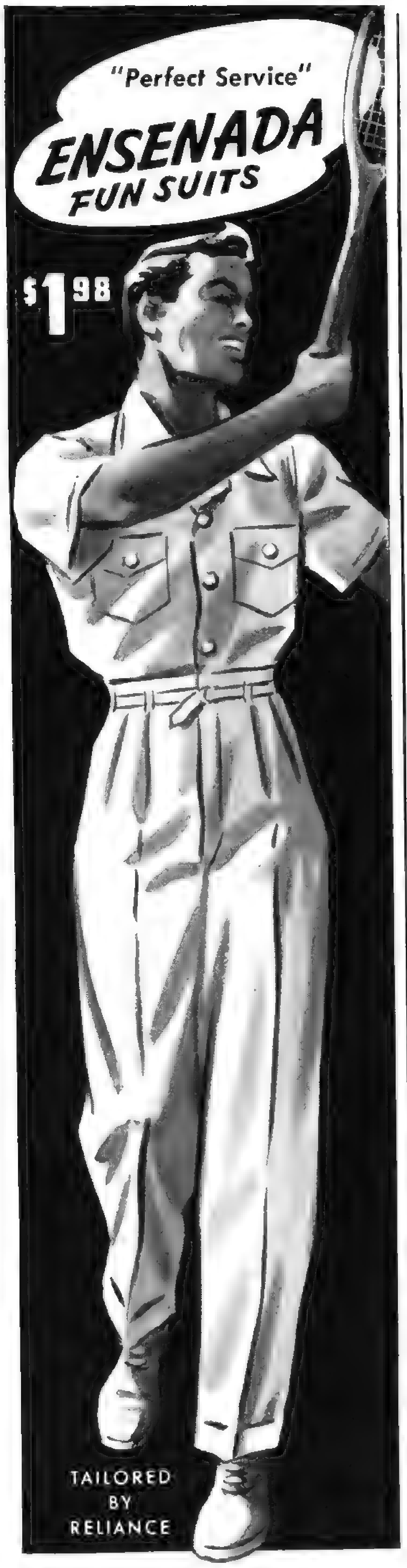
● V-neck, plain back, knit of luxurious Glenbrae Yarn. Gantner Cal-Yoke in the lining prevents "fabric grab," minimizes strain, slides on easily. (Pat. app. for.)

with Waldes KOVER-ZIP*
the invisible slide fastener

● A ranking tournament player like Willie MacFarlane dresses to meet the most critical eye. Take, for instance, this knitted sports coat. Look at the zipper. *You can't see it!* That's because it's a different kind of zipper ... Waldes Kover-Zip, the *invisible* slide fastener. No metal shows. Its fabric covering blends perfectly with the coat material. Whether your sport is golfing or puttering about the house, here is a coat that at all times, under all eyes, is a distinctive piece of apparel. Ask for it at your favorite store.

GANTNER AND MATTERN CO.
(Makers of famous Wikies)
San Francisco • New York

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



All summer long, service will be apparent in these swank Ensenada Ensembles. See how the washable Hollywood sacking sets you out in a crowd! On the golf course, tennis court, or when just knocking about, Ensenada packs a lot of comfort and a heap of style. $1.98

Made of genuine Hollywood sacking, full-shrunk (residual shrinkage 1%) for perfect fit. Button-through pockets on shirt, two-way collar, 4 pleats on slacks, belt to match, handsome wood buttons. Shirt can be worn in or out. In natural color.

Ensenadas in other fabrics to $5.95.

Ask your nearest dealer for the Ensenada Fun Suit. If he doesn't have it, mail the order blank below.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
210 WEST MONROE STREET, CHICAGO

Gentlemen: Please send Parcel Post Prepaid ......Ensenada Suits (sizes below) at $1.98 each. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money order ☐ C.O.D.
Additional P.O. delivery charge of 12¢ each on C.O.D. shipments. Orders accepted only from U. S. and Possessions.

Shirts (small, medium, large)
Pants { waist (29-30-31-33-34-36-38-40-42) / inseam (30-31-32-33-34)
Name..............................
Address..............................
City....................State........

Some Colors Men Swear By

Continued from page 65

late closely the natural food fish...

"It is our opinion that both action and color have a good deal to do with the success of a bait."

He says, contrary to what you might think, that dark colored baits are best for muddy waters, overcast skies, and night fishing; and lighter colors better for clear water and bright skies.

Let us now hear from Pfleuger, another old name in the fishing tackle game. Mr. L. W. Griffith of that company says first that colors seem to be a sectional matter—whether it's the fish that feel that way about them, or the fishermen he doesn't make clear.

He then adds, "as a matter of fact any definite opinion on this question (importance of color as against wiggle) would be debatable." Yes, we know it would. We've heard it debated for a quarter-century.

He ends with a tribute to snappy action.

The South Bend people have about the same opinion as the Heddon company. "We find the action of the lure plays an important part in enticing the fish to strike the lure," says Al D. Eminger of that company, "which, no doubt, explains the reason so many various fish lures are included in our catalog."

Then he continues, "of course color has a slight bearing on the fish hitting the lure, if their natural food is that color. As an example, if frogs are the natural food for a fish . . ." You get the idea.

Now the Shakespeare company, with Mr. H. W. Pomeroy as spokesman, adds, "we believe that both the action of a bait in the water as well as the pattern of a bait are important. Of the two, we are inclined to the opinion that a bait's water action is more important than the color, but to have an effective bait it must have the right action as well as the right color."

Then Shakespeare turns to the subject of color and comes out with an opinion just opposite to the Creek Chub views. Mr. Pomeroy says, "our theory is that a white body bait with a red head or other light colored patterns are most effective on dark days, at night, and in muddy water. On the other hand a black or dark pattern will attract the fish on bright days and in clear water..."

There you have it.

No wonder the boys at the forks of the creek can't agree on the things, when the men who make them don't agree.

I finally wrote to the United States Bureau of Fisheries, to see if they could help me with my troubles.

They had some answers, all right. Their theories are based largely on experiments with mud-minnows and sticklebacks. If you don't know what a stickleback is, don't look at me like that, for I don't know either.

Here are some of the salient conclusions of the Bureau of Fisheries:

"Fish see much as we do—but their field of vision is larger (aha, that's why those rascally bass always see me first). Owing to the diffuse and weak light of their world, and to the position of their eyes, objects appear in less relief to them than to us. Objects in still water are seen by most fishes not only directly, but also upside down, mirrored in the lower face of the water's surface.

"Objects in air and above the water about the shore of a pond are also visible to them. But these objects are seen in unnatural positions, distorted and fringed with color and their higher parts only are visible. (Now you begin to see what a world a fish lives in.)

"Like a short sighted person, the fish sees near objects distinctly, distant objects less clearly. Only by a muscular effort does he see distant objects clearly, insofar as they are visible through the opalescent water (When I'm fishing he won't even make the effort to see my bait).

"Fishes distinguish colors, but whether they see as many colors as we do is not known. Nor can we say that the colors appear to them in the same way that they do to us.

"And so the faith of the fisherman in his gaudy lures is justified. His belief that fish may learn to avoid them or to keep out of his nets appears to be founded in fact."

These words are by Miss Gertrude Marean White, in a report on experiments with mud-minnows and sticklebacks.

She arrives at the conclusion that patterns don't make much difference in the search by these fish for food; that it's "the perception of color and movement" that are most important.

What pleases me most in Miss White's little leaflet is that sentence, "fishes distinguish colors." I'd been going along here all these years feeling in my own mind that fish were color blind, and that all those colors were put on the baits not just to fool the fish, but to fool me.

Give me something gaudy, as Miss White says, with a little touch of scarlet here and yellow there, and a dash or two of purple and beige. That's my ticket, now that I know fish can distinguish colors, even if they don't know what color it is they're distinguishing.

In view of the confused state of things in which we have involved ourselves, I'm going to give some of my own theories, based on a lot of good time spent in fishing. Then I'm going to prove these theories are also wrong, and we will end up with the happy knowledge that fish will hit those strangely shaped, crazily colored baits—but nobody knows exactly why or when.

I can find out nothing about the habits of fish from the black bass.

"Perfect Reception"
ENSENADA FUN SUITS
$1.98
TAILORED BY RELIANCE

Perfectly received for almost any occasion except the most formal . . . and no wonder! So cool, comfy, smart . . . for golf, tennis, beach, the club, at home . . . practically anywhere, anytime! . . . $1.98

Made of cool, Hollywood sacking. Roomy boy-blouse with two-way collar, can be worn in or out. The slacks zip on one side, have matching belt, pleats, and sewn-in creases . . . smart wooden buttons. Full shrunk (1% residual shrinkage). Cool Gulf Blue or Natural. Sizes 12 to 20.

Other Ensenada Fun and Play Suits up to $2.95.

Ask your nearest dealer for the Ensenada Fun Suit. If he doesn't have it, mail the order blank below.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Women's Division—210 W. Monroe St.
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send Parcel Post Prepaid ......Ensenada Suits (sizes below) at $1.98 each. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money order ☐ C.O.D.
Additional P.O. delivery charge of 12c each on C.O.D. shipments. Orders accepted only from U. S. and Possessions.

Natural Color—Size: (12-14-16-18-20)
Gulf Blue Size (12-14-16-18-20)
Name..............................
Address..............................
City....................State........

because he has no habits. He never does the same thing long enough for it to become a habit. He does something different every day.

But you take the fish in the salt water that run in schools and feed on pretty much the same thing at the same time—now you can learn things from them. They're pretty much creatures of habit.

I have found, then, by standing in one spot and fishing for weakfish, that it is almost entirely the action that you put on the bait that does the trick. The little salt water plugs that we use have practically no action of their own. They're not made with a hare-lip like bass baits, and if you simply wind them in they don't wiggle at all. You have to jerk and reel, and pop and reel in strange combinations.

I guess I ought to throw in a bit of additional information right here on the matter of shape in baits.

It might puzzle you to know that baits which are supposed to duplicate the action of certain creatures in the water ordinarily don't look anything like them on dry land.

And likewise a bait that on dry land looks like a certain marine creature is likely to have not the faintest resemblance to it when the bait starts moving through the water.

I have no idea why this is true. But I went down below one day and watched them, and I found out that it is.

You take, for instance, the bait that resembles a shrimp in the water. It's nothing but a little stick about the size of a lead pencil, yellow part way, red on top. It's a killer, and when fish are feeding on shrimp they will gobble it up. Yet a bait really resembling a shrimp, so much like it, in fact, that you might take an accidental bite, has nothing in common with that lowly creature when it gets under way, and it catches no fish. I have one of those baits in my tackle box now. I have never caught a fish on it. But it is nice to look at.

It's the same way with most other baits.

The bait that really duplicates the action of a mullet and catches fish that feed on them is simply a flat piece of metal, a little curved up on the edges. That is all.

But why go on? You have doubtless fished with them. You have used hunks of rope tied onto a hook, or a chunk of lead, or a torpedo shaped creation with a bunch of spinning flywheels at each end, or some other equally fantastic bait that would cause you to speculate on the pink elephant idea.

Let's get back to that school of weakfish. They're feeding, and I find just the bait they like. I catch one, then another, then another. Alongside me there is a fisherman who is a rank beginner, and he catches no fish. I take off my red plug and give it to him, putting on a green and yellow one instead. I continue catching fish, but he still gets nothing. I then give him the green and yellow plug and put on a grey one with gold specks on it. I keep on catching fish and he still gets not a strike.

It is obvious here that he is not putting the proper action on the bait. It is obvious also that the color has little to do with the catching of fish. You will jump, then, to the conclusion that the color doesn't amount to a hill of beans. But are you right?

Just hold still and I will prove that you are not.

There are times when I fish and fish and fish and catch nothing. I keep changing baits. Nobody can change baits faster than I when the fish are not striking. I can reel in and swing the rod back and have a new bait going out without changing the rhythm of the cast.

No fish, more changes.

Lo and behold! At last on a deep purple bait that has silver flecks on it here and there I get a strike. It's the same shape bait as the others—only different in color. I catch another fish and then another.

Eventually I change to other colors, and I catch no more fish. I go back to the purple and again I get game.

I have seen this happen time and again. I have seen it happen when I didn't have the little purple bait and somebody else did.

So before we get entirely through with this discussion, I want to set down a couple of general conclusions in order that we will have a common ground on which to disagree.

First, under ordinary circumstances fish will strike a bait because of its motion, rather than its color. Hence if the bait has the proper size and shape, and you can put the right motion on it, you might reasonably expect to fool a fish.

Second, under many sets of *special* circumstances, for instance crystal clear, calm water, or extremely muddy water, or bright sunshine—fish will strike a certain color combination when they will have nothing to do with other color patterns even in the same lure. This I have learned by experience—often bitter.

So my advice to you (and I say this knowing full well it will win me a warm spot in the hearts of the people who make and sell baits, but I can stand that)—buy all the different colored baits and all the goofy patterns and shapes you can afford to finance. There's a certain amount of solid satisfaction in owning one of those gaudy and saucy and miraculous creations.

Furthermore, you don't want to be stuck out there without the little purple one, do you? Out there with some other fisherman catching game right along, and you with nothing in the box but blue and green and lavender and black and white and yellow and mauve—no purple?

So that's my theory. And, right or wrong, I think I'll stick to it. ╫

Smokers OK a scientist's "pipe dream"!
COOLING AREA
RAMROD
TISSUE
CLEAN

THE Kirsten PIPE
PATS.APP.FOR

"Radiator" really cools smoke—from 8 to 14 square inches of cooling area exposed to atmosphere, according to size pipe—holds full puff, condenses irritating oils, tars and vapors.

Scientific bowl design—burns tobacco evenly, cleanly—no juicy heel—no strong "pipe aroma" . . . once lit stays lit.

Easy to clean—just like a shotgun barrel . . . push absorbent tissue through "radiator" with built-in ramrod.

No wonder thousands of pipe smokers have "given their old pipes back to the Indians!" They've graduated to the first scientifically designed pipe in history—the KIRSTEN. They've O.K.'d the "pipe dream" of Prof. Kirsten, famous aeronautics engineer at the University of Washington Aeronautical School—and so will you!

For here's a pipe that is engineered. Its feather-light duralumin "radiator" is dynamically modern in appearance—scientific in performance. It pre-cools smoke, condenses and traps irritating oils and tars so they never reach your mouth . . . a milder, sweeter smoke with the full flavor of your favorite mixture—burning evenly, cleanly right down to the last crumb of tobacco . . . no bitter "back-bite."

The companionable fragrance of the KIRSTEN Pipe, its quick, thorough cleaning with its built-in ramrod—will receive your immediate "O.K."—and that of the women in your family too! Bowls of richly grained, imported briar. Four sizes of pipes . . . choose the one that suits your individual manner of smoking . . . $10.00 to $17.50.

KIRSTEN Cigarette Holder, too . . . $3.00

At leading men's shops, department stores, tobacconists, jewelers and druggists—or write for information.

KIRSTEN PIPE COMPANY, Dept. 34, 3129 Western Ave., Seattle, Wash.

It Costs You Nothing To Make This Test

1. Stand up.
2. Slip your thumbs in your belt.
3. Now sit down. Feel the added pressure at the waistline.

An EXPANSO belt automatically expands and contracts to take care of this constantly changing condition.

The belt illustrated has been cut to expose the hidden springs...the secret of EXPANSO'S comfort!

Kno the EXPANSO*
the BELT with the BUCKLE that BREATHES

EXPANSO's construction in no way detracts from its smart appearance. In all fine leathers for your business suit, and in a variety of colorful fabrics and sports leathers for slacks.

AT THE BEST BELT COUNTERS $1 UP
*U. S. Pat. 2137796

KNOTHE BROS. CO., INC. • 24 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK

2 "SCOOPS" ...AND THEN

a glass of Dubonnet before you dine. What a grand way to "headline" a meal! An "exclusive" flavor, neither too sweet nor too dry, gives Dubonnet that "extra" zip and tingle. "Feature" it on your menu, tonight!

PRESS
SPORTS SECTION
d'apres A. M. CASSANDRE

TRY DUBONNET THESE 3 DELICIOUS WAYS

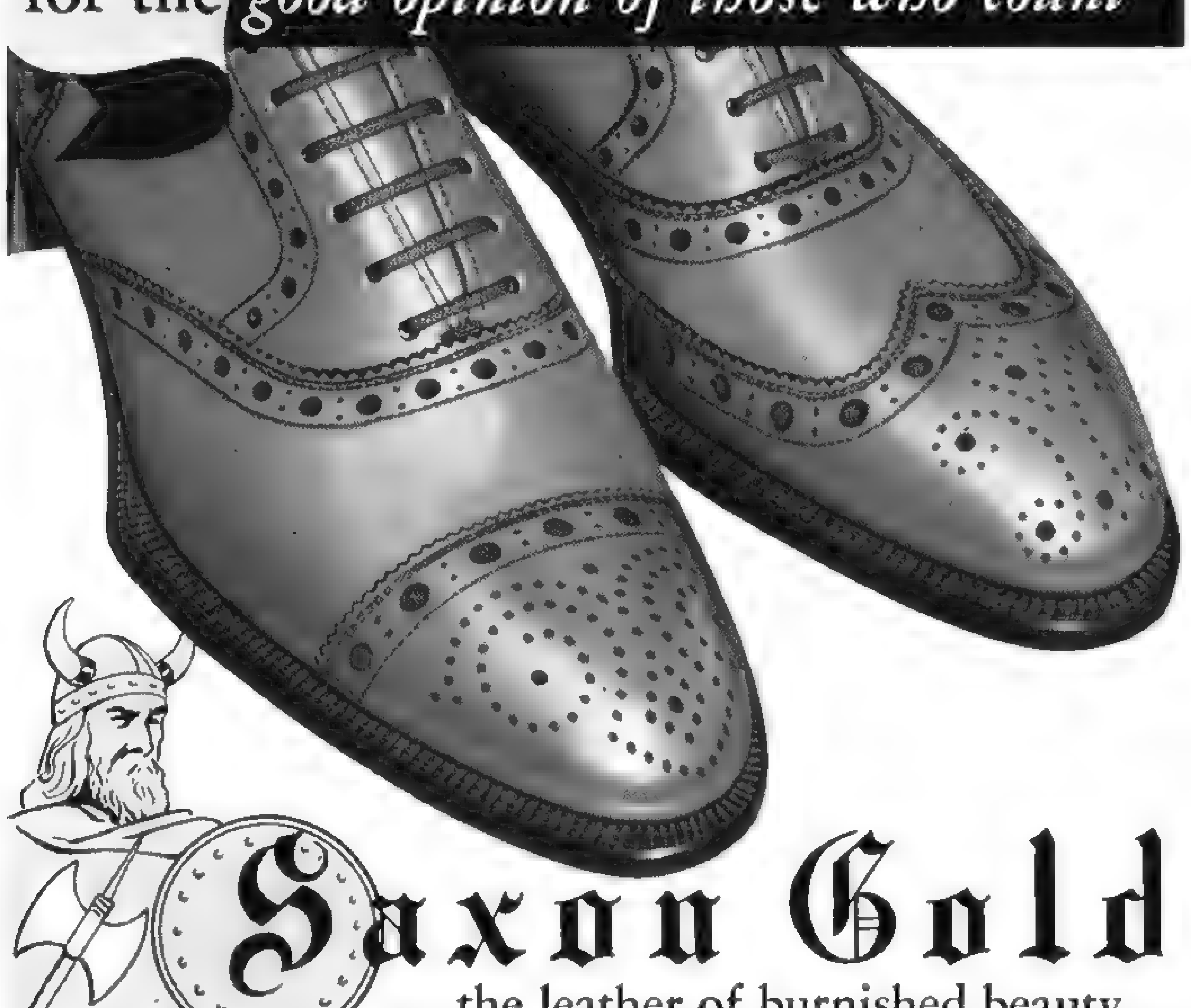
1. THE FRENCH WAY—Dubonnet straight, well-chilled.
2. THE AMERICAN WAY—Dubonnet cocktail—half gin, half Dubonnet; stir with ice, add twist of lemon peel.
3. THE LONG, TALL WAY—Dubonnet and soda. Jigger of Dubonnet, juice of ½ lemon, ice and fill glass with soda.

THE GREAT FRENCH APPETIZER
DUBONNET
STRAIGHT OR COCKTAIL

A Schenley Import

Aperitif Wine—Alcohol 18% by Volume. Copr. 1940, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

for the *good opinion of those who count*



— the leather of burnished beauty —
accents the *British distinction* of your

Crosby Square Shoes

This "accepted" new calfskin for Spring offers the ideal medium for our Crosby Square reproductions of costly custom-made shoes. And its pleasing softness belies its rich metallic gleam, contributes to restful, trim comfort . . . Try on a pair of these shoes at your Crosby Square dealer's soon. Write for his name. *The House of Crosby Square, 2460 N. Sixth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.*

SAXON GOLD Crosby Square Authentic Fashions GENUINE CALF

Above — No. 533 (left) and No. 513 (right) — straight-tip or wing-tip. On the aristocratic Coronet last. Leather heels. Look for this Saxon Gold medallion.

Crosby Square TRADE MARK REG. U S PAT OFF
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES
$5.50 to $6.00 — some at $5.00

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-14

SWEET CONTENT IN ROCHESTER

Inasmuch as I have not seen our fair city placed in *Sound and Fury* for many a day I should like to take this opportunity and thank you for your ideal 'Magazine for Men.' To me Mr. Esquire does O. K. and the 'hell' with the minority who don't think accordingly.

Your brain-child of 'R' I should say is an excellent idea and does save time when you only have time for a single story before you keep that appointment.

Your mag has been my chief enjoyment in reading for the past several years. I might add my friends along with this (and Lord knows everyone should know what I mean).

So continued 'Good Luck' through the years.

Sincerely,

Rochester, N. Y. Ralph Palmer

DOES THE MAJ. GEN THE COL. NOW?

In a recent Esquire Major (retired) M. Furber, of Vancouver, B. C., takes issue with Col. H. P. Sheldon in his article *The Art of Shooting Flying* because the Colonel stated the bird dog "held" the covey of quail until the gunner came up. He even went so far by way of illustration as to defy us to name any way in which a dog could "hold" birds except with his teeth and then in typical British fashion used the same phrase himself when he stated: "It is the game scent of the bird that holds the dog." It is just such things as these which cause persons of British descent to be looked upon as queer people. I'm British myself but I try to be reasonable about it. After all, dogs have better teeth than most birds and I find the expression "hold" when applied to the hunting dog a very general term in all hunting experience that has come my way. After all, what one word more appropriately describes what the dog is doing?

We all know that "pointing" or "setting" is the result of training into the dog's hunting habits the normal pause that all beasts of prey display when they sight or scent game. Even the lion makes a momentary "pause" before leaping and men have seized upon this peculiarity in the case of the dog to prolong the trait, by training, until the gunner comes up. The well-trained dog advances as closely as possible to the bird as his judgment tells him is consistent without actually flushing and then it is a moot question of which shall be the first to move—somewhat like the fracas on the Western Front at the present time; or, if you will, like the old dispute about which came first—the chicken or the egg. Another couplet comes to my mind:

"Jim Darling didn't know that his
father was dead
And his father didn't know but Jim
Darling was dead."

However, I digress—and it seems to be an English trait to carry illustration of the point to extremes. The British Air Corps in France have coined a word *gen* meaning "I understand" or "please understand" or "do you understand?"

You see, the dog either by scent or sight comes as closely to the covey as he deems expedient and then "freezes" until the gunner flushes the point. If this isn't *holding* the birds then I'll vote for Hoover again! Gen?

Beardstown, Ill. Paul Green

THE OBVIOUS ELUCIDATED

Having nothing better to do this bright and sunny ayem, my friend and I picked up several back numbers of Esquire mags.

In one of them—the November, 1939 issue—we came across a tirade on *What Men Don't Like About Women* by one Alison Aylesworth, who alluded to the following:

> "The usual. I got myself caught in *fragrante delicto* with my secretary," etc.

Now look here Esky, anyone who has had one or two years of high school Latin knows that one never gets himself caught in "*fragrante delicto*" with one's secretary, or anyone else, for that matter.

The words, Mr. Aylesworth, are, for your information, "FLAGRANTE DELICTO."

Trusting that you have been thoroughly enlightened on this little matter, we remain,

Faithful forever,

James R. Caprio
Newark, N. J. A. J. Cleffi

CHOOSE YOUR POISON

Mr. Komroff proves four more or less interesting facts about Karl Marx in his article entitled *Saint Karl Marx.*

First—since there is nothing new under the sun—that Marx had predecessors and contemporaries with similar ideas.

Second, that Marx was human. Since he was human he made mistakes, and was jealous and often petty and unreasonable.

Third—since you must do as Rome does—that Marx was glad to have a living so that he could be comfortable in his later years, even if it was from a bourgeois source. What other source was there?

Fourth—that as a Jew he had strong feeling for other Jews, and hated them as often as he loved them.

I have read through most of Marx's works and find nothing to stir such a flaw-ferreting tirade as Mr. Komroff has written. Perhaps a mirror would show Mr. Komroff another petty fellow—just like you and me sometimes.

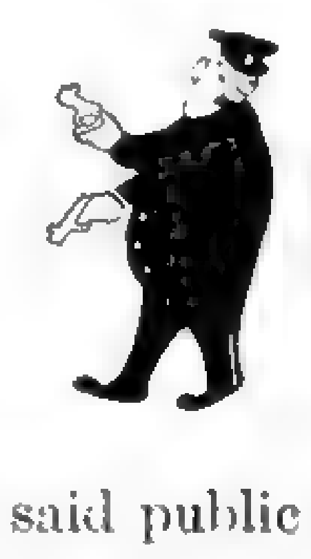
I think I would still rather side with the "hundreds of millions whose idol Marx is" and think he is a significant figure in history, and not a stuffed scarecrow.

Sincerely,

San Antonio, Texas F. A. Hardman

HERE'S WHERE WE LET THE RECORD SPEAK

Someday, the gods willing, I hope to meet Paul Kearney who wrote *Cops Are Lousy Marksmen* in the February issue. He said it all and he said it well. Here-and-now register a profound "Amen." Having served as a police court judge for the past seventeen years, I am well acquainted with policemen. Also savvy revolver shooting. The sort of shooting cops never learn. The ability to miss an innocent by-stander and plug-a-thug on a crowded street, 'fore said public enemy can shoot a cop, or someone else. Appreciate the value of such marksmanship, having been shot at, and missed. When just out of punching distance an armed thug is "bad medicine." On the other side of the street he is not particularly dangerous, unless he is shooting at someone else. At that range a capable pistol shot can drop the thug with speed and certainty; if he is not suffering from "buck fever."



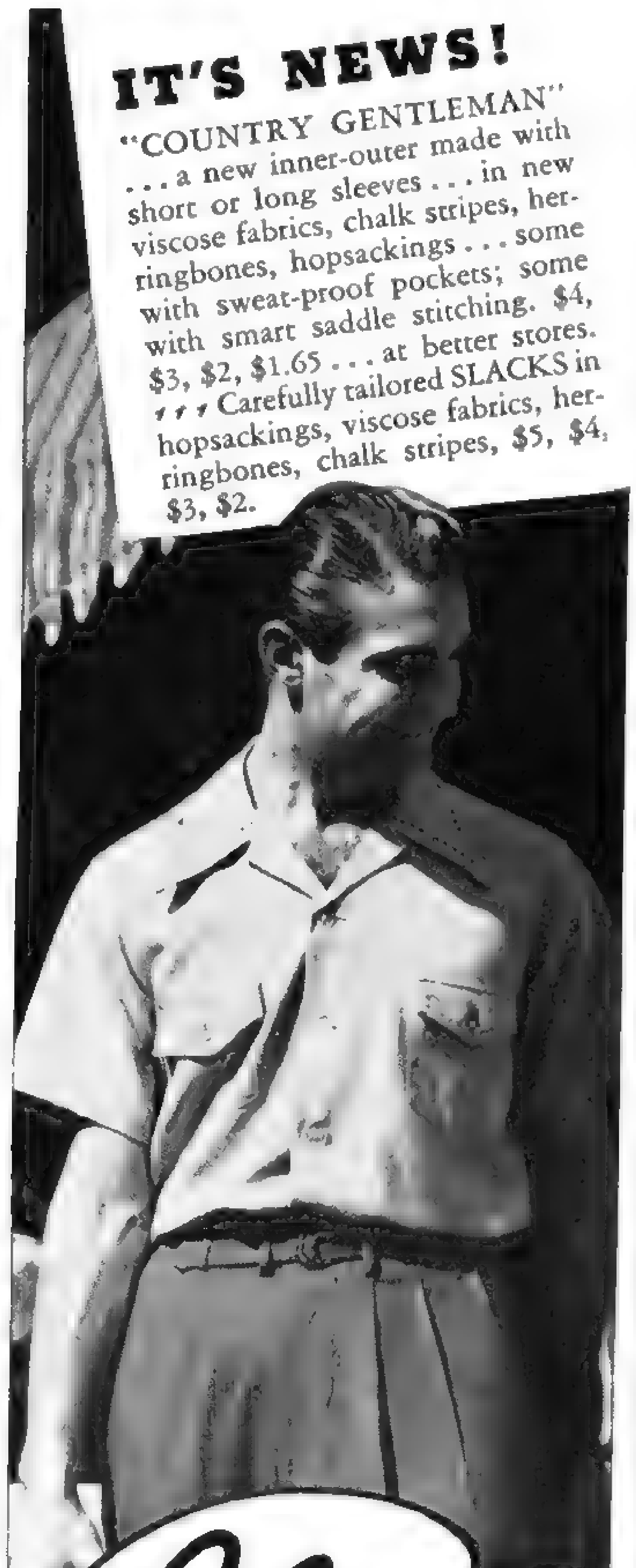
The pistol is a paradox.

The most dangerous and least effective of all firearms.

The best known and least understood gun.

Its outstanding virtue is its "tote-ability."

While its short barrel delivers a



IT'S NEWS!
"COUNTRY GENTLEMAN" . . . a new inner-outer made with short or long sleeves . . . in new viscose fabrics, chalk stripes, herringbones, hopsackings . . . some with sweat-proof pockets; some with smart saddle stitching. $4, $3, $2, $1.65 . . . at better stores. ▸▸▸ Carefully tailored SLACKS in hopsackings, viscose fabrics, herringbones, chalk stripes, $5, $4, $3, $2.

Glover
SPORTS-WEAR

EXCITING!
"SADDLEBAGS" . . . smartly casual sport jacket with roomy saddle pockets placed just right. Long sleeves, belted back. Some with distinctive saddle stitching. In French doeskin cloth . . . plain or striped . . . stone blue, green, ash brown, luggage tan. $3.50 . . . at better stores. ▸▸▸ Typical of many distinguished Glover styles.
H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
880 Merchandise Mart, Chicago

bullet with a remarkable degree of accuracy, it is mounted on the most unstable of all gun platforms, the wrist, a supple universal joint rendering aiming easy and hitting extremely difficult; the slightest lateral pressure of the fingers sending the bullet wide of the mark. Effective pistol shooting calls for a perfection of "trigger squeeze" and "nerve control" far superior to rifle marksmanship. Ergo, good pistol shots are few-and-far-between. Only a minute minority are policemen.

When the average cop fires his gun it is time to duck—pronto. Have seen cops in action; lead going most everywhere 'cept where 'twas needed. What gripes me is this: The dumbest cop knows it's a social error to shoot a pedestrian, yet he never learns to handle safely the revolver he habitually carries. And don't pile all the blame on the cop's shoulders. His chief and his commissioner are equally at fault; putting untrained armed men on our streets. Colonel Norton told the Jersey City fathers, "Cartridges cost less than pensions. When a policeman is killed in line of duty, the city has to support the deceased's widow and children." The city fathers are, in turn, elected by citizens who seem quite content to risk stopping a bullet intended for a bandit. Regard cops as "expendable" or don't think at all. Never realize how downright dangerous the average policeman can be, when he pulls his rusty gun. I said "rusty."

There are exceptions, of course. Outfits like the New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Police. Not forgetting the tiny town of Essex Fells, N. J. Seven men on the force, counting the chief and the two "spares" used at weddings and when a man is sick. Yet little Essex Fells turns out a five-man team good enough to win the Essex County Police Revolver Championship; not just once, quite frequently. And Essex is one of the largest counties in the country containing the City of Newark. The crime rate at Essex Fells is minus zero.

Thru endless hours
The policeman totes
A well-oiled gun
And gazes down the street
That looks to him to guard it
From human rats
Who prey on honest men.
Stolid, yet swift,
The majesty of law
Is raised by him
To higher dignity.
Duty makes him dead
To doubting and despair.
A man who fears not
And who always hopes.
He fills the emptiness of ages
With his energy
And on his shoulders bears
The burden of our peace
That needs his strength.
Who loosens and lets fly
The lead
That cuts down gangsters?
Whose hand sweeps back
The tide
Of panic and defeat?
Whose fire brings down
The foes
Of organized society?
THE MAN ON POST
AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

Recorder's Court, ROY S. TINNEY
Borough of Chatham *Recorder*
Morris County, N. J.

A COP GOES ON RECORD

Mr. Paul W. Kearney: While perusing the February ESQUIRE and reading an article *Cops Are Lousy Marksmen,* alleged to be written by you, as a cop from a large city I wish to take this opportunity to perhaps enlighten you as to the strict supervision of the average policeman in a large city.

Let's start in when he is appointed. The first revolver he buys must be a S. & W. or a Colt .38 cal. must be new, and the best made average from $28.00 to $34.00; he is instructed in the mechanism able to tell and be acquainted with part of his revolver, plenty of target practice, then he is assigned to a precinct before he turns out on patrol his and other members of the platoons revolver are inspected also must carry 12 additional cartridges. Four times a year he must report for target practice and pass; if he fails to pass he must report until he does pass and this is on his time off; as for the cartridges, he buys his own and does not grumble. As he has a chance to obtain one or two days off for a high score, for example in rapid and slow fire if he obtains 170 he is entitled to a day off; if he obtains 180 he is entitled to two days off. When he reports for target practice his revolver is checked as to trigger pull and as to cleanliness and number recorded.

An expert instructor is there to aid him in the art of shooting—showing him his faults if he has any.

In your article you stated that you knew of a case where a cop tried to put eight cartridges in a rifle that only could take six. I would like to know the name of that rifle and if it would work, I doubt it, also about the cartridges that had to be drilled out of the revolver due to corrosion. The writer had an occasion to take five cartridges from the barrel of a revolver that had been in the revolver fifteen years and was corroded; they were soaked in kerosene oil for two hours and then gently tapped with a small hammer and removed. So why use a drill especially if used on the primer? No matter how old they might go off.

The writer also in his spare time goes in for the sport of hunting, using rifle, shotgun and small cal. rifles and I know that I am unable to insert any additional cartridges in my rifles and if I do they will not work.

Don't you think that your article was unfair to the policeman especially those in the large cities, or why did you not mention the city? Hoping you are not like W. Winchell who writes anything to fill up his column, of course evading to use names. Of course that is a writer's protection. Now if you should write why not the one I read of in a newspaper about a man who could ride in the sidecar of a motorcycle traveling at 60 miles an hour and when another man who was standing would throw up a half dollar he could hit it with a 45 cal. revolver; the story did not say a bullet or the throwing of the revolver.

Yours for bigger stories. Hoping to hear from you in the next issue.

New York, N. Y. J. A. B.

MAYBE BECAUSE YOU'RE OLDER

Congratulations on your February issue which was sans Parke Cummings. I must say I missed the usual odor that prevailed in a number of issues previous in which he had a part.

By the way, I enjoyed ESQUIRE much more during 1935 and 1936 than I do now. Why do you suppose it's like that?

Sincerely,
HADLEY WILLIAMSON
Fairmont, N. C.

REVERSE ENGLISH

The poet Goldsmith sung:

Ill fares the land,
To hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men
decay,
Which there is no whicher.

But, after living in a small Oklahoma town, and seeing not only it, but numerous others, the houses, unpainted and falling to pieces. The once numerous stone, and rock, buildings looking like the small towns of France after the armies, and artillery, had passed by, and seeing the unemployed gathered around the welfare workers, I too, rise to sing, and added these lines:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills
a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men
decay,
But I can sing an even sadder Fate
Of a land where wealth decays and
men accumulate.

Berwyn, Okla. R. D. THOMAS

Continued on page 188

No More Bow-Legged Pajamas!
At night, too . . dress well for HER

Style illustrated—"The Raglan", of thrift-tested broadcloth, $3.50

Now
YOUR Pajamas can look like these

because of Glover's revolutionary new type of design

No man from five feet tall to six feet six need ever again be *ashamed* of his bed-time appearance. For now there are pajamas which *actually* fit—*actually* look like those of the debonair gentleman above . . . and make you "feel like a million"!

You see, we overturned all old ideas of pajama design. We cut these Tailored Man Pajamas like suits, as they should be . . . eliminated the droop at the shoulder and the hike-up in front . . . cut the trousers to hang straight, with *two-seam* construction instead of the "bow-legged" one-seam . . . made sleeves, legs and coats longer.

So that's why we show our pajamas with *photographs,* which you may never have seen done before. And that's why there's a thrilling new satisfaction in store for you when you don Glover Tailored Man Pajamas. Get them at good stores everywhere . . . scores of new patterns, starting at $2. Or write H. B. GLOVER CO., 880 Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

TAILORED MAN PAJAMAS
by Glover
with ADJUSTO-BAND WAIST

Now-
A MATCHED COLOR SET
of 3 New Sock Designs
HOLEPROOF'S
Harmony Trio

$1.50
FOR 3-PAIR TRIO

. . . in five sparkling new shades to complement the new spring apparel colors

Again Holeproof wins acclaim from careful dressers who know the value of harmony in color. With *The Harmony Trio*—a matched set of three new patterns worked out in the base color you prefer—green, bronze, Balboa gray, teal blue, or maroon. Gives you the finishing touch of correct color harmony—with variety. Made in Pacer or in socks without garters. Ask for Holeproof's Harmony Trio.

Featured in the new sock invention which thousands swear by—*Pacer, with garter attached*

The Harmony Trio—this new aid to correct dress—now adds one more to the many reasons why thousands have already swung completely to Pacer. No more garter hunts. No more unwashed garters. Sock and garter go on together, come off together, and into the wash. Garter guaranteed for life of sock. Both socks and garters for price of socks alone—50c and $1. In a grand selection of patterns and plain colors—and now in *The Harmony Trio*. At good stores everywhere. Ask for Pacer.

HOLEPROOF
HOSIERY CO.,
Milwaukee

Pacer
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
by HOLEPROOF
THE SOCK WITH GARTER ATTACHED

The Sound and The Fury

Continued from pages 8-14-187

WEST FINDS EAST EASTERN

Out Where the Jest Begins, which you published lately and which I ran across while in the throes of getting a permanent wave, was a great solace to me.

On the basis of that article, I am going to stop blaming myself for some of the quirks of humor that constantly get me into trouble in this part of the country, and blame it all onto being a westerner. I thank the author for soothing my conscience.

Cordially yours,
Dorothy Marie Johnson
New York, N.Y.

WHERE WERE YOU THE FIRST 30 MONTHS?

After forty-five highly satisfying months of reading and looking at every inch of your gargantuan periodical, the candle of my wrath has been ignited.

For the nonce my conscience has directed me to proclaim in print (I hope) that numerous as-plain-as-the-nose-on-your-face errors are contained in Forrest Davis's *Our Dwindling Press*, in the February number.

Mr. Davis thinks the press is going to hell, where his article ought to be.

Our embittered author opines that not until Adolf tossed Europe into a cauldron of blood did the nation's dailies possess "pulse, immediacy and guts." This is a gross statement, the thoughtlessness of which can be immediately detected. Has Mr. Davis forgotten the fighting corps of the newsprint crusaders, Pulitzer, Hearst, Reid, *et al?* Has he forgotten the muckrakers?

Newspapers print news as news is. If a daily prints news which lacks color and action and seems stodgy, it is because THAT IS HOW THE NEWS IS. Newspapers merely print news in compact, complete form; papers cannot be placed on trial if news itself is colorless. If occurrences are dull, blame it on the people in this world, not the newspapers.

News today is more "immediate" than it ever has been, which can be partly attributed to the modern high-speed presses and the consolidation of all agencies to reach the highest point of newspaper efficiency. This is particularly true of the New York metropolitan dailies, where efficiency has made astonishing progress.

Guts? The *New York Post* recently tore Jersey City political circles asunder with its fearless exposé of Mayor Frank Hague. And how about the *Daily News's* frequent delvings into various city rackets? The *Herald-Tribune*, too, has had its share of dispensing guts. Its recent revelations of the real condition of American Communism belong under the heading of gumption. And so forth, I naturally could go on, as they say, for hours.

Of course, movies make news "livelier." Seeing the *Graf Spee* wallowing in twenty-five feet of H_2O is pure drama. Reading about it isn't as thrilling. But . . . well, further comment reserved. It's so logical that I don't want to appear absurd.

Mr. Davis is all wrong about newspapers no longer being news papers. At least six-tenths of today's *Herald-Tribune*, which is before me now, is news, local, foreign, national. Three-tenths of the contents consists of other news, sports, financial, social (social news, Mr. Author, is NEWS), business, fashion notes wired from Paris, etc. One-tenth is devoted to editorials, D. Thompson, *et al.* These off-hand figures exclude the space allotted to ads, of course. These figures, in my opinion, apply to every large newspaper in the country, all of which I have read. Evening newspapers naturally carry less news; the subway readers don't want encyclopedias. Publishers of P.M. journals know that their readers want less to read than do the morning readers, hence the former get less.

And the probable reason why so many papers have failed in recent years is that there were too many to begin with, over-expansion or something. And the New Deal.

I must say that although the veteran reporters have been humbled and degraded and Guilded, they're still the backbone of every news sheet and, despite Mr. Davis's testimony to the contrary, present-day reporters are first, right after or with the bluecoats, on the scene. They still are closer to the public than anyone else, including magaziners. Reporters for dailies are the corpuscles in the arteries of humanity. Reporters, and Mr. Davis should know, still are epitomizers of speed, drama and emotion.

There are approximately 423 other statements of the writer's to which I object quite vehemently. But I shall have to let them go for the moment because sweet Adele is waiting for me downstairs. I left her a newspaper to read. And I do mean NEWspaper.

As the curtain goes down most reluctantly, Esquire, allow me to thank you Turks for these many comfortable years of the best magazine reading in the world. And, oh yes, for Petty, too.

I-hope-you-print-thisingly yours,
Jos. Nagelschmidt
Richmond Hill, N. Y.

VALENTINE TO THE FEBRUARY ESQ.

"Saint Karl Marx,"
Discussing
"The Religion of Little Men,"
Felt somewhat chagrined
Over the false
Statements made
By
Our Dwindling Press,
Anent the
All important question:
"Whatever Happened to Immorality"
And said:
"I want to see the Manager."
Unfortunately, however,
The Manager was
"Out Where the Jest Begins"
Enjoying a
"Rustic Interlude"
When "A Man in the Way"
Announced,
In typical Jestern fashion,
"One on the House,"
Which simply meant
"They Paid for Their Drinks."
Even on the arid desert
"Ships That Meet"
Speak to each other
In passing,
Hence,
"The Man Who Was Loved"
By a demure
Jestern gal
Said to the boys:
"You Can't Have Everything."
He was a wise fellow
Dubbed by those
Leather-faced Jesterners
"Solomon in Gothenburg."
Well,
"There's Lots in a Name."
The wisdom of
This sophistical wanderer
Was uncanny.
He knew the art
Of
"Bone Bending in the Jungle"
And with
"The Collaboration"
Of his Jestern gal
Was expert in
"Capping the Climates,"
Making it
All the easier for
"Going Native Nearby."
Neither immorality
Nor the law
Bothered him.
"Cops Are Lousy Marksmen"
He exclaimed
With Jestern bravado.
He also knew
How to
"Man the Kitchenette"
And last,
But not least,
"How to Watch Ice Hockey"
What a man!

Chicago, Ill. Bennett Treloar

IT WON'T?
NO, IT WON'T!
NO, IT WON'T WRINKLE!

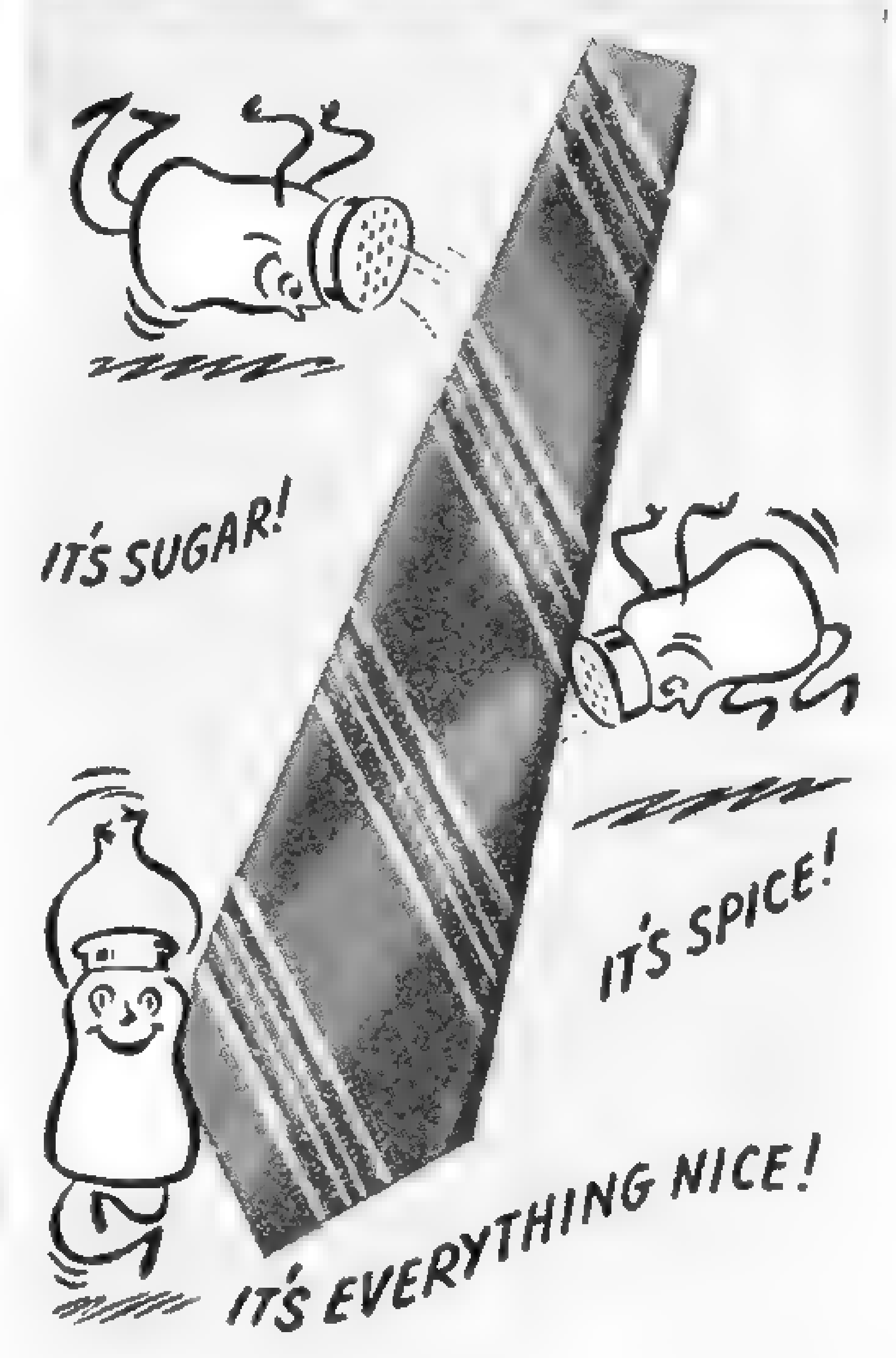
*IMPORTED
Coronado
The Tie That Won't Wrinkle!

This rich, wondrous British fabric stays fresh and smooth no matter how often you knot it. The new, gay plaids and stripes (all exclusive) will enliven your ensemble this Easter and long after.

New Easter Editions!
TWO FAMOUS TIES
by Superba

Superba Cravats
Since 1879

$1.00
Everywhere


IT'S SUGAR!
IT'S SPICE!
IT'S EVERYTHING NICE!

Sugar & Spice

No other tie has this rough-yet-smooth texture or these soft heathery colors. What's more, it resists wrinkles; knots perfectly; wears like iron. Beautiful solid shades, stripes, plaids; all Superba's alone.

Write for dealer's name.

SUPERBA CRAVATS
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Grantee

WHY NOT SUBSCRIBE?

I'm not one for writing to magazines. My most effective rebuke, if rebuke I must, is simply to spend my dime, quarter or half-buck for the one which I like and to overlook those which I don't.

But I'm sore, sore at myself for breaking down after a long period of holdoff, and buying Esquire. I'm sore because the act was committed willfully, because, like a darn fool, I cheated myself. But it's more palliating to kick the other guy 'round the block than to kick oneself.

I've never been a regular reader, but when I quit the time before buying this issue I did so because the magazine had devolved to pure junk—not, my friends, that it was markedly better even at its inception.

For a salesman on the road, time occasionally hangs heavy. For a salesman on the road, erotic pictures and bawdy stories, too, find a place. (I try, you see, to vindicate my tasteless purchase.) Loneliness, heavy hanging time, even a good thick morbid state is a damsite preferable to the gagging sense of let-down your job engenders.

You've one article in there—one on witchcraftery and bone straightening among savages—that doesn't insult a passably workable mind. You have George Jean Nathan who can do some thinking and can do some damned good writing. You've naught else my clever though benighted dopes.

Please do something for my safeguarding. Let us make sure that I never buy again. Do you think it a good plan if I were to send you my photograph so that you could have it reproduced and copies sent to all dealers? The dealers could then be advised to refrain from selling Esquire to the guy whose photograph they hold.

STEPHEN G. FREEDMAN
Elkins Park, Pa.

ASHANTI IRISH

Herewith another contribution to your Ashanti correspondence.

It is, or was, my belief that my family name is spelled C-h-e-a-t-h-a-m, but there has always been Those Who Disagree and until recently their arrangements struck me as being picked right out of the air. Then a letter came from my long wedded sister addressed to a Mr. Cheathem. This pretty well convinced me that we might all be right and I have since derived a sort of satisfaction by making a collection of these tribal variations. Starting with dear Maude's here is what I got in two months, exclusive of repeats:

Cheathem
Cheathard
Cheathan
Cheedtham
Cheatum
Cheetham
Cheatman
Cheatcham
Cheadtham
Chedam*
Cheathalm
Cheathum
Cheatem
Chatham
Cheatam*

*By the same author, whose next communication cannot arrive too soon.

There is another which is not listed, to forestall its deletion.

Hobbily yours,
Chicago, Ill. THOMAS L. CH..........

ADD APOCRYPHA

As a loyal Canadian I feel called upon to spring to the defense of our Royal Canadian Mounted Police. In the article *Out Where the Jest Begins,* Eric Howard in telling of the single ranger sent to quell a riot says, "No such story, I think, has been told of the Royal Mounted, the F.B.I., or any force of policemen."

The following true incident is reported of the R.C.M.P. A group of Indians was escorted to the Canadian border by a regiment of U.S. troops. Arriving there they were met by two officers of the R.C.M.P. The American colonel asked "Where are the rest of your men?" To which one of the mounties replied "Oh, he's at the camp cooking breakfast."

Yours truly,
Kingston, Ont. J. CLARKE

PUNS FOR TWO

My joy at seeing your nasty review of my book *Fun Where I've Found It* was soured when I saw the review was not by Burton Rascoe.

For years I've looked forward to the day when I'd have a book published and Rascoe would pan it in Esquire, so I could wither him with a retort ending in these words: "I'll be glad when you're dead, you Rascoe you!"

Now I've actually got a book in print, and it has actually been reviewed in Esquire—in as nasty a manner as even I could have wished. But instead of Rascoe, the panner is somebody named Rutherford. And what can you do with a name like Rutherford?

I'd Rutherford-et the whole thing.

Yours,
FRANCIS WOODWORTH
South Pasadena, Calif.

NOMINATIONS ARE NASTY, SO FAR

I refer you to page ten of your January, 1940 issue and the paragraph, "Nominations In Order."

My opinion of the question raised or argued in that column is that a married man needs no identification title as Mrs. Altrowitz seems to think necessary. In the first place a title would just add to the burdens of a married man. The "single" part of the world can tell and point out a married man a block away. So why should he be titled when you merely have to look at him to see that he is married. In the second place men aren't exactly all alike and they don't all act or walk around as though they owned the earth. We have a few domineering souls of course, but in this day and age we just set them aside in a little space and call them nasty names such as bosses, big shots, hot stuffs, show offs, and dictators. In the third place, one woman is stretching things a little too far when she claims the whole world knows and calls her by the term "Mrs." after she is married. Today there are only a few people left who give a d—n whether a man or woman is married or not. Even if they did care, how are they going to know unless someone tells or shows them? Suppose I was to agree with Mrs. whats-her-name. (Just supposing.) All right, here is my idea of how to settle things. Take the little innocent letter that caused the argument in the first place. The difference between Mr. and Mrs. The letter "s." With this tiny letter a person could think of loads of terms to put before a man's name to mark him as being married. For instance he, the married man, could be called "*S*tupid John Henry," or "*S*ap James Garavid." There are a lot more terms beginning with the letter "s" too.

Very truly yours,
Washington, D.C. DAVID C. MILLER

MANNING THE AMEN CORNER

I have read Mr. Brody's article on Food in the Edibles Column of February Esquire. Mr. Brody certainly seems well versed in European cooking and may perhaps be a pupil of Prospen Montaigne or the great Escoffier himself. Original and instructive as the article was, I shudder to contemplate the domestic contretemps which would swiftly follow the average American husband's donning a chef's apron, entering the family kitchen and wrestling with one of Mr. Brody's gastronomic jewels. I can picture a wife's curiosity, tinged probably with mild condescension giving way to final annoyance at the rattling of the sauce pans and a mess worse than "after breakfast dishes" in a bunk house. But I'll admit Brody reads well, though most of us must still eat lamb, beef, chicken, ad infinitum, alternating Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays and cooked just plain family style garnished with the aid of the reliable can opener.

Yours very truly,
Chicago, Ill. J. C. G. CLAY

Continued on page 190

AFTER A HEARTY DINNER...
WHAT TO DRINK?

[illegible] Brochure of delightful Cointreau recipes including Crepes Suzettes, Soufflé, etc. Dept. C. Browne Vintners Co., Inc., 50 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.

COINTREAU

THAT *Settles* THE QUESTION
SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
ANGERS
(FRANCE)
IMPORTED BY
BROWNE VINTNERS CO. INC.
PRODUCT OF F

Always On Top!

THE CLINTON

Mansfields top-flight values $\$5^{50}$ to $\$6^{50}$

MANSFIELD SHOES

Any superlatives we might print about Mansfields wouldn't be ours, but quotations from the remarks of wearers. "Best shoe I've seen for the money" represents the average buyer's opinion, and sums up neatly the Style, Comfort and Wear in which Mans-field tops the shoe field! Better stores everywhere sell them.

MANSFIELD SHOES · WHITMAN, MASS.

Sold by Golf Professionals

THE *Finest* NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT THEM!

Beauty is only skin deep—but playability plus beauty is a combination that lowers scores—because that's the combination that inspires better golf.

Your Pro has the 1940 Power-Bilt Line on display. Ask him to show you the wide range of models available this year.

Literature describing the new 1940 Power-Bilts will be sent on request. When writing, please give the name of your club.

LOUISVILLE POWER-BILT GOLF CLUBS

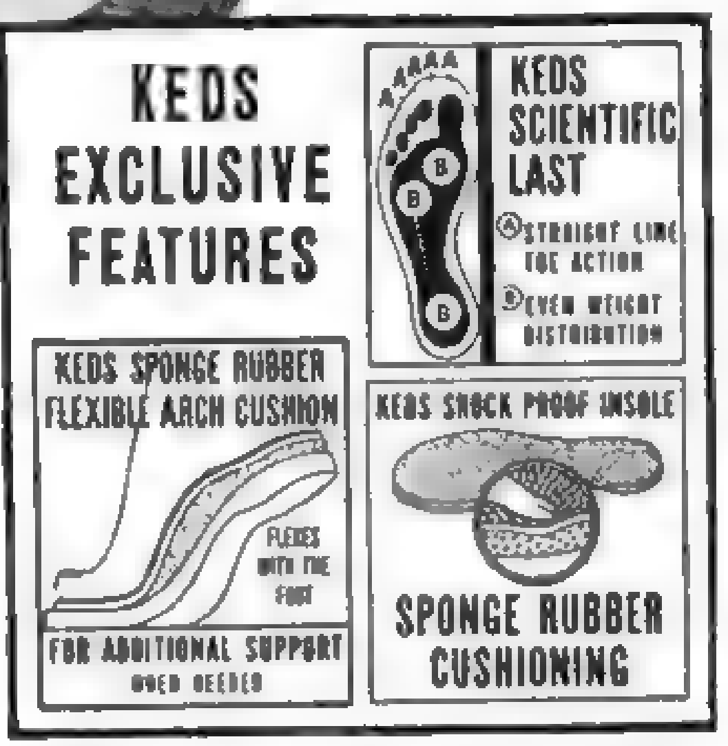
Other H & B products—Louisville Grand Slam, Louisville Lo Skore Golf Clubs and genuine autographed Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats.

HILLERICH and BRADSBY CO., INC., LOUISVILLE KY.

we like the style of

SURE, THE FEATURES ARE IMPORTANT BUT *Style* COUNTS WITH US!

Camper Oxford


KEDS EXCLUSIVE FEATURES
KEDS SCIENTIFIC LAST
Ⓐ STRAIGHT LINE TOE ACTION
Ⓑ EVEN WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION
KEDS SPONGE RUBBER FLEXIBLE ARCH CUSHION
FLEXES WITH THE FOOT
FOR ADDITIONAL SUPPORT WHEN NEEDED
KEDS SHOCK PROOF INSOLE
SPONGE RUBBER CUSHIONING

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Keds

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, New York

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears in the shoes.

In every Keds type there are styles with arch cushions if you want them.

The Sound and the Fury

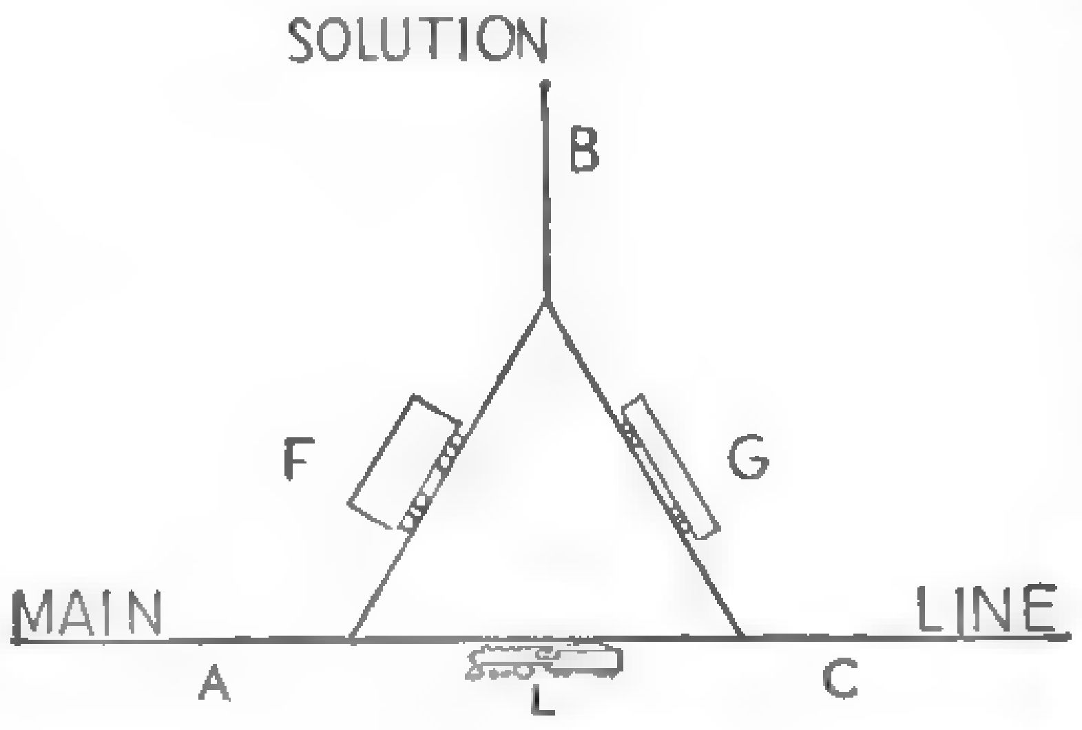
Continued from pages 8-14-187-189

FOR PUZZLENUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From this point on, the Sound and the Fury is devoted to the presentation of new problems and "brain-busters," and correspondence concerning old ones.*

CROSS ANSWERS MacDONALD (FEB.)

Inclosed you will find an answer to the "freight problem" sent in by Mr. Wm. R. MacDonald, Jr., from South Portland, Maine. It was published in the *Sound and the Fury* of the February issue. I shall admit that it took me longer than a minute, twenty-six seconds, but I think I got a correct solution.



(1) Let L go to A, then back up to put F at B.

(2) Let L return to C via A, then pull G and F to C, and then back toward A.

(3) Drop F at A. L and G go to C, and L puts G at B.

(4) Then L returns to A, picks up F and places it where G was originally.

(5) Now L goes to A, then backs up and pulls G from B to the original position of F.

(6) L then proceeds down the main line.

Lehigh University S. S. CROSS, JR.
Bethlehem, Pa.

SHEDD'S DIGITS

Here is another puzzle or whatever you want to call it which I discovered recently in studying prime numbers. If an odd number not ending in 5 is squared and the tens digit of the square is 2, what can you tell about the hundreds digit?

Also, an interesting puzzle is "What will the next major move of the stock market be, regardless of what happens in Washington or Europe?" I think I have the solution. It depends on the fact that the laws of nature are always stronger than the laws of man or any group of men, although men may defy those laws for some time. I would be glad to hear from any one who wishes the correct answer to this.

Sincerely Yours,
Arlington, Mass. CHARLES L. SHEDD

HUNT'S CHALLENGE

In regard to Mr. Marshall Morris' comments (ESQ. Feb.) on Mr. Charles L. Shedd's bean pile problem (ESQ. Dec.) I should like to contribute to the discussion.

Doubtless Mr. Morris will have discovered by now his blatant error when he proposed the problem in the form 28-20-15 and asserted as a result of his "semi-analytical" investigations that there is only one winning combination available namely 28-20-8. Further down in his letter he contradicts himself by stating another winning combination 28-19-15. He forgot, however, to mention 27-20-15 which is equally good. Mr. Shedd was perfectly correct in that there are three winning combinations for this problem.

About twelve years ago I found the rigorous mathematical solution referred to by Mr. Morris. My formula, however, is not limited to three piles; it may be applied to any number of piles having any number of beans.

Although Mr. Morris doesn't consider this a good game it can be intensely interesting and entertaining when properly played. One player arranges the beans (or chips—or numbers etc.) to his satisfaction and his opponent selects first player. I should like to challenge Mr. Morris—or Mr. Shedd or any other interested reader—to run off a few games by correspondence (Mr. Morris to furnish the beans) in case he is skeptical of the "rigor" of my formula.

Sincerely,
Roanoke, Va. W. S. HUNT

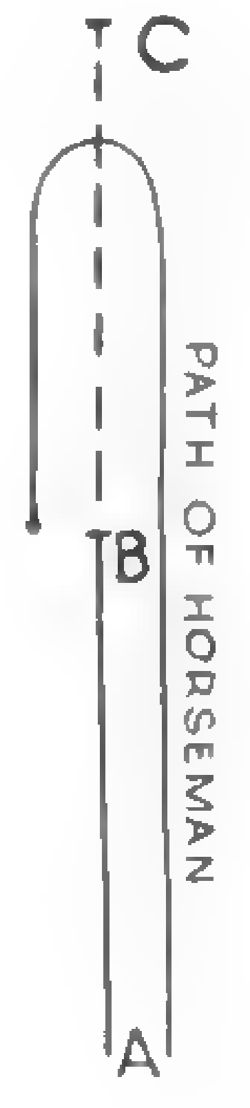
HAUSER'S THOUGHT

In your recent copies of ESQUIRE, I have noticed a lack of what may be termed "thought problems." The type of mathematical problem appearing in the *Sound and the Fury* is the type that usually evolves itself into the solution of five or six simultaneous equations that follow directly from the hypotheses by application of the most obvious methods. Anyone familiar with the simplest form of algebra can solve these if he wants to take the time.

It seems to me that you could use a few problems in which the actual computation involved is small compared to the amount of thought necessary to get the answer.

Thus I am led to submit the following problem which is exceptionally simple once you get the right start; but the problem is to get the right start:

There is a column of men 1 mile long and a horseman situated at the rear of the column, next to the last man. The column starts marching at a constant velocity and the horseman starts running at a constant rate (faster than the speed of the column). When the horseman reaches the front of the column he rounds it and continues to run in the opposite direction (towards the rear of the column). He reaches the rear of the column just as the army has marched 1 mile. The problem is to find how far the horseman rode. The diagram explains the problem further. The column is originally at AB and the horseman is at A. When the column is at position BC, the horseman is at B. AB=1 mile. BC=1 mile. Neglect the width of the column and the distance between the column and the horseman in your computations.



ARTHUR A. HAUSER, JR.
Englewood, N. J.

P. S. The problem is easy once you get started. Enough information is given for its solution.

REVIVING NIM

In reply to Mr. Marshall Morris' letter on page 10 of February ESQUIRE, I would refer him to an article by Charles L. Bouton in the *Annals of Mathematics* series 2, volume 3, page 35 (1901-1902) entitled "Nim, a game with a complete mathematical theory."

In case Mr. Morris does not live conveniently near a library containing this journal, the theory is as follows:

If X is the number of matches in one pile and Y the number in a second pile, X and Y being known, there exists one and only one third pile Z such that the second player can always win if he knows the game. (Mr. Morris found this much out himself.)

To calculate Z when X and Y are given, express X and Y in the binary system of number notation where each digit is the coefficient of some power of two instead of some power of ten as

GOOD ADVICE from Bill to Jim:

BILL: When you get your next car, Jim, don't let them kid you about a radio. Be sure it's a Motorola.

JIM: But will Motorola fit my car and exactly match my instrument panel?

BILL: POSITIVELY... Motorola makes radios to exactly fit every car, no matter what anyone tells you to the contrary. And the controls match your dash perfectly.

YOUR DEALER CAN GET AND INSTALL

Motorola

PUSH-BUTTON AUTO RADIO

Designed to Exactly Fit and Match Your Car

Auto radio that easily brings in far-distant stations with plenty of volume no matter where you drive . . . Rich tone that equals the best in home radio. Enjoy "America's Finest" . . . insist on Motorola when you buy your next car.

WHY Motorola IS AMERICA'S FINEST AUTO RADIO

Your *ear* will tell you that Motorola's tone is radiantly beautiful. Your *eye* will tell you that Motorola is designed to match your car to perfection . . . and your good judgment as a buyer will tell you that Motorola gives you more for your money . . . *Remember, it costs no more to own a genuine Motorola.*

Write for FREE BOOKLET

If you'd like to know how to measure and judge car radio performance, send for your illustrated copy today.

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
4531 Augusta Blvd., Chicago

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST
FOR YOUR CAR AND HOME
Celebrating 10 Years of Leadership

in the decimal system. Thus 143 in the decimal system would be 10001111 in the binary system, and 58 in the decimal system would be 111010. Write X and Y, one under the other, thus:

$$\begin{aligned} 143 = X &= 10001111 \\ 58 = Y &= \quad 111010 \\ \text{Then } Z &= 10110101 = 2^7+2^5+2^4+2^2+2^0 \\ &= 128+32+16+4+1 \\ &= 181 \end{aligned}$$

Z is the number such that when it is written under X and Y the sum of the digits in each column is either two or zero.

Yours sincerely,
Berkeley, Cal. WALTER HUGHES

MORRISON'S HAT

Since there are many problems submitted to this department, I'll give one.

A man drops his hat in the water while rowing a boat downstream. He continues rowing for ten minutes after dropping the hat and then decides to turn around and row back after it. He finds the hat had floated downstream one mile from where he dropped it.

Allowing no time for turning the boat around, what is the rate of the stream?

Dayton, O. FRANK MORRISON

GOODRICH ON THE DOG AND FOX

My favorite problem concerns a dog and a fox: The fox starts running due east with a constant velocity. A hundred yards north, the dog starts running at the same time. He also runs at a constant speed, but he keeps changing direction so that he always runs directly toward the fox. Just as the fox finishes running his 300th yard, the dog catches him. How far does the dog run?

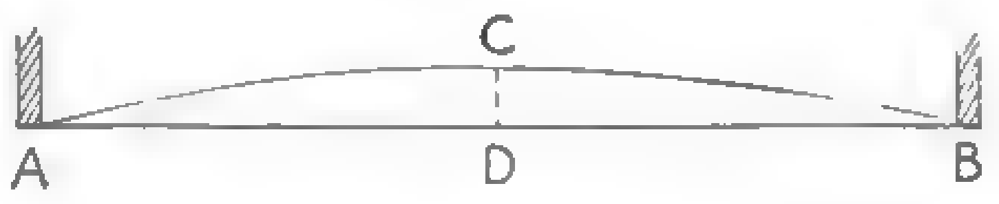
Thank you for many an hour of mathematical diversion from Sound and Fury.

Very truly yours,
RALPH D. GOODRICH, JR.
Denver, Colo.

CRAIG'S TRACK

Here is one of our pet problems:

A gang once laid a mile of track with no expansion joints in the entire length of the track. Assume both ends of the track were butted against immovable objects and the track expanded 12 inches in length in the summer time. What would be the distance between the track and the earth at the center? Do not take into consideration the curvature of the earth and assume the track would form a perfect arc when expanded.



Given ADB = 5280 ft.
GivenACB = 5281 ft.
Given AD = DB
Given CD perpendicular to ADB.
Find distance CD.

907 Main Street L. R. CRAIG
Reading, Ohio

Found: One Paradise for Two

Continued from page 38

while drink is scandalously cheap —best British whiskey at $1.20 a fifth, gin ninety cents a bottle, and, of course, Tortola rum ranging from fifty cents to one dollar a gallon. Fish are free and plentiful and easily caught with hook and line or the very efficient native traps.

There are a few houses for rent ranging in price from a dollar to ten dollars a month, and furniture can be either bought cheaply—some mahogany four poster beds a hundred years old selling for less than twenty dollars—or made here. All in all, two people can live in Tortola on fifty a month, without much inconvenience, although a top of seventy would make things much more pleasant.

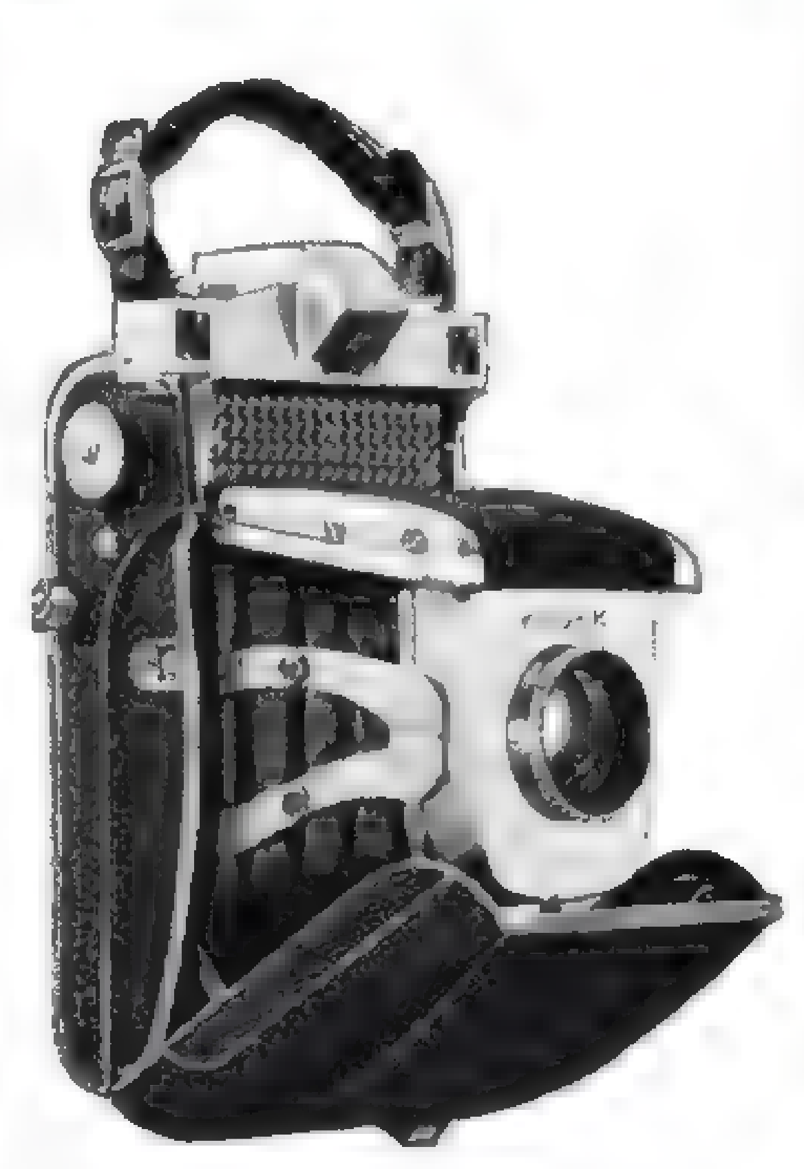
And for seventy dollars there are thirty days not one of which will be overcast for three hours; there is the Caribbean washing a hundred beaches (a serviceable, seagoing sailboat can be had for thirty dollars, fully found). The average rainfall is fifty-five inches per year, the average temperature below eighty and never above ninety. There are no days of the still, humid heat of the lower islands, for the Trade Wind eddies into every lagoon and bay. The beauty of these sparkling days is only eclipsed by the cool nights, with the sky splendid with stars.

For the visitor who succumbs to Tortola's spell there are unnumbered sites for a house—a hundred round-topped hills overlooking a small bay—where a yacht should lie at anchor. This land can be leased from the Crown for endless periods at two or three dollars an acre and taxes of about ten cents. Building materials are expensive but the cost is offset by the cheapness of labor—skilled carpenters and masons getting one-fifty a day, common labor fifty cents.

Or, if the mainland doesn't suit, there are the twenty uninhabited cays around Tortola. The author and his wife bought one of these for sixty dollars. An eight-acre jewel which had never before been lived on. Now, in their concrete house they are indeed lords of all they survey.

Or, for those fortunate enough to be accepted by the Guana Island Club, situated on another of the once uninhabited islands, everything is prepared and life could not be more pleasant in the huge clubhouses built on the ruins of two centuries ago. A twin screw cruiser, fully equipped for deep sea fishing, supplements a fleet of small boats. Here there are modern plumbing and conveniences, all sports and superb beaches and the utmost in comfort.

More important, however, than all these physical things Tortola offers—the brilliant days, the beaches and the myriad colors of the sea, the sport and leisure—there is the almost unbelievable peace which overwhelms a visitor as soon as he enters the waters. A mind in chaos from life in a city, a nervous system wracked by war or threat of war forgets it all as he welcomes Tortola's obliviousness of all this. In a few days Time has lost its meaning, the flash of radio hysteria is unknown, newspapers come weeks late—crises, which would have seemed imminently dangerous, have passed on and been forgotten before Tortola hears of them. The World shrinks to the confines of the Caribbean and there is no chaos here, no turmoil —just the islands lazing through the sparkling days, dreaming in the long cool nights. #



For a correctly exposed picture every time . . .

SUPER KODAK SIX-20,

the "electric eye" KODAK

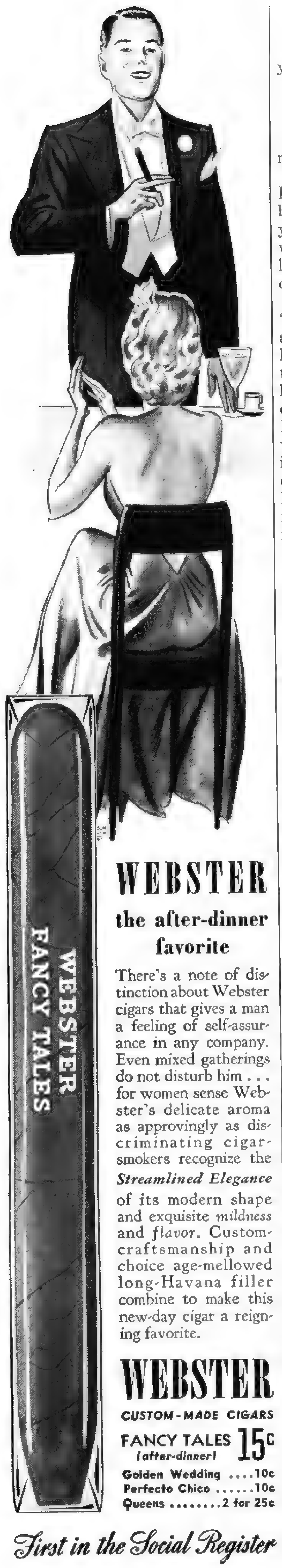
IF your camera is a Super Kodak Six-20, then no matter how little you know about photography you can make snapshot after snapshot as clear and crisp and brilliant as though an expert had taken them.

Your part of the job is easy. Choose your shutter speed—aim, focus, and shoot.

Super Kodak's "electric eye" (a photoelectric cell) "sets" the diaphragm for a perfectly exposed picture—automatically, mind you.

Kodak Anastigmat Special *f*/3.5 lens, 1/200-second shutter . . . combined view finder and coupled range finder . . . in short, Super Kodak is a super Kodak throughout . . . most modernly equipped, simplest, surest of all cameras. Price, $225. At your dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK



WEBSTER

the after-dinner favorite

There's a note of distinction about Webster cigars that gives a man a feeling of self-assurance in any company. Even mixed gatherings do not disturb him . . . for women sense Webster's delicate aroma as approvingly as discriminating cigar-smokers recognize the *Streamlined Elegance* of its modern shape and exquisite *mildness* and *flavor*. Custom-craftsmanship and choice age-mellowed long-Havana filler combine to make this new-day cigar a reigning favorite.

WEBSTER

CUSTOM-MADE CIGARS

FANCY TALES (after-dinner)	15c
Golden Wedding	10c
Perfecto Chico	10c
Queens	2 for 25c

First in the Social Register

Little Miss Whisk

Continued from page 51

you manage to get in here?"

"I don't know."

"Are you drunk?"

"I don't know."

"Does my husband keep you regularly, or are you just on call?"

"Neither, you nasty old hag," I shrieked getting really annoyed by her low insinuations, "and if you think I'd have anything to do with your fat husband, lord or no lord, you've got another think coming."

"Silence vixen!" she boomed. "I'll settle with you just as soon as I teach the English nobility a lesson it won't forget." She stalked to a side table and picked up a large cloisonné vase. Her husband quivered, gurgled, tried to speak. I just lay helpless. Stolidly she advanced upon him, like a tank going into action, the vase raised in dreadful menace. Lord Hillary Pothlethwaite stood rooted to the rug, impotent to interfere with the impending slaughter.

* * *

I, the teller of this tale, hung breathless on the young blonde's words.

"Did she get him?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "At that moment I was whisked away again."

"She probably did," I said. "It is notoriously difficult to explain to wives that nude young blondes found in their husbands' beds are but victims of transmigration. Wives have little sympathy with the occult. It must have been ghastly for you, my dear."

"It was," she admitted, shuddering a little at the recollection.

"And you woke up here?" I volunteered in the spirit of whimsy. I am always happy to help a good story along.

"Oh, no," she said. "I woke up in New York—in a hotel bedroom."

"Always bedrooms," I commented.

"Through no choice of mine," she protested, drawing herself up.

"Do go on; this gets interesting."

"I'm glad you think so," she said sourly. "Well, I had closed my eyes to blot out the spilling of Lord Hillary's brains. But I heard no sound resembling cloisonné encountering skull, or of English noblemen being massacred by their consorts.

I tentatively opened one eye and took a peek.

It was with not completely undiluted relief that I found myself in a little hotel room, once more lying in a bed. I had not yet acquired any clothes. I could tell it was New York, having seen pictures of Times Square and recognizing it through the window. All the lights were out in the room, but the Wrigley sign outside lit it up so that I could see rather well. Among other things I could see that I was in bed with an entirely strange man. He wasn't bad-looking, really, but he snored a bit at first. You can see that the situation was delicate. I couldn't very well stay there until he woke up. He might misinterpret my motives in being there at all; men are like that. Being on the inside next to a wall, I couldn't try to sneak out of bed, lest I wake him up. And even if I did manage to get out, I hadn't the vaguest idea of what to do then, having no clothes, and, innocent as I was, having an idea that the reception accorded to nude blondes in hotel hallways would not be as jolly as could be desired. I seemed to be mingling rather intimately with an impasse. For quite a while I just lay there feeling panicky and baffled and unhappy. My unconscious bed fellow rolled over and threw an arm affectionately about me. I tried to draw away, but there was precious little room to draw in. His grip was firm. He mumbled passionately something that sounded like "Bunny Duck," but I knew he was still asleep. He drew me closer to him, closer, closer, closer. His purpose could not be misinterpreted, but I was helpless.

"Lillian," I heard him say distinctly, "I love you, I love you, I love you." He kissed me. I turned my lips away, but he found them. His hand—his hand—"

"My God!" I asked the girl, "what happened?"

"Nothing," she said sadly. "I got whisked away again."

"Oh," I sighed in disappointment.

"I came to in Siam."

"But didn't anything ever happen?"

"No, damn it!" She exclaimed.

"You wanted something to happen?"

"Well, after all, when a girl has to make a career out of waking up in strange beds, she might as well get something out of it."

"Quite so," I said, realizing her position. "What happened in Siam?"

"Oh, Siam was pretty ghastly. I had a very narrow escape there."

"Narrower than in New York?"

"Oh, much narrower."

"Do tell me about it," I suggested eagerly. I am passionately addicted to detail.

"I'd rather not. It's—it's embarrassing," she blushed.

"Oh, all right. What happened after Siam?"

"Well, I got whisked here and there, tents in Arabia, tree houses in Africa—I was a sensation in Africa, igloos in Alaska. I almost froze to death in Alaska."

"Still no clothes?"

"Still no clothes. I appeared in castles and hovels and huts, from Chicago to Capri to Copenhagen. I got shot at in Berlin."

"Wife?"

"Misogynist."

"Hurt much?"

"He placed the gun right against my head and pulled the trigger—"

"The brute!"

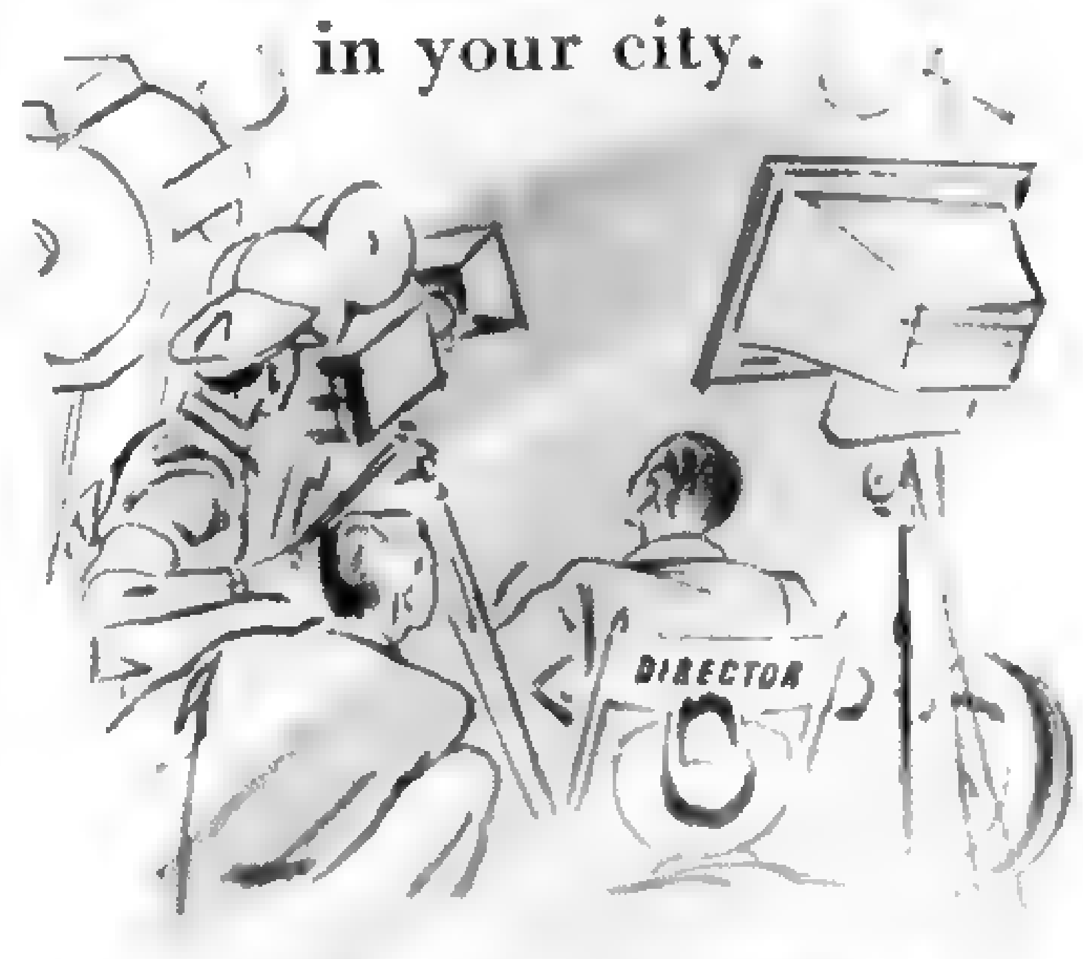
"But just then I was whisked away again, right in the nick of time. When I appeared in a cell at San Quentin I found the bullet

DISNEY HATS

Styled in Hollywood

The
TELESCOPE
$5.00
The
STATION
WAGON
$7.50
The
ROBIN HOOD
$7.50

Your hat is always a matter of importance. See the DISNEY dealer in your city.



DISNEY
HATS

DISNEY, INC., *Hatmakers*
358 Fifth Avenue • New York

hovering in my hair."

"You certainly did get around."

"Oh, indeed, yes. I got used to it after a while, so that I could enjoy it a bit—purely academically. Of course, I never did become entirely accustomed to arriving everywhere naked. I often used to think how nice it would be if I could arrive fully dressed and sort of work down to it if necessary. It would have made it more interesting."

"For some people, perhaps. Tell me, where did you get those lovely pajamas, if I'm not too bold in asking."

"Not at all. I got those in Paris. They're real lace. Feel." I did. It was kind of fun. "I found myself in the apartment," she explained, "of a most fascinating Frenchman. He was really awfully nice, particularly after some of the perfect beasts I'd encountered. He was an artist and had the loveliest studio. The walls were all glass brick with windows here and there through which I could see the roofs of buildings, and trees and the Eiffel Tower. It was all very modernistic, perfectly enchanting. I was lying on a soft divan. Pierre—that was his name—sat in a deep chair near by, reading a book. He hadn't seen me yet. He wasn't very tall, but he was terribly handsome, had wavy black hair and the softest dark eyes, and was dressed in red silk pajamas with dragons embroidered on them. He lay the book aside, and reached for a cigarette. Then he saw me. He looked at me for a moment, inquiringly, but I just looked back at him. He smiled, and I smiled, too. You may think that was callous of me, knowing the condition I was in regarding clothes, but even a school teacher from Ponca City gets accustomed to things when she's led the sort of life I had. "Ah, mademoiselle," he said in the nicest voice, "comment ca va?"

I don't know French. In fact, not knowing languages has often proved very embarrassing to me on my travels.

"I don't speak French," I said.

"Anglais?"

"No, American."

"Ah, c'est bien. I am verry good you are here."

"Thank you."

"Le bon Dieu know that Pierre is lonesome tonight. He has send ze most beautiful of all hees angels to keep heem company."

"That's sweet of you, Pierre."

"You are verry lovely. Your eyes, your hair, your exqueesite leetle body it fill Pierre wiz—how you call eet—happiness?"

"That's as good a word as any."

"Will you have a cigarette wiz me?"

"Yes. Thank you very much."

He brought me a cigarette and lit it for me. His eyes, of course—you know the French—weren't concentrated entirely on the cigarette or the match. But I really didn't mind, for his gaze was more adoring than disrespectful. "Will you stay wiz Pierre for a while?" he invited.

"I hope so," I said, and I really meant it, too. After all, when a girl had been in some of the places I had and with some of the men, this lovely apartment and Pierre were most restful and pleasant. So few men have any imagination. They tend to disbelieve anything outside their own immediate knowledge and experience. They can't just accept miracles for what they are, hardly more than wives believe their innocent husbands' explanations about not knowing the nude blondes in their bedrooms. They are constitutionally unsympathetic when a girl suddenly shows up in their beds, always making low assumptions. But this Pierre was different. He met the situation like a gentleman and a philosopher. He acted as though my being there, explanations or no explanations, assumptions or no assumptions, was going to be a pleasure. I thought the same myself. However, a bit of the school teacher always crops out in anyone who has followed that profession, no matter what she may have been through.

"Pierre," I asked, "you don't by some chance happen to have an odd pair of pajamas about here anywhere, do you, that I could put on temporarily? I came away without my clothes."

"But certainment, Mademoiselle la Americaine." He stood away and surveyed me thoughtfully, appraisingly, with the eye of an artist.

He disappeared into the pajama department and came back carrying these pajamas I have on. He helped me put them on. Then he stood back and looked at his creation approvingly. "Ah, ma cherie. Zey were made for you. No one else shall ever wear zem again. Zey are yours."

It was perfectly heavenly that evening not having to explain to anyone about the bathtub in Ponca City, or having anyone want to throw me out or shoot me. After a while, he came to me and took my hand, gazing adoringly into my eyes. "May I kees you, cherie? Oui?"

"Oui." He did.

"You will not go back to Heaven, Cherie? You will stay wiz Pierre? Oui?"

"Oui." I did.

He took me in his arms in so many lovely ways and said such gorgeous things, some of which I could understand. After a perfectly ecstatic hour of the most fascinating dalliance, he picked me up and carried me into another room. He laid me down, so tenderly.

I closed my eyes blissfully. I raised my arms to him. "Pierre, oh, Pierre," I murmured huskily.

I heard no reply. For long moments there was no other sound but the fury of my breathing. Then—then—"Hay, dame, what set you workin' on?" The voice was not Pierre's. I opened my eyes. There stood a man in overalls, carrying a saw and a hammer, looking down at me most unpleasantly. I looked about, startled. I was lying on a bed, but

Continued at top of page 194

TWO FAMOUS NAMES FROM COAST TO COAST

$5 to $7.50

Next time you're in a TWA plane, look at the shoes your pilot is wearing. Odds are they're City Club, for these style-wise men choose City Club for style, comfort, and value. Whether you're a pilot or passenger, one pair will convince you City Club are tops in shoes. Write for your dealer's name... Dept. E.

CITY CLUB shoes

PETERS SHOE COMPANY • DIV: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

AMERICA'S SMARTEST *handwoven* NECKWEAR for Easter

"Blue Ridge Mountain" Cravats

BY OUR OWN WEAVERS

The Tie of the Perfect Knot

$1

Unique and different! The "rugged individualism" of the mountaineer, with the suave styling of Fifth Ave. The only handwoven tie to retail at $1.00 made from start to finish within one organization.

We select our own yarns, design our own patterns, weave our own fabric and make the finished cravat. Every step is 100% hand work.

At Most Good Stores!

HIPSH, INC. Kansas City, Missouri

Makers of Hiawatha Wools and Specialized Silk Ties

Chrysler
MARINE ENGINES
THE LOG PROVES THE POINT!

DURING 1939 this beautiful yacht, used for Great Lakes cruising, needed new motors. Facing the necessity of rebuilding the old motors, or replacing with new motors, the owner chose the new motors . . . two new Chrysler Royal Eights.

Two 1939 Georgian Bay trips, 720 miles of cruising per trip, gave an engine comparison worthy of consideration. Note what the log showed in the table at the right.

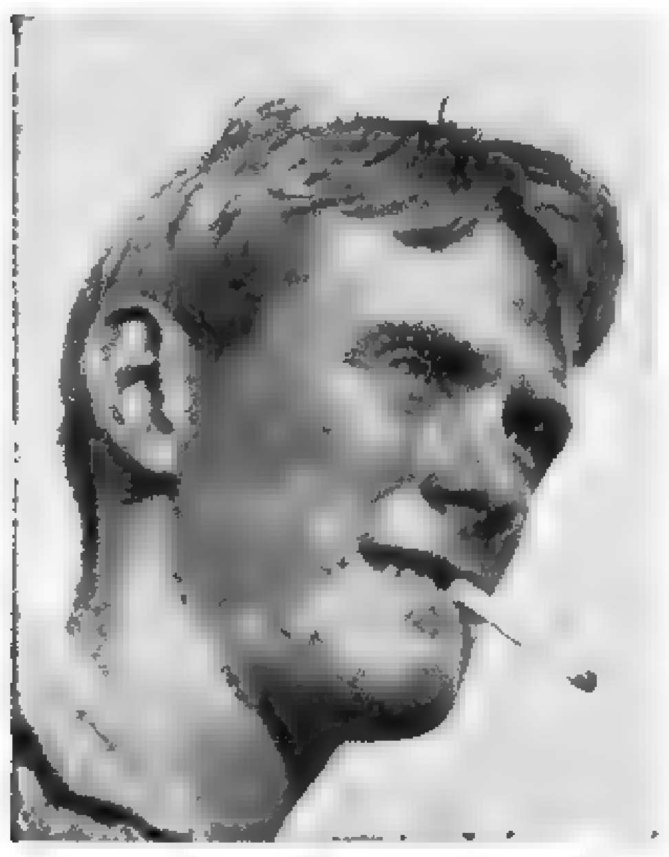
The cost to rebuild the old engines approximated the cost of the new Chrysler Royals.

Investigate Chrysler . . . it will save you money.

OLD MOTORS
6 Cylinders—5¾ x 6¾
Drive—Direct
Wheel Size—29 x 16
Weight of Motors—2500 lbs. each
Gas consumption at cruising speed of 12.6 m.p.h.—21 gals. per hour.

CHRYSLER ROYAL EIGHTS
8 Cylinders—3¼ x 4⅞
Drive—3.17 to 1 Red.
Wheel Size—30 x 28
Weight of Motors—1240 lbs. each
Gas consumption at cruising speed of 12.6 m.p.h.—14 gals. per hour.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION • MARINE ENGINE DIVISION • DETROIT, MICHIGAN



AVIATOR TOM RIGBY

Amateur Aviator discovers new use for aeroplane fabric

Tom Rigby is a cutter in a Carolina shirt factory, an amateur aviator on the side. After re-covering the wings of his ship with aeroplane fabric, he took remnants of the cloth back to work and made himself a shirt, using aeroplane fabric for the collar and cuffs. This shirt had phenomenal wearing qualities. The collar and cuffs outwore the shirt body made of finest broadcloth. Now Tom Rigby's company makes a custom-tailored shirt called WINGS, in a complete array of patterns & colors, all with aeroplane fabric collars & cuffs. $1.65

TOM RIGBY'S SCREWBALL IDEA PRODUCED A WONDER SHIRT

WRITE TOM RIGBY
(Box 172, Greenville, S. C.)
for illustrated booklet, samples of aeroplane fabric, and *your local dealer's name.*

P. S. *A new shirt free if your Wings Shirt does not outwear any other shirt you have ever worn.*

Wings Shirts

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY PIEDMONT SHIRT CO., GREENVILLE, S. C.

Little Miss Whisk

Continued from pages 51-193

a bed in some sort of a storehouse. There were beds everywhere, all over the floor and hanging on the walls, of all shapes, sizes and descriptions. I thought for a moment it had got me, but then I saw it was some sort of a storehouse. I got up, heart-broken and crushed, and stumbled out through an open door.

I wandered about outside, seeing moving picture stars the sight of whom would once have sent me swooning, but now I just didn't care, so disconsolate was I, so upset by any destiny which could bait me so. After a while, I saw this place, realized that I was hungry, came in. Of course, I didn't have any money with me, but I didn't mind that. I knew that if I ate fast and then took my time over the coffee, I'd probably be whisked away again before the check came."

Just then, I, your narrator, felt a jarring slap on the back, and had to turn away for a few moments to tell a loathesome actor I had known in New York how glad I was he'd landed a contract with us—which was a damned lie. As soon as I could get rid of him, I turned back to my young lady, but her place had been taken by an organ grinder.

I tried desperately to find my charming little blonde. It wasn't that I minded getting stuck with the check—one gets used to that when one eats with actors. I really wanted badly to see her again. Even in Hollywood there is no plethora of little blondes in blue lace pajamas—particularly, I thought, ones with such beautifully fantastic imaginations. I found, however, that there were no boudoir scenes being shot that day, nor any excuse at all for wandering about the lot in lace pajamas.

I wonder in whose bed my little blonde is now. Sometimes in the dead of night I wake up—hopefully. ⧺

Scene by the House Dick

Continued from page 72

followed by Mae and a bellhop, Bill was fiercely exultant. It had been as simple as that. With a nonchalance he genuinely felt he stopped a moment at the newsstand to buy a magazine and a newspaper. And in the room he remembered to tip the bellhop a half-dollar. Newlyweds are notoriously lavish. And when, in an hour or so, the management sent up flowers and candy, "Compliments of the Hotel Whitman," Bill knew his worries were over. Even Mae began to take heart. Whatever their actions the next few days, those actions would be ascribed by a kindly world to the peculiarities of honeymooners, which, as everyone knows, are numerous.

But when Bill and Mae came downstairs at eight o'clock that night to take dinner in the grill and listen leisurely to the music, their progress through the lobby was followed with perhaps more than casual interest by a large gentleman who wore a derby hat and box-toed shoes and smoked a cigar. And when on the following morning they returned from a late breakfast in the coffee shop, they found this same large gentleman sitting in their room—he on one side, and two uniformed officers on the other.

It was as simple as that.

And Bill didn't know the large gentleman was the house detective, and he didn't know where he had slipped until the day he was arraigned in justice court. And there he had a brief glimpse of a newspaper, in which the large gentleman's picture appeared above a full column of quoted matter.

"And I was thinking it was funny," the large gentleman had said, "that they weren't wearing new shoes when they first came into the house, because you can almost always tell a bride and groom by their new shoes. Even if he isn't wearing new shoes, why generally she is.

"And I been working around hotels about twenty years, and this is the first time I ever saw a bride shed rice in the lobby. They generally stop somewhere after the ceremony and pick the rice off each other to keep that very thing from happening.

"And when they went through the lobby he walked a little ahead of her, and she followed squaw-fashion like most old-marrieds do. And never before had I seen a bridegroom stop at the newsstand to pick up some reading matter before going up to the room.

"And I said to myself: 'Fred,' I said, 'I don't believe these people are newlyweds at all. Now, why are they trying to fool people that way?' So when they came down to dinner, I went up and had a look at their room. And then I knew for certain they'd been married a long time.

"So I just thought out loud in front of Captain MacMorris, the state patrolman, that night, and we decided to have a look at the automobile. And we found the money. There was nothing more to it than that."

But the large gentleman, apparently, had been asked what he had seen in the room that convinced him Bill Martin and Mae were no newlyweds.

"They only had one tube of toothpaste between them," he explained. "Only one. And anybody knows that when a bride packs her bag she always puts in a tube of her favorite toothpaste along with the toothbrush. It isn't until folks have been married awhile that they agree on one brand and share it."⧺

For Town or Country . . .

Yalehaven

by Arrowstern

In All Sorts of Weather

1 Military Storm Collar
2 Talon Zipper Closure
3 English Slash-Thru Pockets
4 Railroad Stitching—Below-Knee Length
5 Lined for Double Protection

Man, how this styling hits you! Made of Cravenetted cotton gabardine . . . Bond-street concealed zipper fly front eliminates all buttons . . . gives a smooth, distinctive appearance. Yale-styled . . . for college men and all other men, it's a must! Full-lined with tan mercury cloth . . . no weather can touch you! You're tops in taste and tops in style with Yalehaven . . . and all this for only . . . 16^{50}

In Oyster White Only
Even Sizes: 34 to 46

Ask your dealer for Yalehaven. If he can't supply you, mail the coupon below.

Arrow Importing Co.
2101 Superior Avenue, N.E.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send Parcel Post Prepaid......Yalehavens at $16.50 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. ☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money order ☐ C.O.D. (post office delivery charge of 17c on C.O.D.) Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44-46.

NAME.................................
ADDRESS............ ....
CITY................STATE.........

Teamed with Genius

Continued from page 44

he fell asleep with his new hat on his chest.

II

Except for the hat, that was the identical position in which he found René next day at eleven. And it was that way for three straight days—one was asleep or else the other—and sometimes both. On the fourth day they had several conferences in which Pat again put forward his idea about the war as a regenerating force for ballet dancers.

"Couldn't we *not* talk about the war?" suggested René, "I have two brothers in the Guards."

"You're lucky to be here in Hollywood."

"That's as it may be."

"Well, what's your idea of the start of the picture?"

"I do not like the present beginning. It gives me an almost physical nausea."

"So then, we got to have something in its place. That's why I want to plant the war—"

"I'm late to luncheon," said René Wilcox. "Good-bye, Mike."

Pat grumbled to Katherine Hodge:

"He can call me anything he likes, but somebody's got to write this picture. I'd go to Jack Berners and tell him—but I think we'd both be out on our ears."

For two days more he camped in René's office, trying to rouse him to action, but with no avail. Desperate on the following day—when the playwright did not even come to the studio—Pat took a benzedrine tablet and attacked the story alone. Pacing his office with the treatment in his hand he dictated to Katherine—interspersing the dictation with a short, biased history of his life in Hollywood. At the day's end he had two pages of script.

The ensuing week was the toughest in his life—not even a moment to make a pass at Katherine Hodge. Gradually with many creaks, his battered hulk got in motion. Benzedrine and great drafts of coffee woke him in the morning, whiskey anesthetized him at night. Into his feet crept an old neuritis and as his nerves began to crackle he developed a hatred against René Wilcox, which served him as a sort of *ersatz* fuel. He was going to finish the script by himself and hand it to Berners with the statement that Wilcox had not contributed a single line.

But it was too much—Pat was too far gone. He blew up when he was half through and went on a twenty-four-hour bat—and next morning arrived back at the studio to find a message that Mr. Berners wanted to see the script at four. Pat was in a sick and confused state when his door opened and René Wilcox came in with a typescript in one hand, and a copy of Berners' note in the other.

"It's all right," said Wilcox, "I've finished it."

"*What?* Have you been *working?*"

"I always work at night."

"What've you done? A treatment?"

"No, a shooting script. At first I was held back by personal worries, but once I got started it was very simple. You just get behind the camera and dream."

Pat stood up aghast.

"But we were supposed to collaborate. Jack'll be wild."

"I've always worked alone," said Wilcox gently, "I'll explain to Berners this afternoon."

Pat sat in a daze. If Wilcox's script was good—but how could a first script be good? Wilcox should have fed it to him as he wrote; then they might have *had* something.

Fear started his mind working—he was struck by his first original idea since he had been on the job. He phoned to the script department for Katherine Hodge and when she came over told her what he wanted. Katherine hesitated.

"I just want to *read* it," Pat said hastily. "If Wilcox is there you can't take it, of course. But he just might be out."

He waited nervously. In five minutes she was back with the script.

"It isn't mimeographed or even bound," she said.

He was at the typewriter, trembling as he picked out a letter with two fingers.

"Can I help?" she asked.

"Find me a plain envelope and a used stamp and some paste."

Pat sealed the letter himself and then gave directions:

"Listen outside Wilcox's office. If he's in, push it under his door. If he's out get a call boy to deliver it to him, wherever he is. Say it's from the mail room. Then you better go off the lot for the afternoon. So he won't catch on, see?"

As she went out Pat wished he had kept a copy of the note. He was proud of it—there was a ring of factual sincerity in it too often missing from his work.

"*Dear Mr. Wilcox:*

I am sorry to tell you your two brothers were killed in action today by a long range Tommy-gun. You are wanted at home in England right away.

John Smythe

The British Consulate, New York"

But Pat realized that this was no time for self-applause. He opened Wilcox's script.

To his vast surprise it was technically proficient—the dissolves, fades, cuts, pans and trucking shots were correctly detailed. This simplified everything. Turning back to the first page he wrote at the top:

BALLET SHOES
First Revise
From Pat Hobby and René Wilcox

—presently changing this to read: *From René Wilcox and Pat Hobby.*

Then, working frantically, he made several dozen small changes. He substituted the word "Scram!" for "Get out of my sight!", he put "Behind the eight-ball" instead of "in trouble," and replaced "you'll

Continued on page 196

It's an advantage to know

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
94.4 PROOF
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

and an advantage to remember

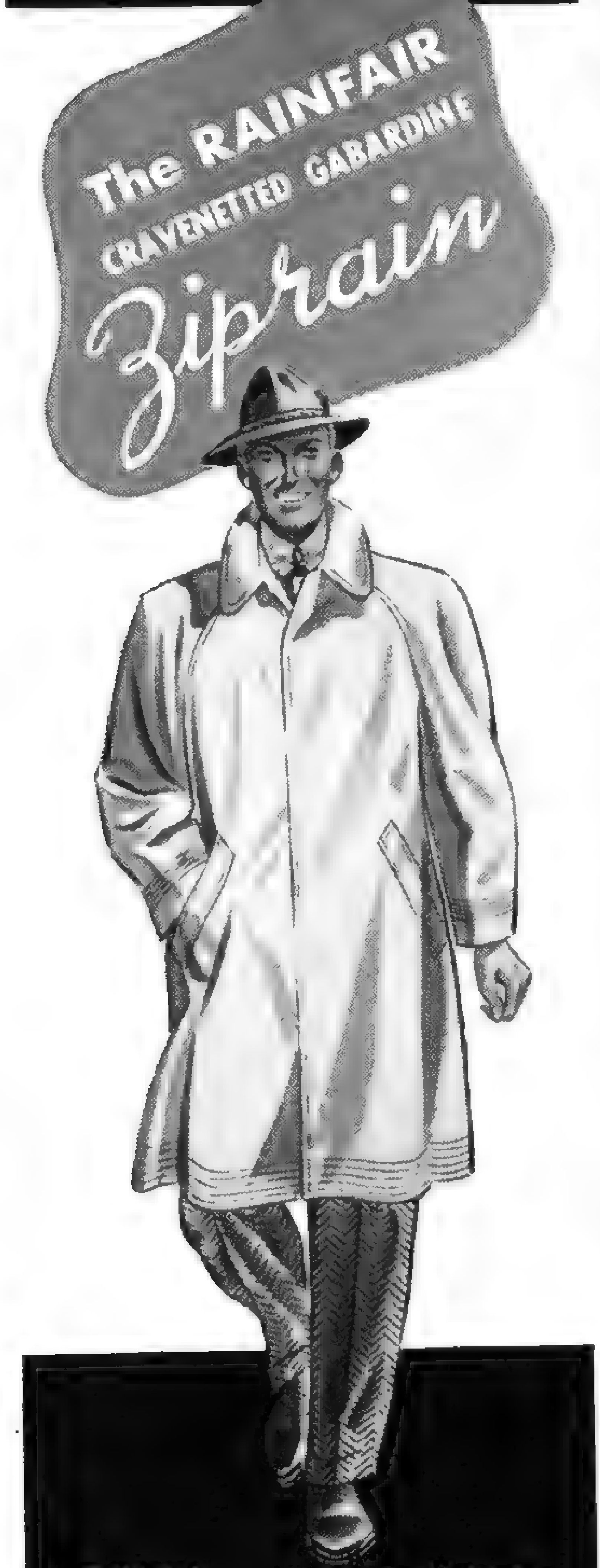
GORDON'S HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY & HIGH PROOF 94.4

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

Copyright 1940, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd.
Linden, N. J.

Style that Smiles Through Mist and Storm



● Neither pea-soup mist nor slashing storm can dim the smile of Ziprain style. This new British knee-length raincoat retains its jaunty flare as it sheds water like a duck's back.

Designed with trim fitting Balmacaan collar and slash-through pockets, Ziprain's fly-front smartness is completed with a Talon Slide Fastener. Railroad stitching at bottom and cuffs adds that extra style touch. The Ziprain is available in shades of Bone Tan and Olive . . . an incomparable value at . . . $12^{50}

IF YOUR DEALER CAN'T SUPPLY YOU USE THIS ORDER BLANK — *NOW*

RAINFAIR, Racine, Wisconsin
Send me Parcel Post Prepaid THE ZIPRAIN ($12.50) as above.
Bone Tan ☐ Olive ☐
My size is_____ My length is ☐ Regular ☐ Long
Check or Money Order ☐ Cash ☐ C.O.D. (15c extra) ☐
NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY______________STATE__________

RAINFAIR
©1940—CHICAGO RUBBER CLOTHING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

Teamed with Genius

Continued from pages 44-195

be sorry" with the apt coinage "Or else!" Then he phoned the script department.

"This is Pat Hobby. I've been working on a script with René Wilcox, and Mr. Berners would like to have it mimeographed by half-past three."

This would give him an hour's start on his unconscious collaborator.

"Is it an emergency?"

"I'll say."

"We'll have to split it up between several girls."

Pat continued to improve the script till the call boy arrived. He wanted to put in his war idea but time was short—still, he finally told the call boy to sit down, while he wrote laboriously in pencil on the last page.

CLOSE SHOT: *Boris and Rita*

Rita: *What does anything matter now! I have enlisted as a trained nurse in the war.*

Boris: (moved) *War purifies and regenerates!*

(He puts his arms around her in a wild embrace as the music soars way up and we FADE OUT)

Limp and exhausted by his effort he needed a drink so he left the lot and slipped cautiously into the bar across from the studio where he ordered gin and water.

With the glow, he thought warm thoughts. He had done *almost* what he had been hired to do—though his hand had accidentally fallen upon the dialogue rather than the structure. But how could Berners tell that the structure wasn't Pat's? Katherine Hodge would say nothing, for fear of implicating herself. They were all guilty but guiltiest of all was René Wilcox for refusing to play the game. Always, according to his lights, Pat had played the game.

He had another drink, bought breath tablets and for awhile amused himself at the nickel machine in the drugstore. Louie, the studio bookie, asked if he was interested in wagers on a bigger scale.

"Not today, Louie."

"What are they paying you, Pat?"

"Thousand a week."

"Not so bad."

"Oh, a lot of us old timers are coming back," Pat prophesied. "In silent days was where you got real training—with directors shooting off the cuff and needing a gag in a split second. Now it's a sis job. They got English teachers working in pictures! What do they know?"

"How about a little something on 'Quaker Girl'?"

"No," said Pat. "This afternoon I got an important angle to work on. I don't want to worry about horses."

At three-fifteen he returned to his office to find two copies of his script in bright new covers.

BALLET SHOES
from
René Wilcox and Pat Hobby
First Revise

It reassured him to see his name in type. As he waited in Jack Berners' anteroom he almost wished he had reversed the names. With the right director this might be another *It Happened One Night*, and if he got his name on something like that it meant a three or four year gravy ride. But this time he'd save his money—go to Santa Anita only once a week—get himself a girl along the type of Katherine Hodge, who wouldn't expect a mansion in Beverly Hills.

Berners' secretary interrupted his reverie, telling him to go in. As he entered he saw with gratification that a copy of the new script lay on Berners' desk.

"Did you ever—" asked Berners suddenly "—go to a psychoanalyst?"

"No," admitted Pat. "But I suppose I could get up on it. Is it a new assignment?"

"Not exactly. It's just that I think you've lost your grip. Even larceny requires a certain cunning. I've just talked to Wilcox on the phone."

"Wilcox must be nuts," said Pat, aggressively. "I didn't steal anything from him. His name's on it, isn't it? Two weeks ago I laid out all his structure—every scene. I even wrote one whole scene—at the end about the war."

"Oh yes, the war," said Berners as if he was thinking of something else.

"But if you like Wilcox's ending better—"

"Yes, I like his ending better. I never saw a man pick up this work so fast." He paused. "Pat, you've told the truth just once since you came in this room—that you didn't steal anything from Wilcox."

"I certainly did not. I *gave* him stuff."

But a certain dreariness, a grey *malaise*, crept over him as Berners continued:

"I told you we had three scripts. You used an old one we discarded a year ago. Wilcox was in when your secretary arrived, and he sent one of them to you. Clever, eh?"

Pat was speechless.

"You see, he and that girl like each other. Seems she typed a play for him this summer."

"They like each other," said Pat incredulously. "Why, he—"

"Hold it, Pat. You've had trouble enough today."

"He's responsible," Pat cried. "He wouldn't collaborate—and all the time—"

"—he was writing a swell script. And he can write his own ticket if we can persuade him to stay here and do another."

Pat could stand no more. He stood up.

"Anyhow thank you, Jack," he faltered. "Call my agent if anything turns up." Then he bolted suddenly and surprisingly for the door.

Jack Berners signaled on the Dictograph for the President's office.

"Get a chance to read it?" he

It's Spring that makes these ties so POPULAR!

Spring in color, Spring in fabric—you can tie them as tight as you like, and they'll always spring back to their original brilliance. Always under all conditions, make a neat knot. Will not wilt or fade.

IMPORTED ENGLISH* ASCOT ties

$1 Crushproof

Imported English Ascot—a resilient cloth of world renown! A wide selection of colors and patterns. At top stores from coast to coast.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copyright 1940 by Chas. H. Levy Co., Inc. New Orleans, La.

CHAS. H LEVY CO., INC.
IBERVILLE AND CHARTRES STREETS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

asked in a tone of eagerness.

"It's swell. Better than you said. Wilcox is with me now."

"Have you signed him up?"

"I'm going to. Seems he wants to work with Hobby. Here, you talk to him."

Wilcox's rather high voice came over the wire.

"Must have Mike Hobby," he said. "Grateful to him. Had a quarrel with a certain young lady just before he came, but today Hobby brought us together. Besides I want to write a play about him. So give him to me—you fellows don't want him any more."

Berners picked up his secretary's phone.

"Go after Pat Hobby. He's probably in the bar across the street. We're putting him on salary again but we'll be sorry."

He switched off, switched on again.

"Oh! Take him his hat. He forgot his hat." ⌗

The fourth story of this series, ***Pat Hobby and Orson Welles*** *will appear next month.*

Hapsburg Hospitality

Continued from page 89

to be wearing the next day.

Anyhow, there was no use quailing when a Palace courier arrived at the Legation with a large envelope containing a filled-in command invitation bidding "North American Minister Lawton" (the preliminary "Alexander R." appeared only on the envelope) "and Wife" to the *allerhöchsten Hoftafel* a few days hence—specifying that generals should appear in service or honorary uniform, other military gentlemen in parade uniform without sashes, and civilians in civilian evening dress. It might happen, though, that you had sent out a sheaf of invitations of your own for that same evening and gotten acceptances. Thus snarled, about the only thing you could do, spilling as few apples as possible, was to switch your own dinner to eight-thirty or nine. Then, after hurrying back from the grand clockwork session at the Palace, go through the motions again as host. Gastronomically this meant coping with ten or twelve courses on top of the twelve or fourteen at the Hofburg, not to mention five or six wines on top of six or seven—with etiquette precluding faint-heartedness or at least the betrayal thereof.

As an example of what was considered requisite in wines I might instance the accompaniments of a dinner given by Count Kalnoky, Minister of the Imperial Household and of Foreign Affairs. Pale Sherry suffices for the four first courses; then, with the fowl, comes a Rhine wine, Steinberger 1862, lasting through the lobster; then, with the venison, Pontet-Canet claret; followed by pink (!) Champagne of a time-honored house which today would itself blush pink sooner than countenance any such hue; and for a finale, a 31-year-old Port. Interestingly enough, the dessert sweets begin with Pancakes à la Creole, which must have seemed as exotic to the Europeans as Crêpes Suzette were to us in those days.

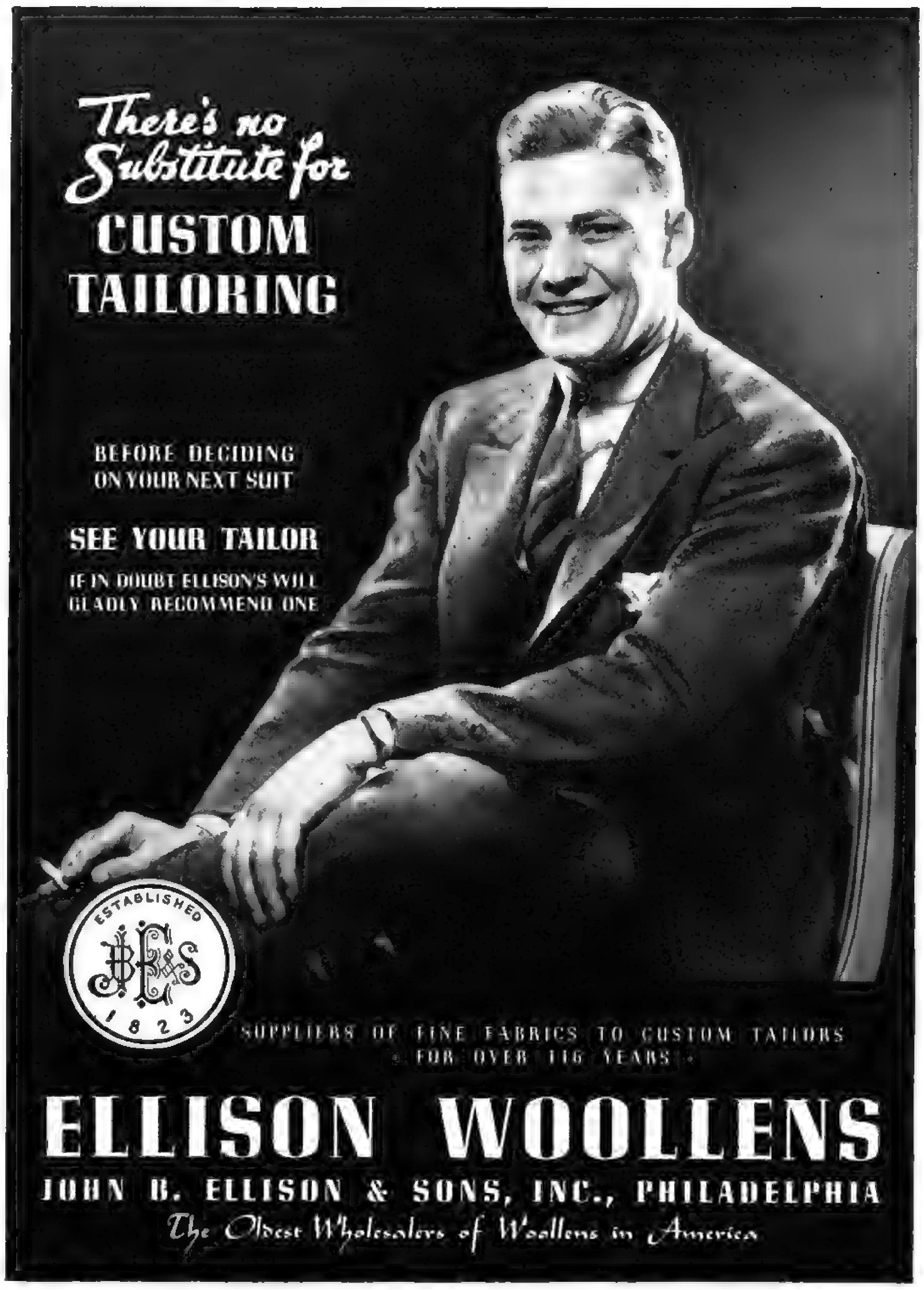
Whatever the affair, the seating arrangements, based on personal and official rank, were a deep science. Since Mr. and Mrs. North America were unlabeled as to ancestry and apparently hadn't a single dank castle to their name, and since their julep-land was one of those new, little-known places out yonder—well, they were a classification problem similar to Japan. So why not pair these difficult countries up? Accordingly, when the lady from across the Atlantic received her Blue Card informing her of the name of her dinner partner who would escort her in and sit at her left, she found she had drawn Count Toda of Tokyo—very agreeable and speaking English. And her husband's White Card apprised him that he would have the honor of "offering the arm" to Countess Toda. The Countess spoke only Japanese. They swapped polite smiles diligently through dinner after dinner till finally North America was considered deserving enough to be promoted to alliance with Italy.

Pomp was at its peak on the occasion of a Court Ball, the military aristocracy sporting their most resplendent uniforms and the ladies wearing "round dresses" (full and without trains) as per instructions on gold-bordered invitation cards. The dance schedule, figured to the minute, with five-minute intermissions for bowing, heel-clicking, and hand-kissing as cavaliers delivered their partners to their mammas and collected new ones, would have done credit to a railroad traffic manager·

1st Waltz	8:30— 8:38
1st Polka (French)	8:43— 8:49
1st Quadrille	8:54— 9:04
2nd Waltz	9:09— 9:15
2nd Polka (French)	9:20— 9:26
Lancers	9:31— 9:51
Cotillion	9:56—11:00
Supper	
3rd Waltz	11:30—11:38
3rd Polka (Schottische)	11:43—11:51

For a half an hour before this time-table was put into operation there was an Assembly with the Emperor and Empress receiving their guests in the throne-room manner. If your niece was booked for a bow, here was her nervously awaited moment. Likewise the right opportunity for berthless younger sons to be exhibited. And so on and so on, maneuver by maneuver. A few of the younger element actually danced, revolving to the Strauss melodies without being so indecorous as to reverse. But they remained a minority. And thanks to the termination of the last number at 11:51, the Hofburg was rid of guests by midnight so that Franz Josef could catch a quorum of winks before getting up and going at state

Continued on page 198



There's no Substitute for
CUSTOM TAILORING

BEFORE DECIDING ON YOUR NEXT SUIT

SEE YOUR TAILOR

IF IN DOUBT ELLISON'S WILL GLADLY RECOMMEND ONE

ESTABLISHED 1823

SUPPLIERS OF FINE FABRICS TO CUSTOM TAILORS FOR OVER 116 YEARS

ELLISON WOOLLENS

JOHN B. ELLISON & SONS, INC., PHILADELPHIA

The Oldest Wholesalers of Woollens in America

Walk in Style...

...AND COMFORT, TOO!

Here is stylish footwear which combines high fashion with true foot comfort — shoes that are built with a purpose to be *easiest of all on your feet.* With your first pair of ROHN NU-MATICS you will discover the refreshing, invigorating and soothing effects of walking on the ROHN NU-MATIC springy, resilient cushion insole of pure live cushioning sponge rubber. ROHN NU-MATICS are up-to-the-minute in style, and expertly made by master shoemakers. When you buy your next pair of shoes ask for ROHN NU-MATICS.

THE ONLY 100% NAIL-LESS, 100% CUSHIONED SHOE IN AMERICA.

100% Nail-Less — Not a single nail in the entire shoe.
100% Cushioned. The health cushion extends over the ENTIRE bottom.
100% Goodyear stitched around the entire sole and heel.

Rohn Nu-Matic

100% NAIL-LESS

100% CUSHIONED

This is Style 512, one of many to choose from.

\$5 \$6 \$7 \$8

Slightly Higher West of the Rockies

ROHN NU-MATIC *Booklet Sent Free Upon Request*
An interesting, instructive booklet on Rohn Nu-Matics will be sent FREE upon request. Write for it.

ROHN SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
512 WEST FLORIDA ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

SPRING IN THE AIR
—AND IN YOUR SOLES!

Here's a combination hard to beat—the start of another exciting outdoor season and the soft . . . springy comfort of Rajah Rubber Soles on a new pair of smart leisure shoes.

It'll pay you well to look for the Rajah name—for behind it stand the long years of craftsmanship . . . the exclusive processes of manufacture that have made Rajah Rubber Soles the leaders in the field.

RAJAH
RUBBER SOLES

ALFRED HALE RUBBER CO. NORTH QUINCY, MASS.

FOR GOLF
YACHTING
HIKING
FISHING

Congress
SPORTSWEAR
SUNORAIN*
ZEPHYR WEIGHT
WATER REPELLENT FABRIC

REVERSIBLE·TWO TONE Jacket

$7.95

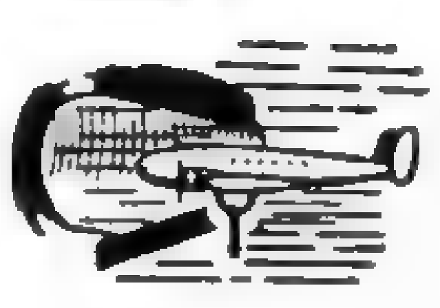
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Around the course . . . around the club house . . . you'll feel at ease in a SunOrain Jacket. Concentrate on your game . . . and never mind the weather. This all-sport jacket is *permanently* water-repellent, windproof, washable and dry cleanable — because it's Zelan-processed. Smartly styled.

REVERSIBLE—TWO JACKETS IN ONE
Raglan shoulders, extra-roomy back, special pivot sleeves allow plenty of freedom . . . no binding or pulling. Five reversible color combinations: Lanvin Green and Fawn, Aspen Blue and Fawn, Leather Brown and Fawn, Forest Green and Fawn, Navy and Natural. Small, medium and large sizes.

Made by
CONGRESS
Sportswear

SEND . . . If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and address with money order or check for $7.95, giving your size and color desired. Your jacket will be delivered promptly. Also color folder on request.



THE
"WIND TUNNEL"
TEST

A sample of SunOrain fabric was tested in a wind tunnel. A 100 mile an hour wind was blown against it. The breeze that passed through the fabric was only two miles an hour . . . less than the force of your own breath!

CONGRESS SPORTSWEAR
141 ESSEX STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Hapsburg Hospitality

Continued from pages 89-197

papers according to his pre-dawn practice—toiling, always toiling at red tape which he mistook for the sinews of empire.

And this in Vienna the happy-go-lucky!

The fact was, the Viennese, not being of Hapsburg breed, lacked the Spanish austerity and impressive ceremoniousness with which the latter were so richly endowed. Charm and geniality came easy to them; aloofness was difficult. There were no people in Europe among whom you could have a better time. In short, it was true what Johann Strauss said about their spirit in his music.

At the time we are speaking of, Johann himself was wielding his baton with the whole town a-twirl. The *Beautiful Blue Danube* was skated on, as well as to, and cafés, restaurants, hotels, and theatres were thronged with Viennese life and color. Nor were the local wines to be despised, especially Vöslauer and Gumpoldskirchen. Nor the beers. All of which gave diplomacy in Vienna appreciable compensations when there was time for them between formalities.

Then, like a bomb—Mayerling! Crown Prince Rudolf, only son of Emperor, found slain in hunting lodge with seventeen-year-old Baroness Marie Vetsera. Conflicting rumors as to manner of death. Murder? Suicide? American Minister reports to United States State Department best information he can gather, stating that newspapers have been confiscated. Fact-veiling bulletins from Hofburg. Whispers and suspicions in all quarters. Decree of official mourning for three months, ordaining:

The All-Highest and highest ladies, also the ladies-in-waiting, shall appear during the first month in black wool with black headdresses or hats of crepe, with black jewelry, black handkerchiefs, and black handbags.

And in the following month in black silk, with black jewelry, black headdresses, black handkerchiefs, and black handbags.

And in the final month in black silk dresses and hats trimmed with white lace, and real jewelry; or in gray-and-white dresses trimmed with black lace, and black jewelry or pearls.

In an atmosphere of such gloom and hush-hush, with dark conjectures circulating as to what had really happened, and secret police mysteriously busy, diplomacy was at a standstill—sharpening homesickness for a certain veranda redolent of honeysuckle and Bourbon. How long since!

Mr. North American Minister resigned.

And was it good to be back on one's native continent within reach of one's faithful decanters! And to sit at one's own table again, with woolly-headed old Jack functioning as Chamberlain. You wouldn't find his like in any palace. Nor the beat of Maria, Jack's wife, Grand Biscuitmaker and spiritual-singing Mistress of the Stewpots, adept at producing, say, such a dish as

Brown Terrapin

The cleaned meat of 6 boiled terrapin. (See your cook book for what has happened up to now.)
1 tumbler of the jelly created by their boiling.
The eggs they had aboard.
6 tablespoons flour.
1 tablespoon vinegar with ½ teaspoon black pepper stirred into it.
1 lb. best butter.
1 pinch each of powdered cinnamon, cloves, allspice, nutmeg.
Salt to taste.
1 tablespoon L. & P. Worcestershire Sauce.
1 teaspoon sugar, carameled.
1 tumbler Sherry, possessed of bouquet.

The tricky part is the flour, which is parched to a light sun-tan in a baking pan in the oven, a process which takes about an hour and involves repeated inspections and stirrings. When the right shade is attained, sift twice.

Meanwhile melt the butter in a deep pan. To it add slowly the browned flour, spices, salt. Next the jelly (which has been heated in another pot) little by little until the mixture boils and becomes smooth. Then the Worcestershire, the terrapin meat, the eggs, sugar, vinegar and, last of all, the Sherry. Serve with lemon. Enough for 8 to 10 persons.

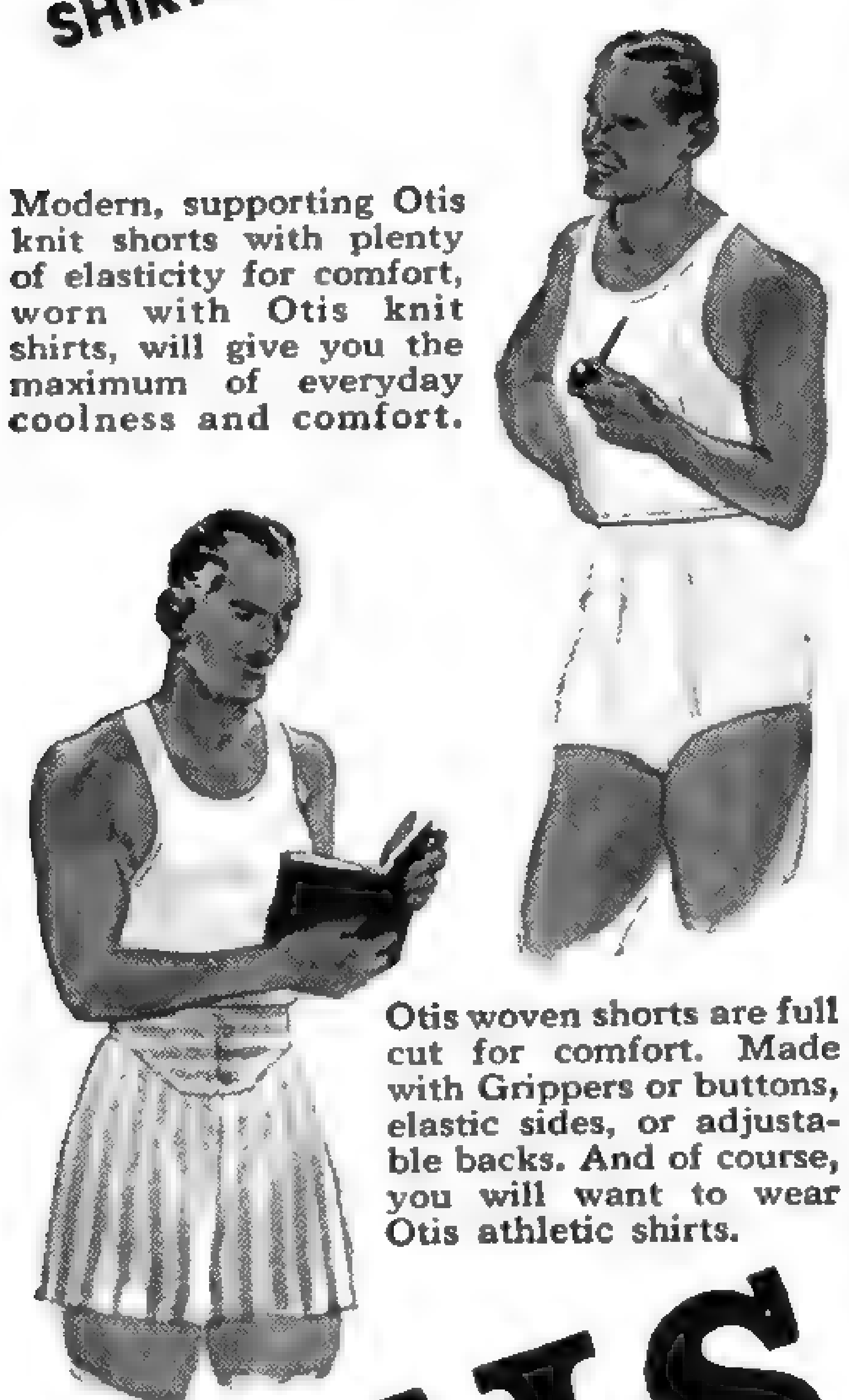
As indicated, the Sherry that Maria used was an honest-to-goodness, full-flavored wine fit to consort with diamond-backs—not one of those "cooking" wines for which there's no rhyme or reason except gullibility. Because you don't and can't *cook* with wine at all. It would boil away, escape right out of the picture, leaving you only the historical interest of knowing that it had been and gone. What you really do is to *add* wine flavor to an otherwise finished job while the latter is still hot in the pot, the heat giving the newcomer enough action to enable it to mix with the meat and vegetable juices, the seasonings and so on, but not action so brusque, so protracted, so overwhelming as to ausgesizzle it. Each element must make its entrance in the right condition and at the right time.

General Lawton's Sherry was obtained from a consul in Savannah who, keen-palated and well connected abroad, brought in wines in cask from time to time and split them up with gentlemen of his acquaintance. Thanks to this luck and to the fact that good whiskey was an American tradition pretty thoroughly distributed, the ex-guest of the Hapsburgs was able to be at home to friends quite hospitably. At his golden wedding a three-handled loving cup did service, capacious enough to provide sips for the entire clan and acquaintances. And did service at the golden wedding of his son and daughter-in-law, my aunt and uncle. And now there are great-great-grandchildren heading toward it.

Some day, some generation or other, somebody ought to warn these rash people against the pleasures of the table and sideboard. Shortening their lives, that's what they're doing. ⧺

OTIS

SHIRTS and SHORTS



Modern, supporting Otis knit shorts with plenty of elasticity for comfort, worn with Otis knit shirts, will give you the maximum of everyday coolness and comfort.

Otis woven shorts are full cut for comfort. Made with Grippers or buttons, elastic sides, or adjustable backs. And of course, you will want to wear Otis athletic shirts.

OTIS

MODERN UNDERWEAR FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT In All Price Ranges

Trade Mark

Otis Underwear, 57 Worth St., New York

Presenting Resisto Replicas

Faithful Copies OF COSTLY CRAVATINGS

Millions of men who have been wearing expensive-looking ties in their imagination . . . can now wear them in real life! For Resisto Replicas are authentic copies of expensive cravatings! In color, in design, and in tailoring they are like their "rich relations". Write if your dealer can't supply.

$1

The Resisto Tie-Makers, Baltimore, Md.

One Quiet Afternoon

Continued from page 70

he'd let her have every cent he had, if it was money . . . he'd do anything! He guessed he loved her. He guessed if Michael Legros was dead or away or something when he grew up, himself, he and Martha'd get married.

Martha's large body stumbled through the woods along the river. Two bright crimson spots burned on her high cheekbones and her eyes looked large and lost in her broken anger-grey face. Her full-lipped mouth seemed almost to smile with hurt. She tripped and fell and a long sharp splinter thrust itself deep into the soft flesh of her hand. She drew the splinter out without stopping, as she ran on, and sucked away the quick bubble of blood that came, but the pain, like the far-off weariness in her legs, was something she couldn't wait to listen to. The blood dripped, unnoticed, on her clean apron.

". . . It's a *lie*, Michael . . . my whole *life* I never . . . it's a lie . . . it's a dirty stinkin' *lie* . . . you *know* it's a lie . . you called me a whore . . . you had to listen to them . . . you *did* mean it, Michael . . . Oh God, you did, you did *so* mean it . . ."

She rubbed at the stubborn blood stains on her apron with saliva. The crying, over now, left her face bruised and bare-looking, as if a friend had struck it.

". . . they've always been at me . . . ever since I come here . . . they hate me because the men like me . . . I can't help it if the men like me . . . they don't *want* me to be decent . . . I tried to make them like me . . . I always tried . . . but they didn't *want* me . . . they're jealous . . . and you had to listen to their dirty lies . . . you too . . . you couldn't believe *me* . . ."

It was drowsy-still in the woods before the first hint of dusk and the pine-needled path soaked up the sunlight steadily. The thick hot smell of the pine needles mingled with the moist-cool breath of the moss. Nothing moved. The sunlight did not shift its patterns to let Martha pass. Even the leaves of the poplars were still. The squirrels did not scold. Nothing sounded but the lazy brass-thick hum of a distant locust and the far-off angry chatter of a mowing-machine dribbling the shivering daisies through its harsh teeth. She heard only the beating of her own heart in the hot-still afternoon. She ran across the meadow, green-shining in the breathless sun. The still tree-shadows lay on the edge of it, like silhouettes. The soreness and the protest and the sick-fury trembled in her body and quivered, like heat lightning, on her brain. "I *will* do it . . . I don't care . . . I got feelings, too . . . you just wait, Michael . . . I will so . . . I don't have to take that from anybody . . ."

The black ribbon of the river lay there still as a stone, drop tight against drop. Only a wisp of water-grass moved dreamily, below the surface of the deep baptizing-pool, like a drowned woman's hair . . .

Martha looked at the deep-still water. She wavered a minute.

Suddenly her face changed, and softened with new, different tears. The call of the senses came through to her mind again. The sharp pain in the palm of her hand made itself felt. She heard the stagnant locust hum and smelled the sick marsh-smell and saw Michael's tired boot-tracks along the swath stripes on the meadow. She remembered the floor not swept, and David standing there, ready to speak to her, in the road . . . Oh God, no, she *couldn't* do it . . . Poor, clumsy, Michael to strain the milk alone . . . sitting there nights, quiet, with his heart sick and hurt, and the lamp not lit . . . She saw him, his face tired, holding the plow, with no one to walk before the ox, and too proud to ask a neighbor's help . . . With no one ever to make him laugh, as only she could . . . to make him talk, as only she could . . . Maybe they would blame *him*, then, and she not there to tell them no it was her fault, it was *her* fault . . . Maybe he would be sorry . . . Martha couldn't stand it when people were sorry. "Michael it wasn't your fault, it was *theirs* . . . it was *theirs* . . ."

All the anger left her, like a child's anger, and the defiance wilted in her eyes. She threw herself on the ground, then, face-down, and sobbed like a sorry child . . . praying to the earth, that did not sneer, to lend her a little of its eternal strength . . . something of its eternal quiet, to fight the raw ache of her brain with . . . praying to the sweet earth itself to let some of its eternal strength creep, forgiveness-gentle, into her confused flesh . . .

If it could only be yesterday! "Oh God, Michael didn't say that to me . . . he *didn't* . . . he *didn't*."

* * *

It wasn't much fun swimming today, David thought. Not like some days. Some days you could hardly wait to get your buttons undone and you stripped out your sneaker laces two holes at a time. Your bare-free body sang all over the minute you lashed into the water and you all scraped water at each other.

But today it was like the water didn't want to play . . . and when you looked back you hadn't swum half as far as you thought . . . you hadn't hardly moved. You scraped your legs down dry with the palm of your hand like the older boys did, but there weren't any little black man-hairs on *your* legs. They were just white kids' legs. You'd *never* grow up. When the sun went in today, it was cold, and you couldn't keep your blue-shivering lips still enough to make the strange words you'd heard your father say in the barn sound easy. And you seemed to be out of the laughing. Some days you could hardly wait to make everything be the very same way tomorrow. But

Continued on page 200

NO OTHER ELECTRIC RAZOR WORKS LIKE THIS ROTO-SHAVER

800 holes in wide Roto-Shaver head plus 4 blades that make 15,000,000 cutting operations a minute give you a remarkably quick, close shave.

Not a miniature Hair Clipper—Roto-Shaver is the ONLY Electric Razor that actually SHAVES *with 4 Razor-Sharp Blades*

(Cannot Possibly Cut or Pinch the Skin)

WE believe ROTO-SHAVER answers *completely* the problem of getting a smooth, comfortable shave.

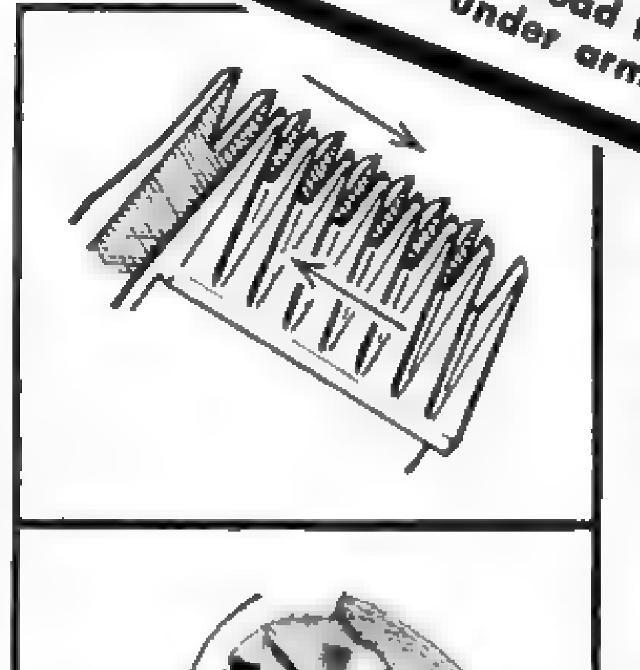
Unlike most electric razors, ROTO-SHAVER uses four razor-sharp blades. Driven by a powerful rotary motor, these blades revolve at tremendous speed over a wide cutting surface. Closely, cleanly—off come your whiskers. Whisker dust is held in razor head—doesn't drop on coat.

Only an actual trial on your own face will convince you that Roto-Shaver really *shaves*. Free from harsh clatter or vibration, a ROTO-SHAVER is pleasant to use. Why not stop in at your dealer's today for a free demonstration?

Makers of fine shaving preparations for 100 years, The J. B. Williams Co. is proud to offer the new ROTO-SHAVER to men everywhere.

COMPLETE
$13.75
IN U. S.

ROTO-SHAVER ADVANTAGES
- Thin guard with 800 holes permits blades to shave closer, cleaner.
- No practice necessary with Roto-Shaver—shave perfectly at once.
- Self-sharpening blades make 15,000,000 cutting operations a minute.
- Oil-less bearings.
- Extra "Clipper" head for shaving legs or under arms.



Ordinary-type "clipper" head used on most electric razors keeps them from giving barber-close shaves.

Roto-Shaver's New Revolving Head has four razor-sharp blades which assure a close, clean, faster shave.

Look for trademark

ROTO-SHAVER

Faultless
NOBELT
PAJAMAS
NIGHTS of REST and REPAIR
NOBELT
STAYS UP WITHOUT WAISTLINE PRESSURE

You'll awake refreshed, fit and eager for the day's work after a night's rest in Faultless Nobelt Pajamas. Nature's processes of rest and repair are not hindered by draw-string pressure. The Nobelt waist band, guaranteed for the life of the garment, is exclusive in Faultless Nobelt Pajamas. For maximum sleeping comfort insist on the Faultless Nobelt Pajamas.

Pajamas shown—Tailored of lustrous broadcloth in solid shades of Blue, Tan and Gray. With contrasting piped edges.

$2

WILSON
BROTHERS
Chicago · New York
San Francisco

One Quiet Afternoon

Continued from pages 70-199

it wasn't like that, today.

He lay on the bank, his hands behind his head, with one thin knee in the air, and let the sun make little purple moons behind his closed eyes. It was warmer and more by yourself when you couldn't see things. Maybe he could find out this way, with his eyes closed, what was hanging over his fun. Like sometime you'd done something and maybe they wouldn't ever find out but even when you forgot it, it was half-there just the same.

Then he remembered Martha crying, and the dim-sad flavor of the day was suddenly sharp and clear.

But it didn't last. Hank grabbed his foot and started to drag him on his back, toward the water. His ankle twisted and the spark of pain touched off his quick, crying-mad, temper. ". . . goddam . . . you let me go . . . that *hurts* . . . let me gooooooo . . . oh damn your soul, damn your soul, damn your soul . . ."

"Let him go," the big boys said, "see what he'll do."

Hank let David go. But he wouldn't fight. When David made for him, he'd pretend he was scared stiff, shaking all over, and skip behind a bush. But he'd be laughing to make David feel foolish, as if he couldn't bother doing anything else but tease him. The other boys laughed too. When he was chasing Hank, they'd run up and slap his bare behind and run back, but none of them would get sore with him, or stop laughing.

"David's got his mad up. David's got his mad up . . ." they sang in a tantalizing chant.

David hated them all so hard he almost choked. He called them everything he could lay his tongue to, but they just laughed.

"Let's sew his mouth up with that devil's darnneedle there," Hank said.

"Oh God, yes! We'll hold him. You catch it."

They pressed him down to the moss, panting and struggling too hard to speak. David saw Hank coming, with the devil's darnneedle trying to squirm out between his cupped hands. Oh my God! It *could* sew up your eyes. . . . He remembered Martha. "Martha . . . Martha . . ." he screamed.

"Martha?" the town-boy said, "who the hell's Martha?"

"Oh goddam," Hank muttered. The devil's darnneedle slipped from his hand and flew away.

They let him up then. But they made a circle around him and started a mocking, tantalizing chant.

"David loves Mar-tha. Ha-ha-ha-ha. David loves Martha. Ha-ha-ha-ha. David loves Martha. Ha-ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha-ha-ha . . ."

It drove David almost crazy. "Shut up . . . shut UP . . . goddam fools . . . goddam fools . . . goddam fools . . ."

He grabbed handfuls of wet moss and threw at them, but they'd only have to duck a little and the moss would go by and they would not get mad or they wouldn't stop laughing or they wouldn't stop singing . . .

"David loves Mar-tha. Ha-ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha-ha-ha . . ."

David couldn't keep his chin still any longer, so he held his head way down low when he fumbled into his pants, and buttoned up his shirtwaist through the tear-blur as he ran towards the road.

"I don't care if I *do*," he shouted back. And then he couldn't shout any more for the anger-sobs that broke up his breathing like when he was sick to his stomach.

* * *

Now it was coming dusk. The sun began to push the tree-shadows, larger than the trees themselves now, further and further out into the cool-quiet meadow, and Martha knew at last that even the earth had denied her. The sun was leaving her and the trees drew back and she knew at last, with a chill wind of ache, that there was no touch of pity anywhere for the white sick-soreness inside her. . . . It could *never* be as if Michael had not said that, now.

"The children, too . . ." Martha shuddered. "Even my little David." Slowly the place began to change. It was dead-still now with the dusk-loneliness beginning of places where there has been day-laughter but no one has ever stayed at night. The day-friendliness left the river and the trees, and the cold night-strangeness and river-loneliness crept into them till the river and the trees seemed to Martha like dead things about her. Her eyes were like the eyes of an animal that has been beaten before.

She stood on the edge of the deep baptizing-pool. They hadn't come to look for her. No one called her name. The track of a ghost breeze she did not feel arrowed across the pool and then its face was still again. She looked at the pool. The pool looked so still and deep. Deep as peace . . .

"I *got* to do it," she whimpered.

* * *

David's crying clucked in his throat as he ran up the road. He'd show them when he got big and had a million dollars . . . he thought how sweet it would be to pass right by them in his car, and then pick up Martha. He wished Martha was here now. He knew now just how she felt when she ran down the road . . . and your crying wasn't so sore when someone else was crying with you.

He stopped and rubbed his stone bruise. The cool dust felt good now, squeezing up between his toes. He licked the tears from the corner of his mouth and tasted the salt in them. Then he broke a stick and began to draw the houses he'd have some day, in the dust. When he put the windows in, the dust spilled down the grooves the stick made and he had to keep making the same ones over and over.

A strange low car nosed over the

WILSON-*EXCLUSIVES*
SANFORIZED

Exclusively designed for new spring ensembles, **CHROMIST** shirts will do more for your appearance than shirts "styled and patterned as usual." In distinctively original colorings toned to blend smartly with favored spring suitings. $2.

WEDGLOCKE TIE
shown on shirt, $1.

At selected stores; or write Wilson Brothers, Chicago.

BE TALLER

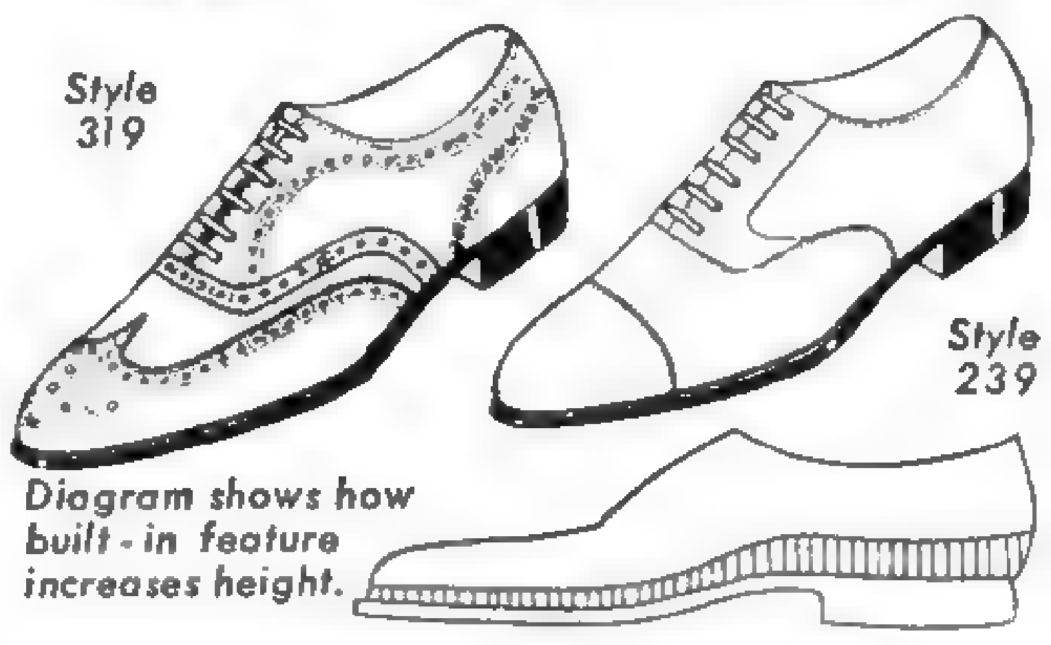


Diagram shows how built-in feature increases height.

Increase your height with STATURAID Shoes any desired amount up to 2¼ in. More than 50 styles in wide assortment of leathers. Send for free catalog sealed in plain wrapper. *See our exhibit at New York World's Fair.*

JOSEPH BURGER Dept. 14, 2067 Third Avenue—New York City

15th
of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

Warning

Don't try a Do/More Chair unless you are ready to buy one. Yes—we mean it—because by the time one of these *Triple Feature Do/Mores* is adjusted to fit—you'll say you've never known such chair comfort in your entire business life.

They offer 3 remarkable advantages:

(1) Greater comfort and maintenance of good posture.
(2) A reclining "*Exerciser*" Back.
(3) Facility for needed relaxation.

If you want to experience the greatest chair thrill available today, wire collect, or write for further information on America's most talked about chair—or write for a no-obligation trial.

DOMORE CHAIR CO., 409 Franklin St., Elkhart, Ind.
In Canada: Domore Chair Co. of Canada, 200 Bay St., Toronto

DO/MORE

top of the hill suddenly, and slid past. David jumped. The strange cool-looking woman with the pretty strange-shaped hat spoke to the driver and he nodded and they both waved and smiled at him. Funny. These people in the big cars looked as if they never got excited . . . they sat there all folded up in a little part of the seat and their eyes passed lazy over the things they saw, like a dog's eyes in the heat. David stood up and watched the car out of sight. *He'd* have a car just like that, only bigger, when he grew up and had a million dollars . . .

He guessed when he grew up he'd marry a woman like the one in that car. He forgot all about Martha. These women looked different. They looked as if they didn't *know* when they were dressed up. He and his wife would go all over the world. They'd only come back here sometimes.

"Supperrrrrrrr," his aunt's voice came to him. ꟸ

Back to the Two B's

Continued from page 41

Johnstown's emergence into the limelight I always was somewhat skeptical of his real abilities as a router because he was sired by Jamestown. He showed the tremendous speed of his sire, but it was apparent that the final times of nearly all his races over distances were on the slow order, except in the Dwyer Stakes at a mile and an eighth at Aqueduct where he beat Challedon and Sun Lover but was being overhauled by the latter at the end.

Direct time-comparison of horses is a somewhat fallible procedure to use in search for winners, but a horse truly great will show sooner or later that he can run to fast times as well as beat other horses. Johnstown like his sire Jamestown seemed to be unable really to turn it on in the stretch, although in common fairness to him it should be said that when he won he won by lengths and didn't have to.

Bimelech was named after Col. Bradley's friend, John F. Harris, who long ago raced a stable under the name Ramapo Farm. Mr. Harris in his youth was nicknamed Abimelech or Bimelech after the Biblical character and Col. Bradley chose the latter name to get the initial B.

Bimelech is the first two-year-old for some years to have earned over $100,000 in purses for his owner. In point of total earnings as in point of actual racing performance he stands much above any other colt or filly of his age. The speedy Andy K., by Jack High, which Bimelech beat by a neck in the Hopeful and handled most easily in the Belmont Futurity, where Andy stumbled, has won over $40,000 through victories in the Arlington Futurity and the Champagne Stakes, but his uneven racing and habit of bearing out make it difficult to select him to beat Bimelech in the Derby at a mile and a quarter.

Boy Angler, a bay colt by Burgoo King, Derby winner in 1932, is another Bradley home-bred, owned by the Colonel's niece, who races under the name of "Mr. French." Boy Angler won the Sanford Stakes and Sultana Handicap, was third in the Hopeful to Bimelech and Andy K, and also was third in the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Handicap. But it would be stretching the facts to compare him with Bimelech.

Camp Verde, a chestnut gelding by Hygro, the fast sprinter of a few years ago, is another possible Derby aspirant. He won five races in seven starts, including the Dover Stakes and the Remsen Handicap, but as a Derby hope in my opinion he doesn't quite rank.

Fenelon, a bay colt by Sir Galahad III out of a Sardanapale mare, will be the entrant of the Belair Stud, owned by William Woodward, chairman of the Jockey Club. This stable of late years, as a result of its owner's careful breeding and selection of broodmares, has sent to the racing wars horses like Gallant Fox, Omaha, Granville and Johnstown. "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons usually comes up with something for the Derby, since he trains for Mr. Woodward, and I have read that he has expressed confidence in Fenelon's chances. But off the colt's racing record, including a second in the Great American Stakes, a second in the Remsen Handicap and a second to Straight Lead in the New England Futurity, it is impossible at this time to give him more than a bare chance.

Merry Knight, another bay colt by Sir Galahad III, is owned by the Wheatley Stable and also is under Fitzsimmons' wing. He won the Junior Champion Stakes at Aqueduct, was third in the Flash and won the Ardesly Handicap at Empire City.

Roman, yet another colt by Sir Galahad III out of a Buchan mare, is owned by J. E. Widener. He won the Hyde Park Stakes, the Lafayette Stakes, the Bashford Manor Stakes and the Thoroughbred Club Handicap.

Roman Flag is a dark bay gelding by Cohort, sire of Roman Soldier that ran second to Omaha in the Derby of 1935. He won the Mayflower Stakes, the Saratoga Sales Stakes, the Breeders' Futurity and was third in the Arlington Futurity. Off his record he is merely a possible for the Derby.

Rough Pass, a bay colt by By-Pass II out of a Sardanapale mare, is owned by J. Y. Christmas. He won the Maplewood Stakes, the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Handicap and was third in the Richard Johnson Stakes. He is a tough little fellow that caught Straight Lead in the Pimlico Futurity and attempted to challenge Bimelech but could not catch the latter.

Straight Lead, a bay colt by Chance Play, is owned by Parker Corning and trained by Maxie Hirsch, who sent out Bold Venture

Continued on page 202

twist, turn roll and bend

Osteo-path-ik Shoes

FOLLOW THE FOOT!

Osteo-path-ik's "muscle-play" principle sets a new standard in shoe design. The Bulb heel . . . the Action arch . . . positively mean no breaking in. Amazing comfort the very first day. Because they are shoes that work *with* the foot. The nailess construction helps Osteo-path-ik retain its smart styling and shape a much longer time. *STYLE ILLUSTRATED, "THE BANCROFT."* Suave and smooth, made of velvety hand-rubbed black Luxor calf, or tan Cretan calf.

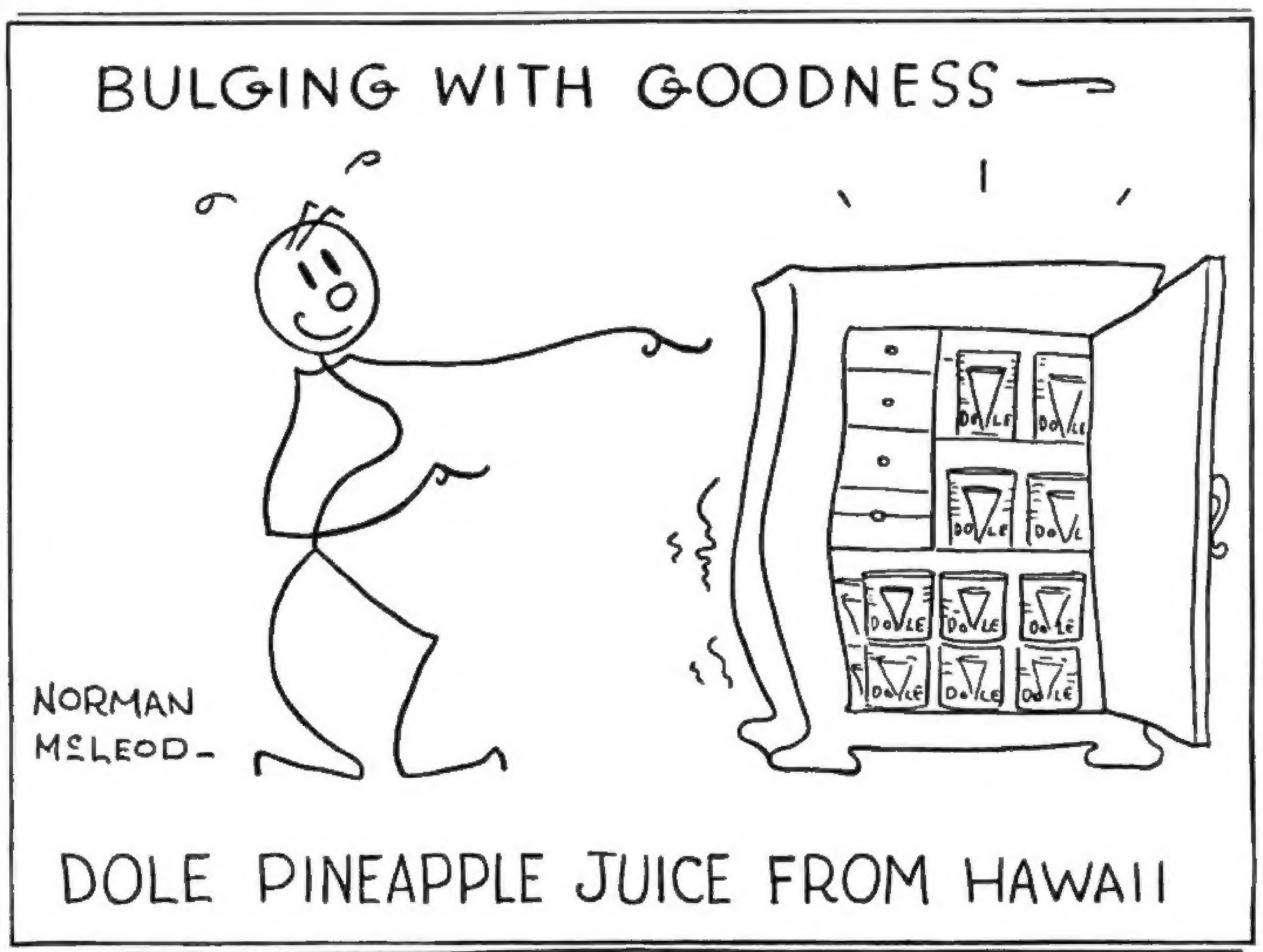
$8.95
West Coast $9.45

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money cheerfully refunded.

Allen Edmonds
BELGIUM, WISC.

See your classified phone directory for dealer or order direct (enclose cash, money order, or order C.O.D. . . . state size and width).

Manufacturers for Canada: The John Ritchie Co. Limited, Quebec, Que.


BULGING WITH GOODNESS

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

INVISIBLE Braces

Transparent — Every Shade and Pattern Shows Through Clearly — So That the Braces Are Truly Invisible!

"JEFFERSON" BRACES $1
"ADAMS" GARTERS $1
"MADISON" BELT $1

HEALTHFUL, COMFORTABLE
ELASTI-GLASS*

This latest miracle of modern science actually stretches and bends with your body — eases gently back into shape — never stretches out of shape—never loses its elasticity. In clear transparent — one belt or one pair of braces matches every suit or shirt perfectly.

Water-proof, perspiration-proof, acid-proof, easily cleanable. Because it holds firmly without binding Elasti-Glass makes the most healthful and comfortable belts, braces or garters you can wear. Also available in sparkling colors, guaranteed fast, non-fading.

Ask for "Jefferson" invisible braces . . . "Madison" belt with new Monel Lifetime Buckle. "Adams" garters with all gold-plated parts. Each priced at $1 in attractive gift packages. If your dealer cannot supply you—be sure to send us his name. use coupon. (DEALERS: Send for sample dozen assortment. (*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

In Canada: E. & S. CURRIE LTD., Toronto

S. Buchsbaum & Co., 247 E. Huron St., Chicago
I enclose $3 for Elasti-Glass Ensemble of $1 Belt, $1 Braces, $1 Garters—sent postpaid in attractive package. (Any item can be ordered separately if desired.) Waist Measure..............
Name ....
Address ....
My dealer's name is: (Be sure to fill in)

It's a Scotty Kote
• SNAPPY IN STYLE
• SMART IN COLOR
• STURDY IN WEAR
• SNUG IN FIT

SWING it, men, or take an easy chip shot—Scotty Kote's right with you, every move. Scotty gives and takes where it should—fits and acts just like your skin. No bind, no bunch, no sag. Perfect freedom, perfect protection. That's Scotty Kote.

Knitted from 100% Arlingcrest worsted yarns made from Naphthalated Wool (virgin fleece cleansed in naphtha, preserving strength, life, resiliency of wool fibres).

Elastic (no rubber) seams; full front opening, Talon fastened. Handsome heather and rich plain colors. Get Scotty Kote at your store.

ROPER KNITTING COMPANY, INC.
CANANDAIGUA, NEW YORK

THE SHERRY NETHERLAND

No matter what brings you to Gotham, the Sherry Netherland is at the center of it. And just ask a New Yorker about the reputation of the Sherry Netherland for service, for cuisine, and for generally gracious living.

Suites 2 to 6 rooms (tower suites have 4 exposures). Special rates for longer stays • Transient—single rooms from $7, doubles from $9, suites from $15.

59th St. and Fifth Ave.—
"Where the Park Begins"
Eugene Voit, Manager

Back to the Two B's

Continued from pages 41-201

to beat the odds-on favorite Brevity in the Derby of 1936. Straight Lead won the New England Futurity when Bimelech did not start but the latter came from behind to beat him easily in the Pimlico Futurity and should handle him as easily in Kentucky.

Last but not least is Victory Morn, a bay gelding by Challenger II, sire of Challedon, the best horse of 1939. He won the Old Colony Stakes, the Eastern Shore Handicap and the Richard Johnson Stakes, also was second to Rough Pass in the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Handicap. He did not start in the Maryland Futurity because his owner, Major Ral Parr, died. One cannot help developing affection for so gallant a little fellow as this, but it is difficult to visualize his taking the Derby from Bimelech.

In my opinion as a class the two-year-old fillies of 1939 were not much—and fillies have small chances of winning Derbies anyway. Now What, a chestnut by Chance Play, owned by that fine sportsman A. G. Vanderbilt, had the best record in sprints. She ran fourth to Bimelech in the Saratoga Special. War Beauty, a chestnut by Man o' War owned by J. D. Keene, I think a better prospect for honors over distances at three in 1940. She won the Selima Stakes at Laurel, was second to Now What in the Arlington Lassie Stakes and also ran second in the Schuylerville Stakes at Saratoga. Miss Ferdinand and Piquet are others that may do something.

The fact that two-year-olds are raced chiefly over sprinting distances, wholly so until the fall of the year, usually renders it extremely difficult to make anything like a solid selection for the Kentucky Derby about the first of the year or even a little earlier. Performances in sprints cannot be accepted at face value as predictions of performances over routes. One must consider breeding—and even that's a most fallible staff to lean on—then dig as deeply as possible into each colt's manner of going and style of performance.

If in sprints he usually broke slowly but came from behind to close fast even if not to win, that's a good indication that he will be better suited over a distance of ground. In fact it's about the only indication of a natural router that one can hope to find when scrutinizing the performances of two-year-olds in few-furlong dashes. For the Derby of 1935 I was able to get Omaha from his Junior Champion mile in 1.36 a nose off Sailor Beware. Omaha did not go as favorite but won easily enough. For the Derby of 1936 I took Brevity off his Florida Derby effort in the early spring or late winter of that year, when he ran the mile and an eighth in 1.48$^{1}/_{5}$. Others also took him off that race, but in the Derby in May he was bumped at the start and ultimately beaten by Bold Venture, running second by a narrow margin. In 1937 I took Pompoon, now dead, on his whole record and apparent quality, and he ran second to War Admiral, the latter greatly improved over his two-year-old form. In 1938 I had a plain lemon, Redbreast, which did not go to the post and lately has been running in claiming-races, with a price on his head. In 1939 I had Challedon off his wins over distances in the New England, Maryland and Pimlico Futurities in the fall of 1938 at two. He was beaten by Johnstown in the Derby, beat the Jamestown colt in the Preakness, was beaten by him in the Dwyer and beat him again in the Arlington Classic. Then Johnstown went out of competition and Challedon ultimately was voted the best horse of the year by turf-writers.

I would not toot my own horn too vociferously, but it is a fact that a $10 bet across the board in all three positions on all these horses would have shown a handsome profit even if made in the mutuels at Churchill Downs on Derby Day. Still more profit would have been realized by betting them in the same way with some winter book early in March.

Col. Bradley says that it's a legitimate 4 to 1 shot against even naming a Derby starter in the futures, to say nothing of naming the winner. Yet I doubt if the Colonel's Bimelech will be much if any longer than that when the odds-quoting gentry open their future books on closing of the entries for the race the last of February. The horse stands out on his record; it is merely impossible to select against him on any solid basis of fact; and Bradley always has many followers that believe in the Bradley luck and the Bradley way with a horse.

The Colonel is getting to be an extremely old man and his health of late has been impaired. Turfmen notoriously are long lived, but this conceivably might be the last Derby with a Bradley entrant in it. The green and white silks already have gone to the front and stayed there in four of these brilliant racing spectacles; now the chances look good for a fifth blanket of roses. Bimelech has only to stand training in the uncertain weather of spring, to escape accident, to go to the post in good shape and then to show the speed and gameness that characterized his efforts in the Hopeful and the Pimlico Futurity, particularly the Hopeful. I may be blind as a bat but I can't see any of his 1939 opponents even warming him up if he develops normally through the winter and improves to any material extent. The colt is a natural even at the short price that will be laid against him in the futures.

(N.B. The prediction made in this article, although based on facts stated which are matters of public knowledge and known to be accurate, is not guaranteed to occur.) ⧺

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Interwoven

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For ABOUT TOWN... Interwoven's wide range of patterns and colorings with special emphasis on fancy stripes and solid colors, with or without clocks.

SEMI-SPORT SOCKS that "step up" your appearance. Verticals and Genuine Ribs in a wide range of colorings that are a complement to your semi-sports apparel.

There are more than a thousand different socks made by Interwoven from which to choose.

HIGH VISIBILITY SPORT SOCKS...

Color... Pattern... Quality... Interwoven's *Hi-Lo Short Socks... Cool... Good-looking and Comfortable... they DO stay up.

IN THE COUNTRY... Rugged, colorful socks that fit the occasion... Regular length or short socks... as you prefer.

"DOESKIN"... an exclusive Interwoven feature... good-looking, colorful and with the soft appearance of Doeskin.

BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S SOCKS IN THE WORLD

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COPYRIGHT 1940 INTERWOVEN STOCKING COMPANY

LIKES FLASHING SPEED ON SKIS

but chooses
slow-burning Camels
for

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

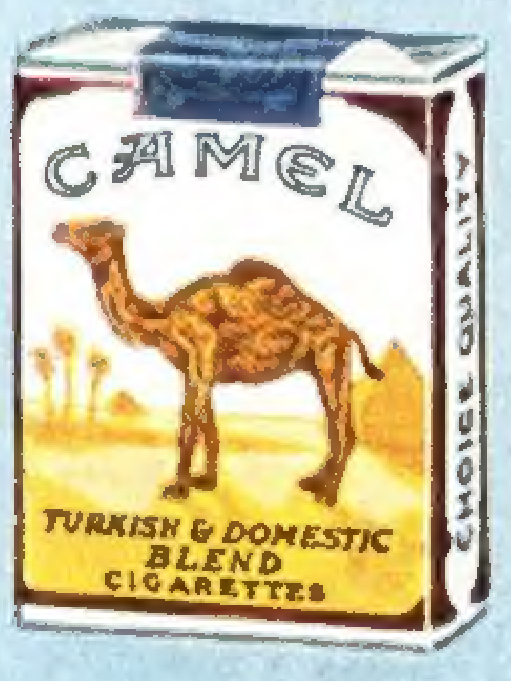
EXTRA FLAVOR

It takes your breath away even to watch him. Headlong down the steep side of the mountain...straight for a dangerous edge. A flash of the poles...a cloud of snow...a perfect telemark turn...and there he goes ...down, down...faster and faster. That's Bob Bourdon, former Vermont champion. On skis, he's one of New England's *fastest.* But in smoking, he's strictly on the *slow* side. Read what he says *(at right).*

SPEED'S FINE IN SKIING BUT THE 'EXTRAS' IN SMOKING GO WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

In the Cannon Mountain Aerial Tramway, Franconia Notch, N. H., Bob Bourdon *(above)* enjoys a *slow*-burning Camel. "No speed for me in my smoking," says this ski champion. "Camels are slower-burning and give me extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor."

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested —slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"THE faster the going, the more fun in skiing," says Bob Bourdon. But he has a different angle on cigarettes. When Bob says: "Slow burning is my guide to more mildness, more coolness, and more flavor," he's putting the stamp of actual smoking experience on the findings of science.

Fast burning in a cigarette means *heat.* Nothing dulls cigarette flavor and aroma so surely as excess heat. There's little pleasure or comfort in a hot, flat smoke in which the flavor has been burned away.

The extra mildness, refreshing coolness, and that smooth, mellow "I'd-walk-a-mile-for" flavor of Camels are confirmed by recent widely reported scientific tests, in which Camels...the cigarette of costlier tobaccos ...burned the *slowest* of the sixteen of the largest-selling brands tested! *(See left.)*

So, change to Camels and enjoy *extra pleasure* and *extra* smoking...equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels — *the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*